The Saturday Evening
POST
December 17, 1960 — 15¢

UNTOLD STORIES OF THE CIVIL WAR:

Who Fired the First Shot?

In Color: **THE EASTERN SHORE**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

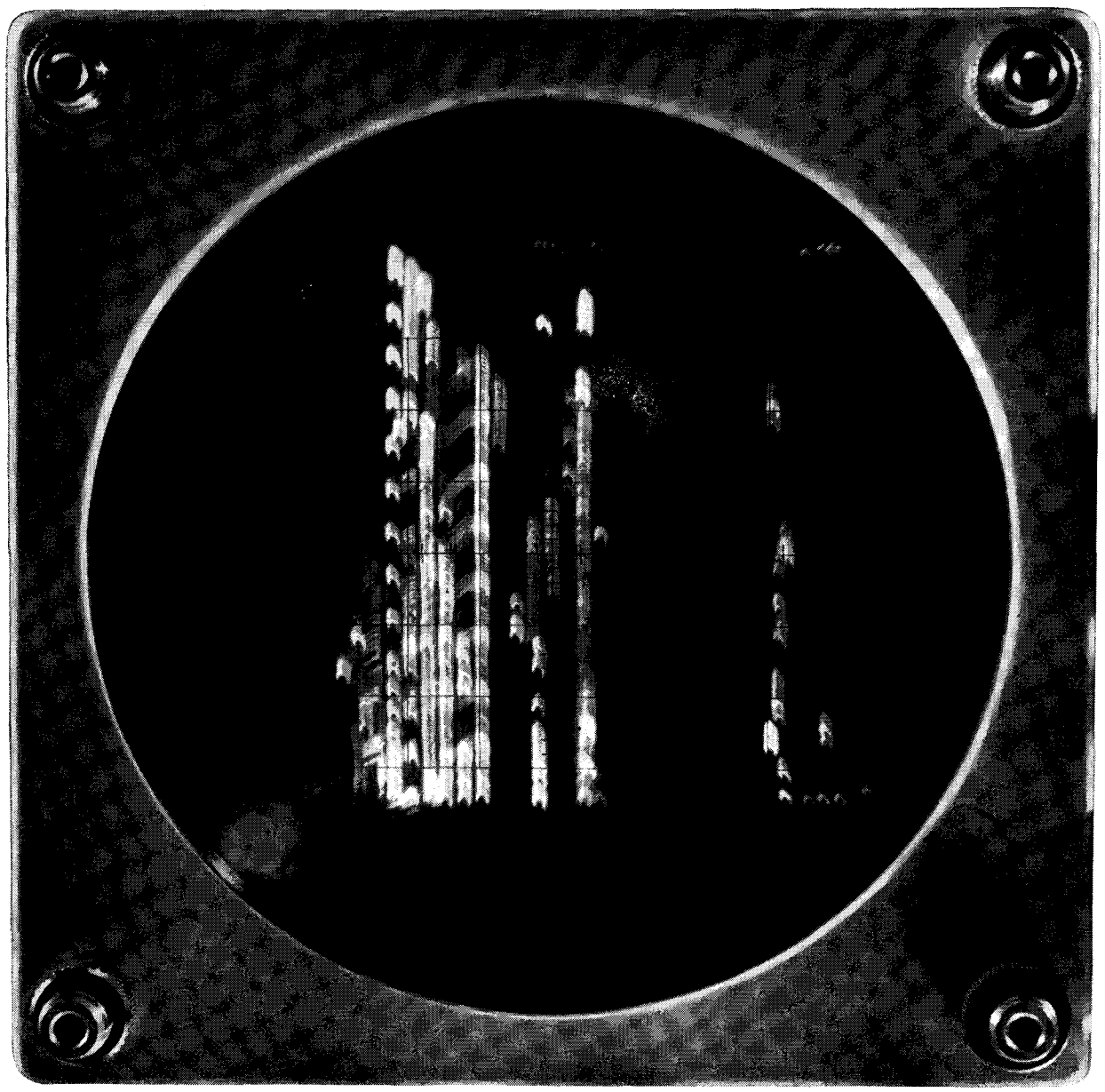
Style 87006, Ivory, with custom inset. Use Palatial upstairs, ground level, downstairs.

Enter the golden age of vinyl floors with Armstrong Palatial Corlon. Shimmering with golden tracery, Palatial transforms the classic beauty of marble into lavish modern elegance. It comes in white, black and six gentle colorings to enhance any room, any décor. Palatial costs about $195 installed in a 12′ x 15′ area. FREE! Booklet of special color schemes, list of stores that have Palatial Corlon. Write Armstrong, 6012 Madison St., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 120-J, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q. □ Palatial Corlon is one of the famous Armstrong VINYL FLOORS

1860-1960 Beginning our second century of prog

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICTURE OF
TELEPHONE CALLS
BEING HANDLED
A REMARKABLE
NEW WAY



Bell System's new Electronic Central Office (now being tested) forecasts a startling variety of useful new telephone services

The oscilloscope screen above gives you an idea of how telephone calls will some day be handled—*electronically*—by a remarkable new system.

A screen like this is monitoring experimental Electronic Central Office equipment which we recently began testing in Morris, Illinois. The "pips" of light you see on the screen represent the system's thought processes as it puts calls through, while checking itself constantly for errors.

This test is very significant, because the future Electronic Central Office will let your telephone do pretty nearly anything you want it to.

For example, you may be able to dial a three-way phone conversation right in town . . . or have your calls automatically transferred to a friend's house where you're spending the evening . . . or ask the Office to keep after a busy number and make the connection as soon as it's free.

These are just a few of the many services this new switching system could make possible.

"It looks in the back of the book"

An engineer at Bell Telephone Laboratories uses this comparison to dramatize the difference between the Electronic Central Office and previous switching systems:

"Suppose," he says, "that two students are trying to find the square root of 841. One is doing it the hard way, figuring with paper and pencil. The other just reaches for an engineering handbook, flips to the right place and looks up the answer, 29, in the tables.

"The Electronic Central Office works basically the same way. When you dial a number, it will decide how to connect you by 'looking in the back of the book'—a huge permanent memory in which we have stored the answers to every situation that can possibly arise."

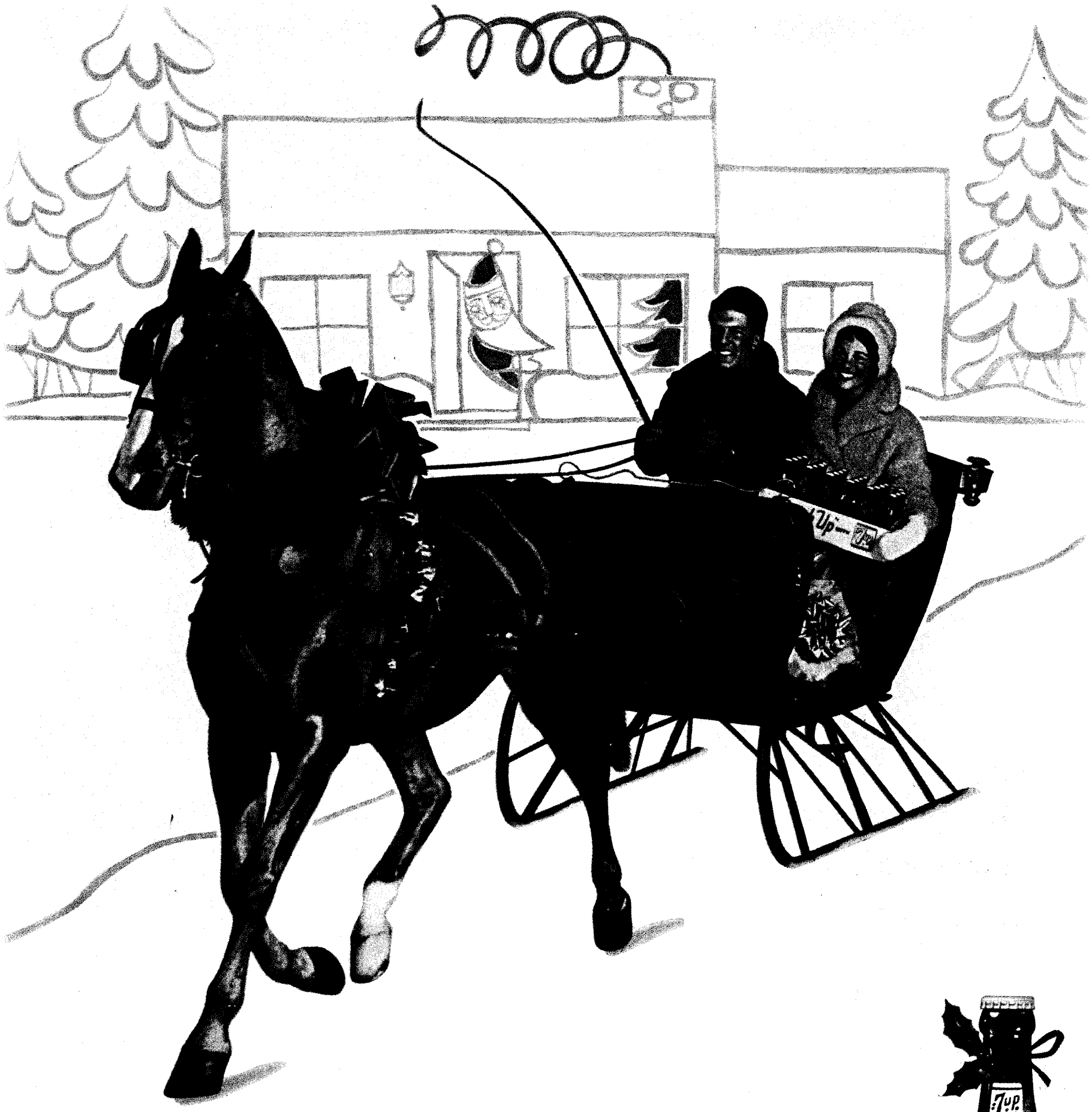
Product of Continuing Research

The Electronic Central Office is still in the trial stage. Some of our customers in Morris are helping us test it now, and more are being added every week. We're watching their reactions very carefully, because we want to know how to improve the switching system, and what new services people would like to have.

This early demonstration of electronic switching is the achievement of many years of Bell Telephone research in many fields of science. It depends, for instance, on the Transistor, a Bell Laboratories invention, for its economy and reliability. And it shows the important progress we can make with reasonable earnings under America's free enterprise system.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Everywhere, parties! Everywhere, fun! Trot out the Seven-Up, everyone!

Tree lights are twinkling—doorbells are jingling—and happy-hearted crowds are visiting back and forth! Are *you* ready with 7-Up? Company likes to drink it (tastes fresh and clean as country air). Hostesses like to serve it (the one sparkling drink you can give everyone). You'll want to get it by the case. Nothing...nothing...nothing *does it* like Seven-Up!

Copyright 1960 by The Seven-Up Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, John Bird.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

Associate Editors: Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, Ashley Halsey Jr., Robert L. Johnson Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair Jr., Richard L. Lehman, Bill Breisky, Peter Wyden, Morton D. Hull, Robert N. Taylor, Irv Goodman, Don A. Schanche.

Editorial Assistants: William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon Jr., Katharine Britton Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Barbara Graybeal Kremer, Benton R. Patterson, Vivian Croake Ward, Daniel Knapp, Mary Duncan Wright, Dick Pryce, Homer Grosvenor.

IN THIS ISSUE

December 17, 1960 Vol. 233, No. 25

4 Short Stories

The Riders of Saint Nicholas . . . . . *Jack Schaefer* 16
Let's Postpone the Wedding . . . . . *Leon Ware* 24
Back From the Big House . . . . . *Richard B. Erno* 28
Killer in the Bush . . . . . *Stuart Cloete* 30

7 Articles

Delightful Eastern Shore . . . . . *Beverly Smith Jr.* 13
The Long Journey Home of Matthew Page . . . . . *Hodding Carter* 18
The Face of America: Scene Stealer . . . *Photograph by Winfield Parks* 20
The Untold Stories of the Civil War, I:
Who Fired the First Shot? . . . . . *Ashley Halsey Jr.* 22
Hockey's Masked Marvel . . . . . *Dave Anderson* 25
My Mother Laurette . . . . . *Dwight Taylor* 26
Jetport Showdown in Jersey . . . . . *Joe Alex Morris* 29

2 Serials

Moresby's Goddess (Conclusion) . . . . . *Eric Hatch* 32
The Soldier (Seventh of eight parts) . . . . . *Richard Powell* 36

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 34
Verse 56, 66, 81
Hazel 86
Keeping Posted 88

THE COVER

Q. What is the difference between a Christmas card and a Statement of Estimated Income Tax? **A.** Christmas cards come but once a year, whereas Form 1124-T comes thrice a year. The trouble with Ben Prins's cover is that taxpayers who don't file 1124-T will say, "I don't get it," and those who do file 1124-T will ask, "What's funny about finding a tax form in your Christmas mail?" Humor rarely seems humorous to the person on the receiving end; so we won't be surprised if mail carriers accuse us of creating an image of an Abominable Postman—one who leaves tire tracks instead of footprints and drops special-delivery packages in the snow. We plead not guilty. It just seems we should side with the little guy when the Post Office and Treasury departments gang up on him.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1960 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

"New" "Once-A-Week" Shoe Shine Lasts 7 Days!

With new Shinola you shine *once*—the shine *stays* on! You just "re-buff" away water-spots, dirt and scuff marks *between* shines—in seconds!

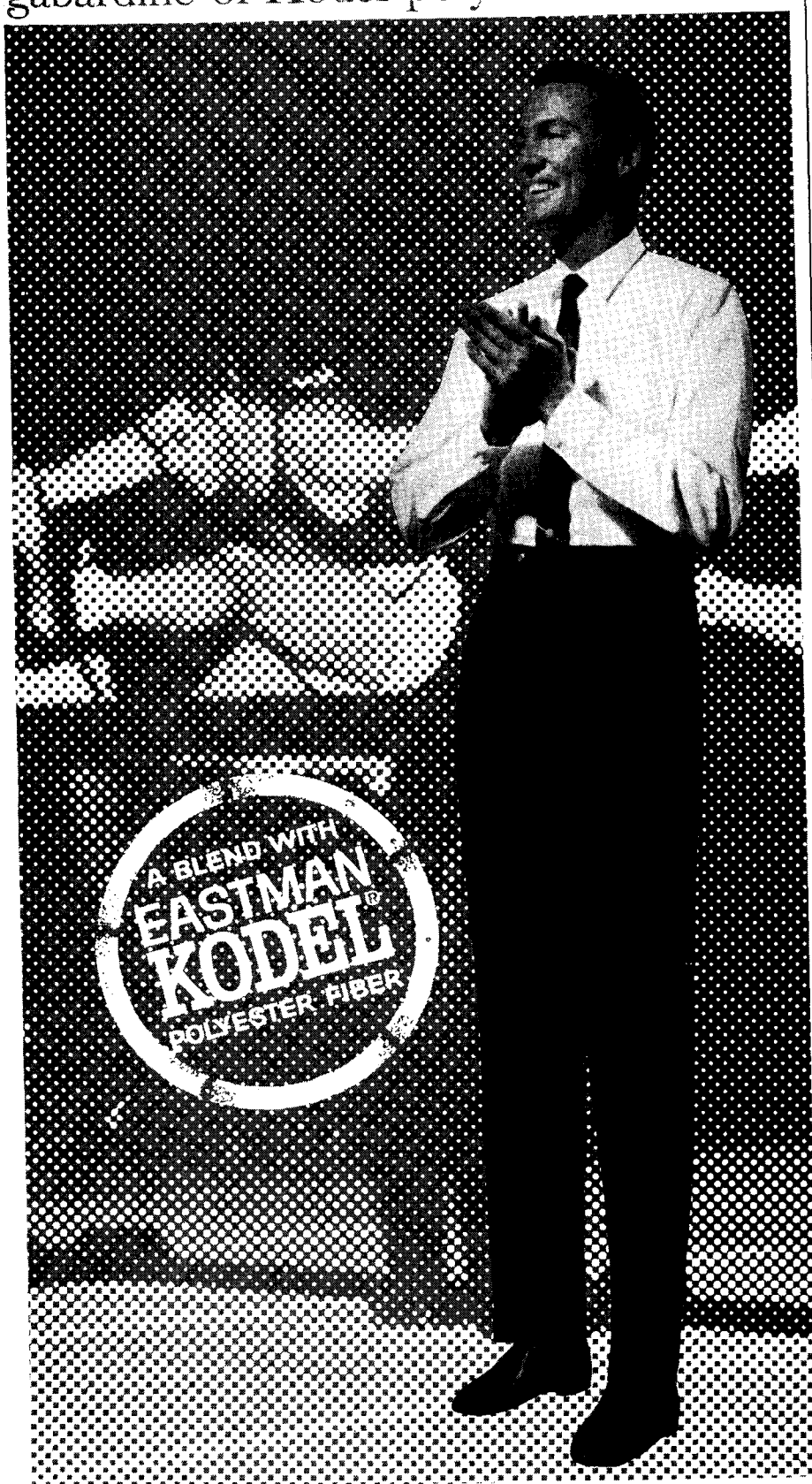
. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

Convenient Easy-Open key!

Also Shinola Liquid in Colors—and Whites

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The champion of stay-fresh fibers in YMM® slacks by JAYMAR. Action ahead? Then wear these slacks made with Kodel. Sportscaster Bud Palmer says they stay crisp, creased . . . and comfortable! And Kodel does it. It's the liveliest polyester yet! In a worsted gabardine of Kodel polyester and wool.



YMM* slacks Sansabelt® model: has French imported waistband that "G-I-V-E-S Where You Want, When You Want." Holds down your shirt. About $19.95. In a worsted gabardine blend of **70% Kodel polyester, 30% wool.** Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester. Only fiber is made by Eastman, not fabric or slacks shown. *Young Man's Mood

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., SUBSIDIARY OF EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, 260 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 16

Letters

Wives on the Move

Dear Sirs:

Just finished reading Joyce Kissock's article "WHO? ME? MOVE?" (Nov. 5) and found myself wiping my eyes—from laughter or sympathy? It's good to know there are other women who share these burdens of moving, and can face them with humor. My husband has been transferred seven times in six years.

MARY JORDAN
Mineola, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Does she ever know her onions! I bear the bruises of five moves in the past five years, complete with four kids, dog, turtles, etc., etc. The last two were three weeks apart!

May I add a few more woes common to migrants like us? In addition to tulip bulbs, we seem fated to spread pounds and pounds of grass seed for others to enjoy. We have supported countless church building funds without ever building a church. All my correspondence is on crossed-out stationery. I never seem to use it up in time before my address changes. Which also reminds me what pests we are to *The Post*'s and other circulation departments.

Thank you, Joyce, for the testimonial to the 1960 pioneer wife, who certainly deserves a place in history beside the 1860 pioneer wife.

MARIE CASHEL
Wilmington, Del.

Dear Sirs:

I wonder if Joyce Kissock in her moving expeditions—so parallel to mine—may have by chance got my beloved old trunk containing pictures I'd saved for some thirty-odd years? It got on the wrong truck somewhere in one of our many moves, and I haven't one darned picture to convince my grandchildren that I was once young and pretty. It's most frustrating. . . .

For identification of contents of said trunk, there was one photograph of me taken before my marriage to my husband, autographed "With All My Love—Avis." The return of this one would give me great serenity when I face the next move, which will be in about six months.

AVIS GODAR
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The whole article was devoted—however humorously—to the wrong impression that family moving is still as tough today as it was in the days of the covered wagons.

Missed by Joyce Kissock is the real accomplishment of the moving industry in studying, then meeting, the problems that 7,000,000 families face every year when they pull up roots and move. . . .

I hope we will someday have the chance to move Joyce Kissock. It might then possibly occur to her that there is a good story in the professional handling of families' goods and the personal counseling which reputable firms offer to moving families.

RICHARD LABELLE, *Chairman of the Board*
Allied Van Lines, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.

● *We published an article, telling what a good job modern movers do, in our Jan. 3, 1959, issue under the title* I CROSSED AMERICA IN A MOVING VAN.—*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Did Joyce Kissock also experience the hypocritical feeling of saying, "Oh, yes, we just love it here" to the husband's boss before she had even located the supermarket or the new pediatrician? The wonderful part is that most of us do soon learn to "love it."

MRS. CHARLES A. ROMMEL
Atlanta, Ga.

Unreasonable Crime

Dear Sirs:

I find your article, CRIME WITHOUT REASON [by John Bartlow Martin, Nov. 5] poorly timed.

During a period when the Puerto Rican people are attempting the difficult adjustment to mainland culture, this type of writing is certainly not beneficial to them. . . .

People predisposed against them will only have their negative attitudes strengthened by this article in which you seem to equate two extreme Puerto Rican men to the Puerto Rican group as a whole.

NONA TODD DESOTO
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

John Bartlow Martin has captured the color of a tragic episode in the history of our community. We would not disagree that people buy your valued magazine for just this type of stark realism.

Now, we invite Mr. Martin to find out what a total neighborhood is doing to counteract CRIME WITHOUT REASON . . . to unify all residents regardless of color, creed or origin.

We would bet a pretty penny that such an article would do more to capture the imagination of thinking people than the impetuous behavior of men with alcohol in their brain and venom in their heart.

KURT H. BERG, *Executive Director*
The Near Northwest Side
Planning Commission
Chicago, Ill.

Peeling off Players

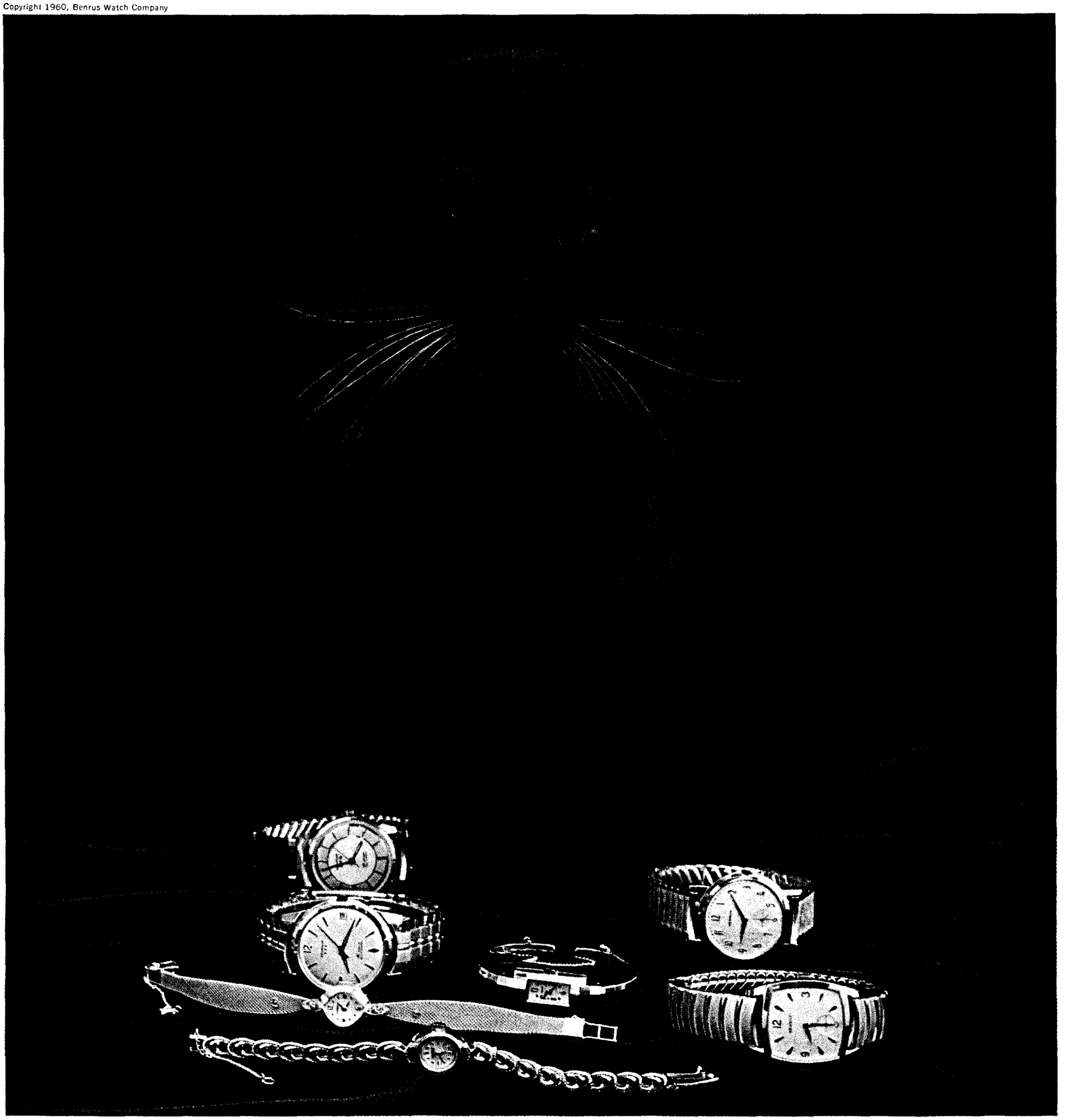
Dear Sirs:

After reading your article I'M STILL SCARED [by Eugene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb as told to Robert G. Deindorfer, Nov. 12] I read a book entitled, *For Laughing Out Loud*, by Herman L. Masin, about humorous football stories. It had a story about John Cunningham of the University of California's 1948 Golden Bears. When someone asked him how he kept breaking up the other teams' plays, John answered, "I grab a handful of

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright 1960, Benrus Watch Company

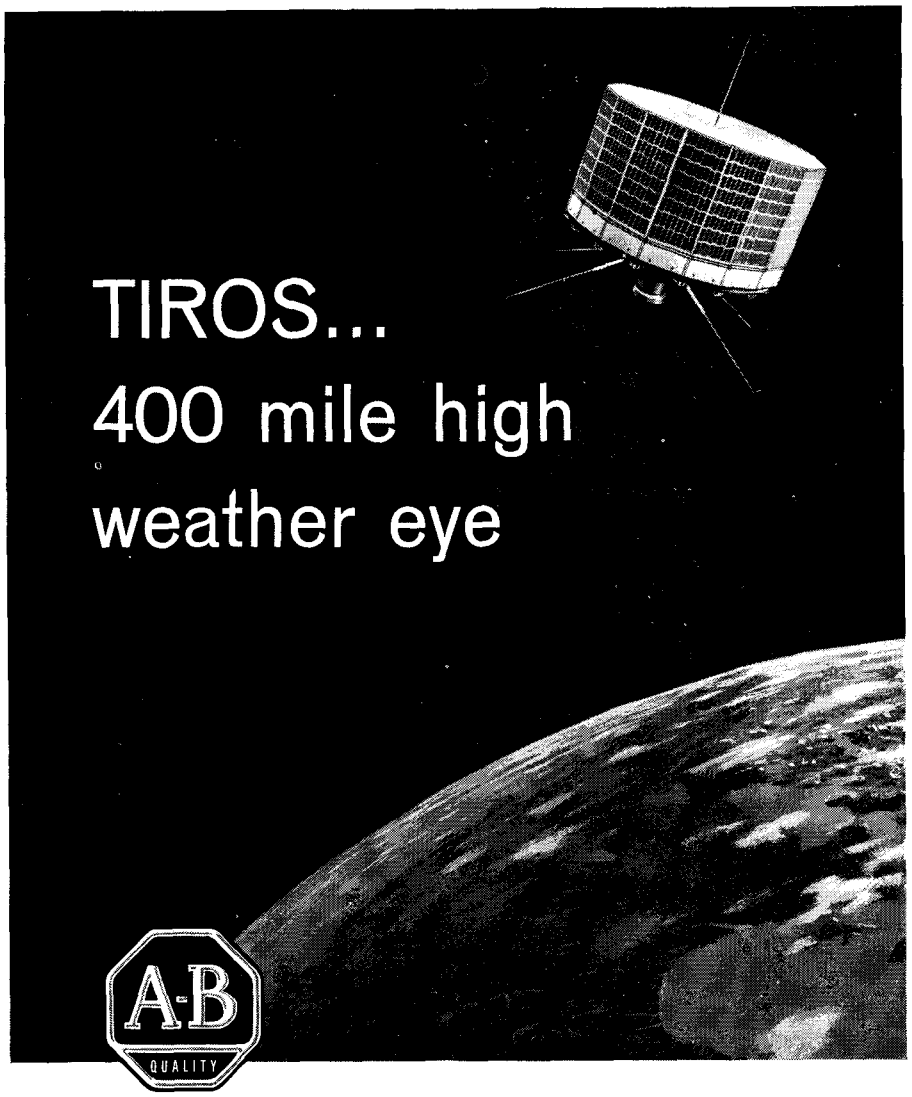


You'll swear your Benrus has nine lives, too!

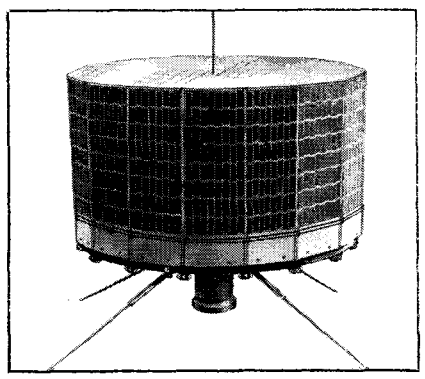
Watches by Benrus, built to last...and last...and last! Styled to stay in style. The movement is the remarkable 17-jewel, or more, Benrus movement which carries this Unconditional 3-Year Guarantee: It must run properly, or Benrus will repair it or replace it free and fast. To give...or to get...a Benrus is the present with the guaranteed future. At your jeweler's, from $25.00. **BENRUS**

Unconditionally Guaranteed for 3 Years

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Allen-Bradley Composition Resistors again demonstrate their reliability—when used in space!

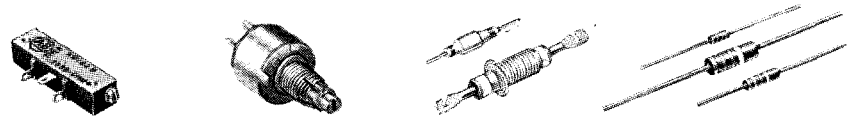


TIROS SATELLITE has supplied more than 22,000 television pictures of the earth's cloud cover. Complex electronic systems in the satellite, as well as the associated ground equipment, employ Allen-Bradley Type EB (½ watt) and Type GB (1 watt) composition fixed resistors. The Tiros Satellite was developed and built by RCA for the NASA.

Over the years Allen-Bradley *quality* electronic components have proven their unfailing reliability. Now, in the first experimental weather observation satellite, the superior performance of Allen-Bradley composition resistors has contributed significantly to outstanding television pictures taken from 400 miles in outer space.

Allen-Bradley fixed and variable composition resistors—made by A-B's *exclusive* hot molding process—insure complete freedom from catastrophic failures. Make certain of such reliability and superior performance in your electronic equipment—by always insisting on Allen-Bradley electronic components . . . the standard of *quality*.

ALLEN-BRADLEY MAKES THESE QUALITY ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS



Adjustable Fixed Resistor | Composition Potentiometer | Feed-thru Filters | Composition Resistors

ALLEN-BRADLEY

Quality Electronic Components

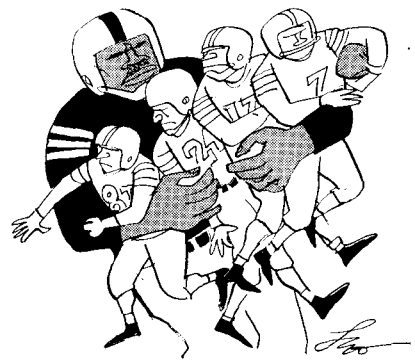
Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third St., Milwaukee 4, Wis. • In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

backfield men and toss 'em off one by one 'til I come to the one with the ball. Then," John said, "I keep him."

He was almost quoting what Big Daddy said in your article: "I reach right out and grab an armful of players from the



other team, then peel them off until I find the one with the ball."

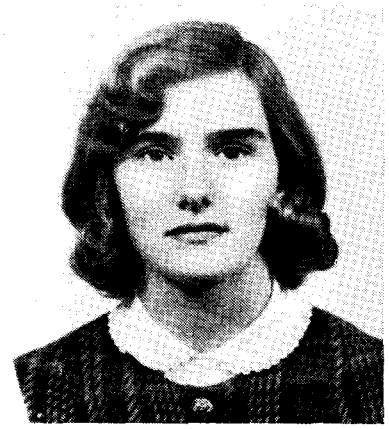
DAVID LAXTON (aged 11)
Otterbein, Ind.

Double Exposure

Dear Sirs:

Bronwyn Roberts, who was Jack Daniels' heroine in his Oct. 22 story, A SLIGHT CASE OF EXPOSURE, was described as slender, with long, blond hair. I think she bears a striking resemblance to me. I am five-foot-six, 122 pounds and have long, blond hair [see photo below]. And my name? You guessed it—Bronwyn Roberts!

The difference between Bron and me is that I am sixteen, two years her junior.



The real Bron Roberts.

Who knows? I may be in for the same pleasant surprise [a proposal from a handsome Welshman, in the fictional Bron's case] two years from now.

BRONWYN ROBERTS
Remsen, N.Y.

World-Shaping

Dear Sirs:

Jacob Bronowski's remarkable essay A MORAL FOR AN AGE OF PLENTY [ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, Nov. 12] is more than just an "adventure of the mind." It is an illumination. . . . Bronowski wants mind—that is to say, goodness and wisdom—not merely to exist and develop, but to do the fundamental work of shaping the world humanely. . . . This is mind adventuring on its central mission of humanizing individual and international life.

Thank you for an essay that at once compliments and challenges every *Post* reader.

CHARLES LEE
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I have a little quarrel with the author. . . . When he states that nowhere in a research journal can a scientist minimize an awkward discrepancy or stress a comforting confirmation, any well-informed reader must take pause. To mind comes the Lysenko controversy in Russia with all the complaints of doctored experiments, misleading statistics, etc. . . . We have to consider, also, the conflicting testimony on the carcinogenic capacities of smoking in the cancer controversy. Here the groups are genuinely split and fulminate against each other, each decrying the other for the use of misleading evidence to prove their respective points. . . .

My point, of course, is not that all scientists do not tell the truth, but that sometimes some of them don't tell all of the truth. . . .

Bronowski, by particularizing, by singling out science and scientists as special repositories of this virtue, negates in a most deleterious manner the meaning and validity of true humanism.

ERNEST G. THEROUX
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Gold Kiss Evaluated

Dear Sirs:

How could a magazine with the prestige of *The Saturday Evening Post*, with its heritage of so many, many thousands of fine articles and stories through the years, stoop to waste nice, clean paper with such an utterly insipid, vapid and amateurish bit of tripe as that completely asinine thing called "THE GIRL WITH THE SOLID-GOLD KISS" [by William Holder] in the Nov. 12 issue?

JAMES W. KERRIGAN
Eugene, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

My poem is entitled "Big Bowl of Solid-Gold Mush":

Big hunk of man from Texas with a devastating drawl—
Handsome, so intelligent and filthy rich, you all—
He takes my girl away from me and leaves me desolate.
No harm; a well-stacked, well-fixed gal has picked me for her mate.
So happiness is everywhere—no and/ors, ifs or buts.
Oh, romance, riches, foreign cars and private planes. Oh, nuts!

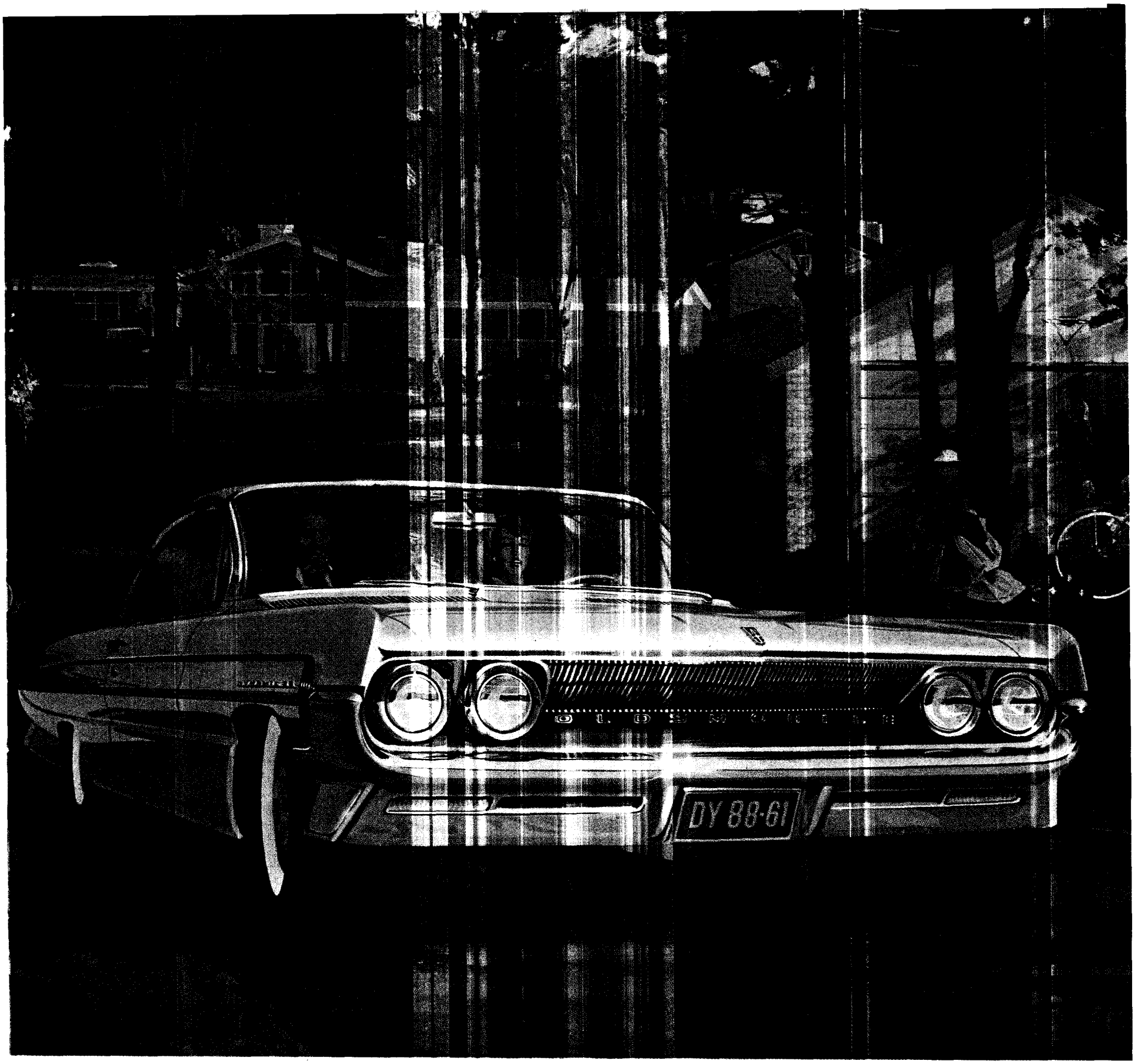
OLIVE W. GASTON
Fairhope, Ala.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6—H. Roberts. • 13, 14, 15—Farrell Grehan. • 16, 17—Fred Ludekens. • 18—Anderson Photo Service; from Dr. Matthew Page; U. S. Air Force. • 19—Bern Keating. • 20, 21—Winfield Parks. • 22, 23—The Union League. • 24—Robert Jones. • 25—Jim Burns. • 26—White Studio. • 27—From the author; Stanford Studio; two Culver; from the author; two Wide World. • 28—Dick Stone. • 29—Morris County Daily Record; Frank Ross; Map by Peter F. Petraglia. • 30, 31—Fred Otnes. • 32, 33—Robert McGinnis. • 38—Mac Conner. 55—Map by Center Studios; Farrell Grehan. • 82—From Frank Gibbes; from Farley Smith; Brown Brothers; Matthew Brady from Library of Congress; from Ashley Halsey Jr.; from Miss Lucy Dugas. • 88—Josephine Anderson; Dick Miller; Charles R. Conley; John R. Wells; Robert F. McCrystal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Beauty... Economy... Full-size Comfort

...sensational new performance!

Notice the refreshingly new "fashion-line" design of this Dynamic 88! Think of the savings from its thrifty Rocket Engine that turns lower cost regular gas into peppier-than-ever performance. Imagine the comfort of Oldsmobile's Vibra-Tuned Ride . . . plus Twin-Triangle Stability for superb smoothness! And you'll find the dollar-saving Dynamic 88 easier to get in . . . roomier to sit in . . . upholstered and appointed in a fashion to do you proud anywhere! Beautiful selection of models at your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer's now.

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

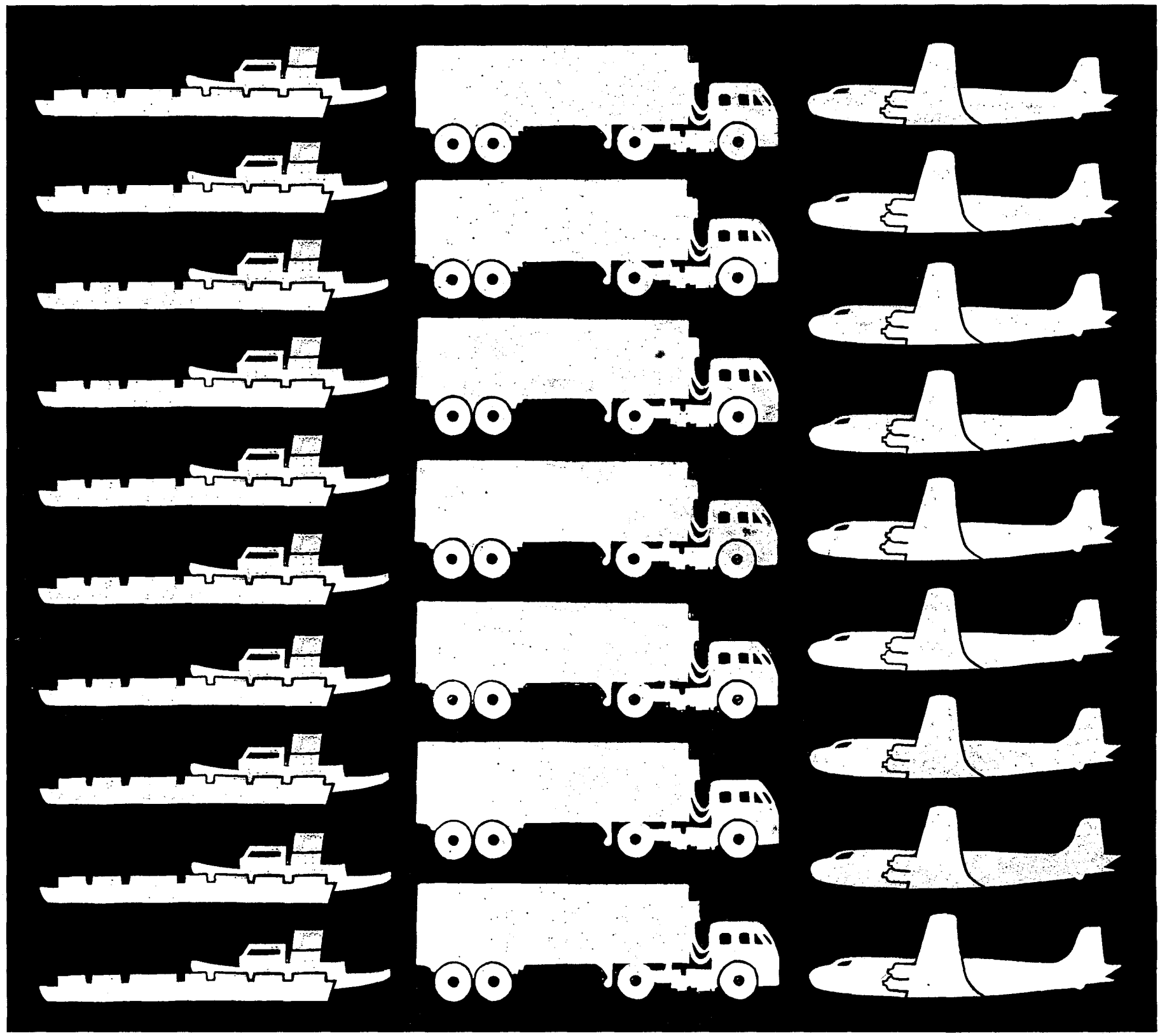
DRIVE THE DOLLAR-SAVING

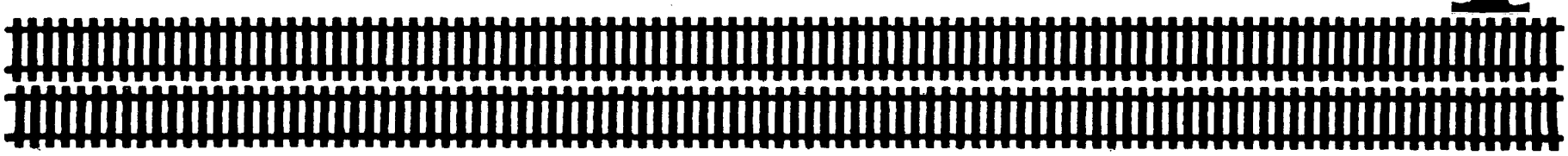
Dynamic 88

OLDSMOBILE

SEE YOUR LOCAL AUTHORIZED OLDSMOBILE QUALITY DEALER!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

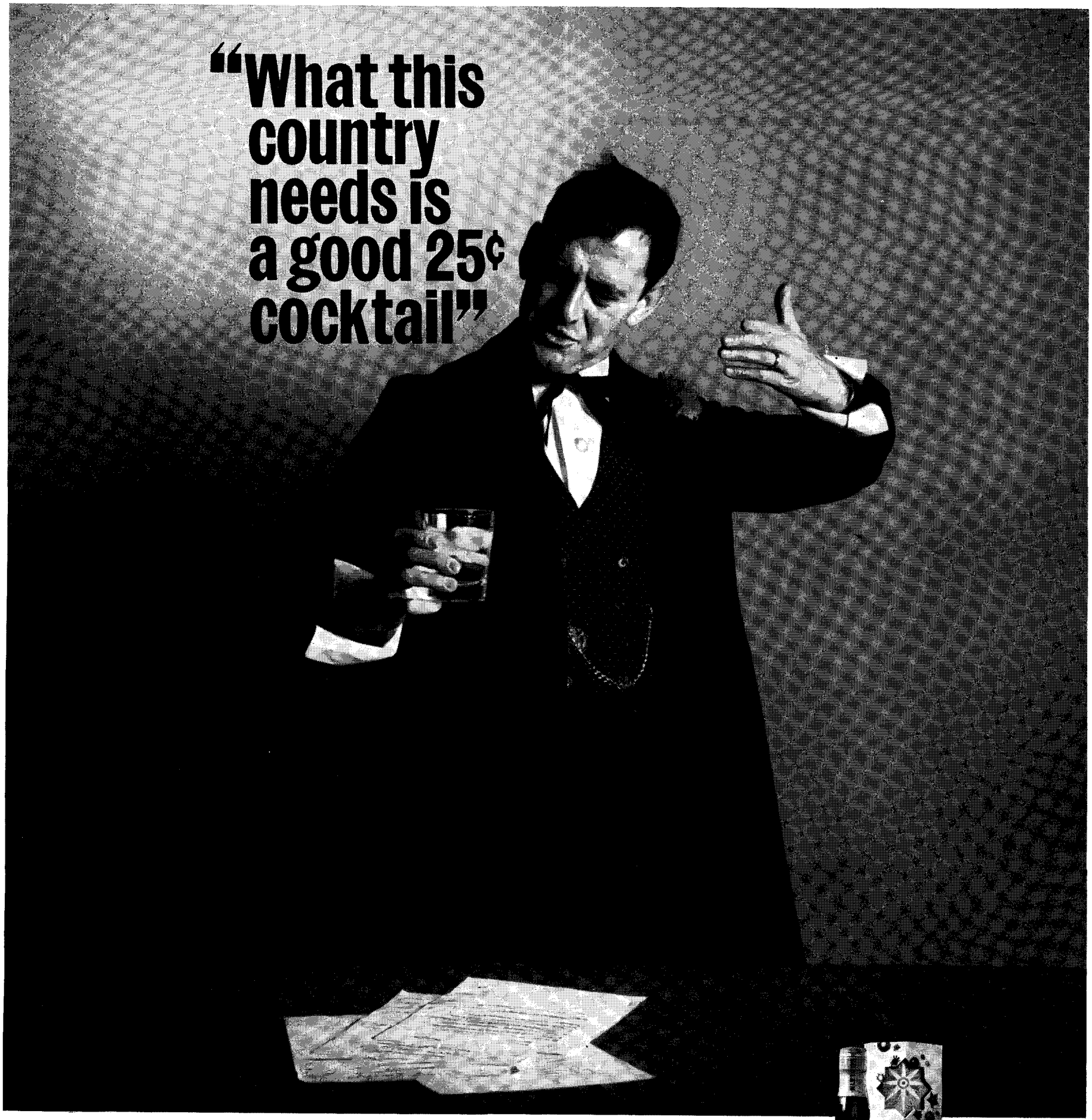




While other forms of general transportation operate on government-provided right-of-ways, for which they make inadequate or no user payments, railroads build and maintain their own and pay taxes on them, too.

In everyone's interest, public policy should give the railroads the opportunity to compete with other forms of transportation on a fair and equal basis.
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Especially at party time" says Tony Randall

It takes something more than the same old plain liquor to impress holiday guests. Rise to the occasion . . . make the grand gesture . . . serve *cocktails!* It's easy when they're made by Heublein. No work—just pour on-the-rocks. And no qualms about quality, *ever*. All Heublein Cocktails are made with choicest liquors, expertly proportioned. You'd be proud to serve them at any price. *Yet—drink for drink—they cost less than plain whiskey!* Heublein Cocktails are proving that smart entertaining needn't be extravagant. Well over 20,000,000 were served in America last year.

9 VARIETIES—ALL FULL STRENGTH—Extra Dry Martini, 67.5 proof. Manhattan, Dry Manhattan, 55 proof. Old Fashioned, 62 proof. Daiquiri, Whiskey Sour, Side Car, 52.5 proof. Stinger, 50 proof. Vodka Martini, 60 proof. G.F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

GIFT-WRAPPED... READY TO POUR ON THE ROCKS
Send your friends a cocktail party—in a bottle!
Give gift-wrapped Heublein Manhattans or Extra Dry Martinis, ready-to-serve.

You've got it made with HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS
(pronounced Hugh-Bline)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

The G.O.P. Has a Promising Future When Some Hatchets Are Buried

To study the returns from last month's national election is to conclude that it is time for the Republican Party to come out from the bushes and shed that inferiority complex. Whether the G.O.P. has or has not become the "minority party," it came within an ace of getting a majority of the popular vote. To be sure, the big majorities piled up in the two Eisenhower elections melted away, but the revival from the 1958 doldrums is impressive. Had the Republicans commanded a fraction of the organizational effort put on by labor's C.O.P.E., the Democratic bosses in four cities—New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles—or even by the Kennedy family alone, they might easily have won the whole match.

However, before the party is in a position to win a national election, it has to imitate the Democrats in at least two respects: (1) better organization from the grass roots up; (2) subordination of factional and ideological differences at the water's edge.

Obviously a party is unlikely to enlist efficient and dedicated organizers while its top leaders are locked in mortal combat over supposed differences in principle. Actually the ideological difference between Senator Goldwater and Governor Rockefeller, for example, is considerably narrower than the gulf which separates Senator Eastland from Adlai Stevenson. Yet Democrats of all stripes managed with few exceptions to get in and pitch for their ticket, while Vice President Nixon's effort was hampered by the sulking of some Republicans who thought he was too liberal and other Republicans who regarded him as too conservative. Nevertheless, even with these handicaps, Republicans made impressive gains over 1958. The Middle West and the Far West are certainly fallow ground for Republican efforts, once Republicans decide to suspend their internecine warfare, at least while the campaign is on.

Of course, the 1960 campaign has produced the usual Monday-morning quarterbacks who know exactly why the Vice President lost the election. It is generally ignored that he inherited the consequences of several years of neglect of the grass roots. The slack organizational work can be attributed at least in part to the fact that President Eisenhower has never been a highly partisan political leader.

We are unable to buy the right-wing argument that enough conservative voters stayed at home to make the difference between defeat and victory. After all, Senator Case of New Jersey, who is supposed to be as "me too" as a Republican can get, was re-elected by a big majority in a state which went for Senator Kennedy. And, to go back a bit, President Eisenhower, who was originally type-cast by right-wing Republicans as "modern," did all right when he was the candidate. The fact that the President is now regarded by "liberal" commentators as a sort of Coolidge in uniform hardly alters the equation.

On the other hand, there is no reason to accept the analysis of the wing of the party associated with Governor Rockefeller of New York—namely, that the Vice President was too conservative to attract the independent vote. The healthy Republican showing throughout the Middle and Far West disposes of that view. Indeed, the result as well as the day-to-day record of the campaign itself must convince the impartial observer that Mr. Nixon waged a vigorous, intelligent and intellectually honest campaign. Obviously it did not altogether please the kind of conservative who wants to restore the past in all its pristine splendor; nor did it satisfy those whose progressivism approaches the cryptosocialism of the "liberals." It was, however, a good campaign down the middle of the road, which is where we think the Republican Party should stand.

The country owes Mr. Nixon a great deal for presenting the issues so forthrightly, and, if he is successful in working out a *modus operandi* between the factions of his party, Republicans will owe him a great deal too.

Why Can't We Make Politeness the Fashion Once More?

In line at the information booth of a large-city railroad terminal the other day was a clergyman. What time was the next train for a certain suburban town?

"Twenny pas' three," snapped the disinterested informant.

On what track would that train be departing? the gentleman of the cloth asked politely.

"It'll be called out over th' P.A. system in plenty of time, Mac."

A few blocks down the street, a few minutes later, a young delivery boy for some business firm accidentally dropped an armful of company mail in the middle of a busy intersection. Traffic was tied up all four ways as the boy scrambled to retrieve the scattered envelopes. Motorists and taxi drivers, some of whom approached the troubled lad perilously close, impatiently honked their horns. But none left his vehicle to lend a helping hand. Neither did any of the hundreds of pedestrians pause to help. Many left dirty footprints on the mail rather than take the trouble to step over it.

There are, no doubt, untold reasons why people have stopped being courteous and respectful—why males no longer vie for the privilege of yielding their seats in a crowded conveyance to a woman, particularly a pregnant or elderly one, and why females lose all sense of social decency in the mad scramble at a bargain counter. We're so concerned with saving a second here and a minute there—for what purpose, we really don't know—that we haven't got time any more for the civilities of life.

Haven't we indeed reached the nadir when a pleasantly spoken "Thank you" can foul traffic on one of the nation's busiest highways? That is exactly what is being experienced on the Garden State Parkway that runs down the eastern side of New Jersey. Under threat of disciplinary action, the toll collectors are required to be courteous at all times and, above all, never fail to thank the driver for his money. So stunned are some motorists with this display of courtesy that many drivers, overwhelmed by the "Thank you," back up to commend the toll collector on his courtesy. That, complains the New Jersey Highway Authority, clogs traffic!

Pakistan's Treaty With India Is a Triumph for Reason

One event which shows that patience and hard work are not dead is the recent India-Pakistan treaty on the water of the Indus River.

This agreement is the result of thirteen years of wrangling. But the needs of the two countries were greater than their traditional dislike for each other. It will take close to $1,000,000,000 to build the complex hydroelectric and irrigation setup which will benefit some 40,000,000 Pakistanis and 10,000,000 Indians. The United States will contribute by far the largest share of the funds to make this ambitious project possible. Australia, Canada, West Germany, New Zealand and Great Britain also are giving aid, as is the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

When Britain prepared to give India independence, the Hindu and Moslem populations fought a bitter civil war. Pakistan emerged as a separate state. Since then the two countries have lived in fear of each other, a circumstance which the Soviet Union and Communist China managed to exploit for years on end.

When the Indus River pact was signed, India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru visited with Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan. It was a cautious beginning, but a good thing to happen between two countries that share a great deal of cultural tradition—much more links them than divides them. Since Red China has shown its ruthlessness clear down to and across India's borders, Nehru has slowly managed to see in Pakistan a potential ally rather than an enemy. In Pakistan Ayub Khan has consistently advocated moderation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

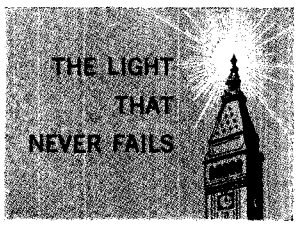
CHRISTMAS-1960

In ways all its own, Christmas fills our hearts with sentiments of peace on earth and good will to men —sentiments especially needed today.

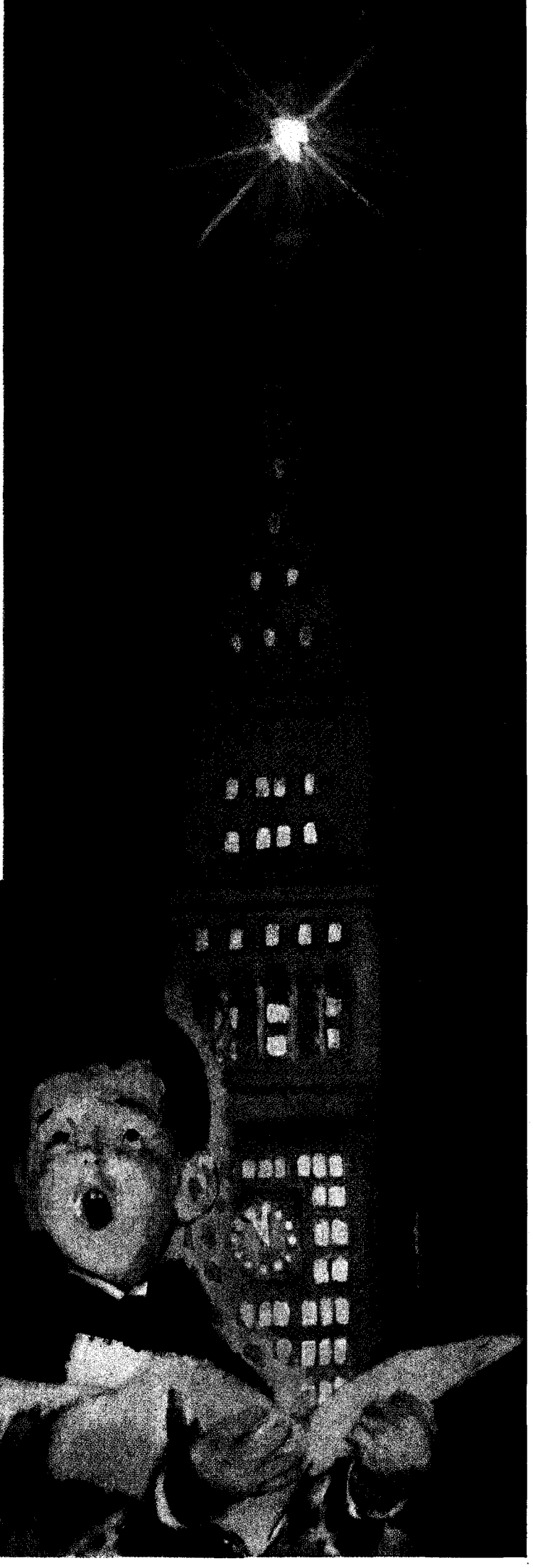
The abiding spirit of the Christmas season comes to each of us in many ways . . . in the joyous eyes of children . . . in songs of the season . . . in helping hands extended to the less fortunate . . . in happy reunions of families and friends . . . in all the enduring traditions that reflect the goodness of Christmas.

In the spirit of this season, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company expresses its appreciation of the privilege of serving so many families throughout the United States and Canada.

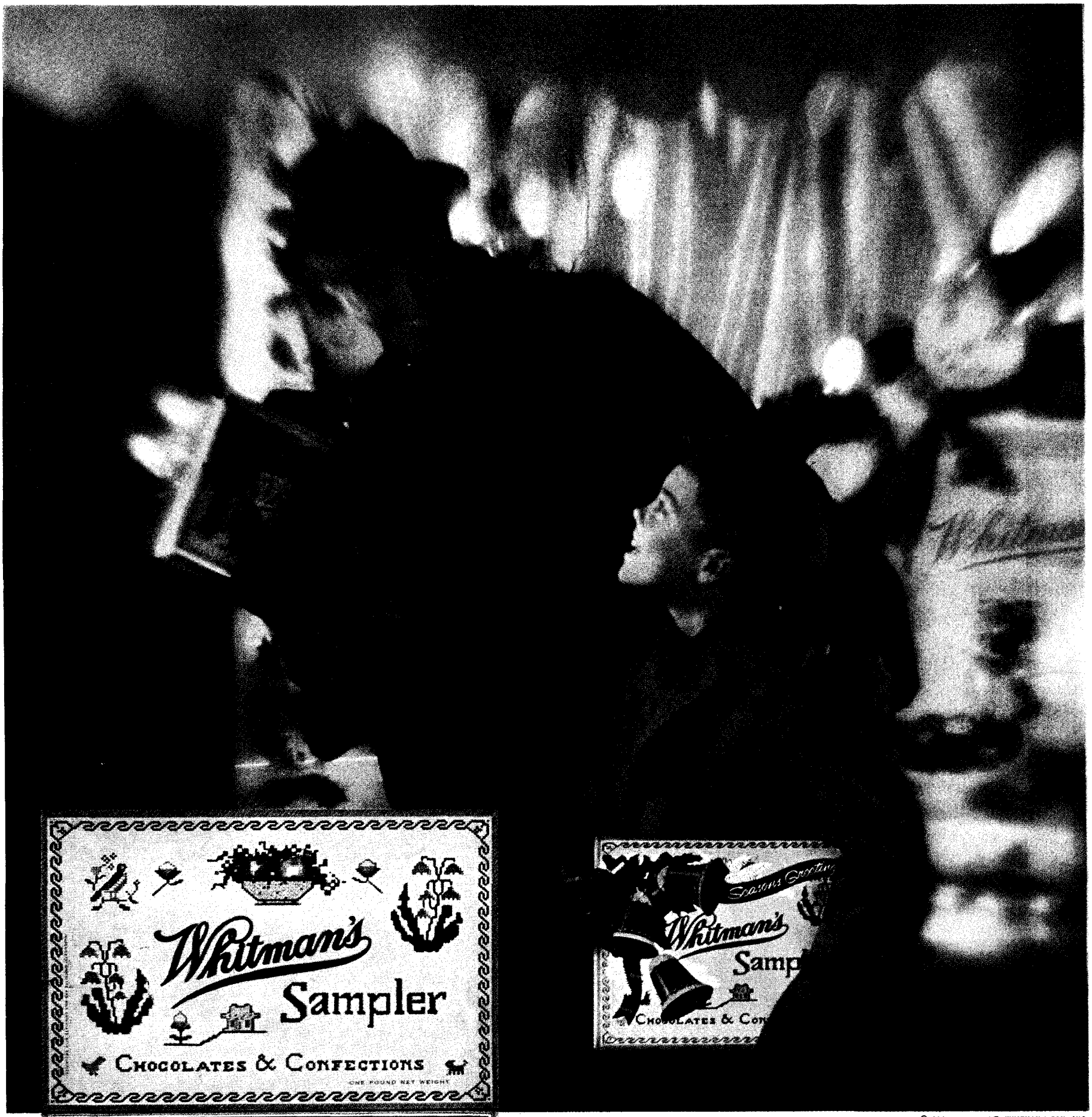
May health, happiness and God's blessings be with you at Christmas and throughout the New Year.



METROPOLITAN LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY©
A MUTUAL COMPANY
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



© 1960, STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC.

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS
THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

A look at the shopping list of a man who understands women will show it usually includes Whitman's Sampler.® He knows that along with the Sampler goes the assurance of giving the finest—a compliment recognized and appreciated by women everywhere. Another pleasant fact is that every choice piece in the Sampler is a special "favorite" of millions of people . . . and that rich aroma is the result of a special blending of South America's rarest chocolate. At holiday time—or any time of year—you show your thoughtfulness with a Sampler. In 1, 2, and 4 pound assortments at your Whitman's® dealer. And you'll find dealers just about everywhere!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Parts of three states with centuries-old traditions—Delaware, Maryland and Virginia—form the quaintly beautiful peninsula that is Chesapeake Bay's

Delightful Eastern Shore

By Beverly Smith Jr.

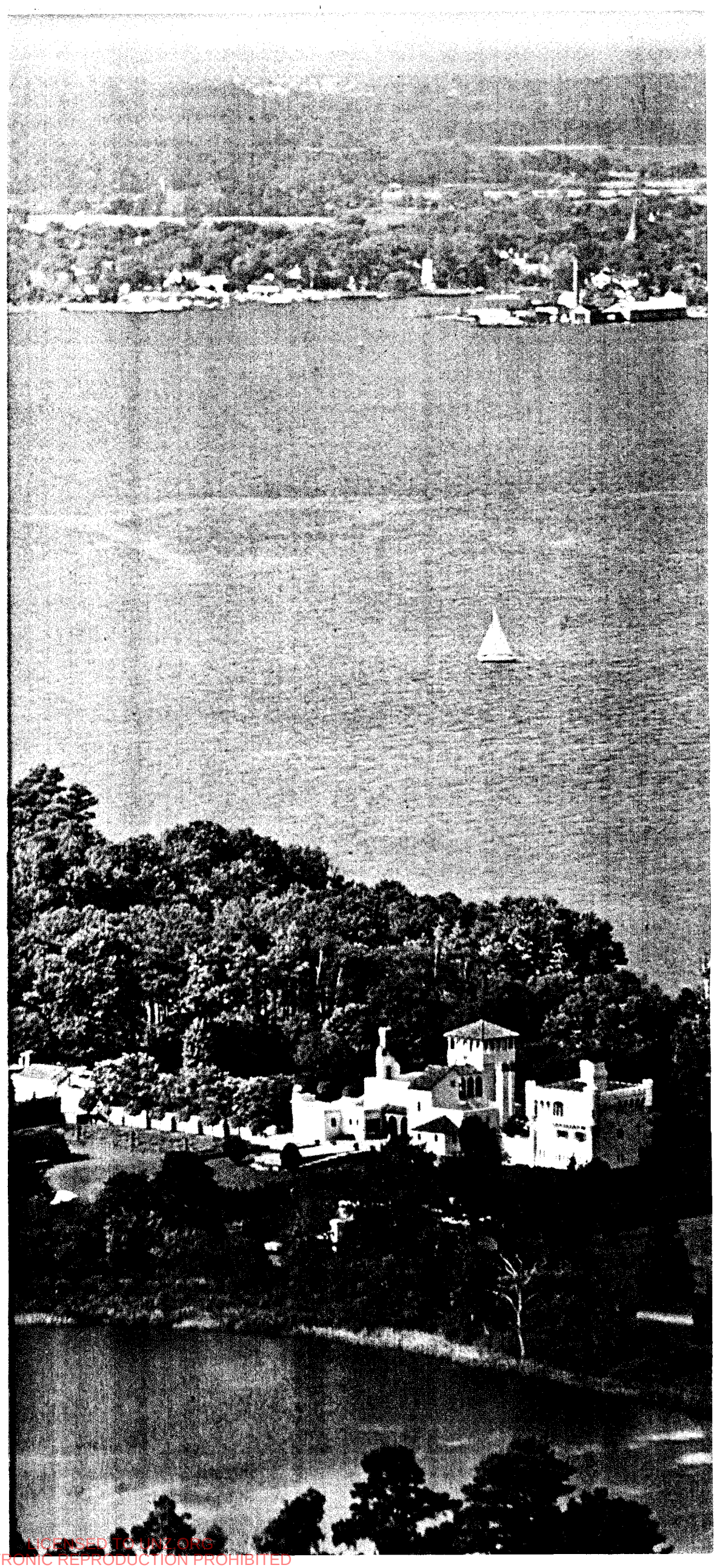
Washington Editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*

During the 1790's an Anglo-Irish actor named John Bernard toured the cities of the new United States. In 1798, while playing in Annapolis, he heard much talk of a pleasant region called the Eastern Shore. He chartered a sloop and sailed his small company across the Chesapeake Bay to Kent County, where they staged a series of plays at Chestertown. Afterward he wrote of the Shore:

> It always seemed to me . . . a spot which, from a happy union of influences in its soil and sky, had so molded its denizens' characters as to become one wide temple of mirth and sociability. Here the grand product was good humor; the great exchange hospitality; the one avocation enjoyment. People of every nation and prejudice met here to subside into brotherhood. . . .

Today Bernard's statement, with due allowance for Irish blarney, still stands as a fair description of the genial spirit of the Eastern Shore. That spirit has prevailed on the peninsula, with amiable tenacity, for more than 300 years. Only in the last couple of decades has it begun to feel the pressures of our swarming industrial age. Within the decade ahead the pressures will intensify.

As this is written, for example, work is beginning on a great $200,000,000 toll bridge-tunnel which



The Shore's agreeable life attracts rich Northerners who erect mansions like Cape Centaur (foreground) on the Miles River.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will cross the mouth of the Chesapeake from Cape Charles to Norfolk. When it is completed in 1963, it will open the fastest motor route linking Florida and the big cities of the Northeast—a vast roaring multilane highway spang through the heart of ye olde Eastern Sho'. With it will come not only the promise of trade and profits, but the threat of ugly traffic and urban sprawl. What will happen then to the ancient charm which the Shore, encapsulated by bay and ocean, has so long been able to preserve and cherish?

Though it has been known as "the Eastern Shore" since the days of Cap'n John Smith, you won't find the name "Eastern Shore" on your maps. It is not a state—unless it be called a state of mind. It is a 180-mile-long peninsula, sometimes called "Delmarva," lying between the Chesapeake on the one side and Delaware Bay and the Atlantic Ocean on the other. It includes two counties of Delaware, nine of Maryland and two of Virginia. Among all these thirteen counties there are old kinships of family and of custom, yet each prides itself on its subtle differences from the others. On the Shore a man is known by his county as well as by the company he keeps.

Flanked though it is by the crowded industrial complexes of the Mid-Atlantic states, the peninsula has amazingly retained its rural-maritime character. Of its 425,000 people the vast majority still draw their livings from the fields and waters. Its largest city, Salisbury, Maryland, grown to nearly 17,000, is beginning to complain of "the population explosion." In the Delaware portion the biggest city is Dover, 7300; in the Virginia portion, Chincoteague, 2125.

By dry statistics the land area of the Eastern Shore is 5620 square miles. But this gives no picture of the peninsula's innumerable meandering rivers and winding creeks; of its tidal estuaries, inlets, bays, sounds and coves. (Talbot County in Maryland, for example, with a land area of only 279 square miles, has 600 miles of water front.) The land is virtually amphibious, and so are the youngsters who grow up here. They learn to swim almost as soon as they can walk; they can handle a boat, a fishing line or a crab net before they can ride a bicycle.

The fertile land, well-tended, yields two or three crops a year. The all-encompassing waters are fertile too—with hard and soft crabs in the summer, with oysters and clams in winter, with teeming fish all year round. Overhead, in season, fly flocks of ducks and other migrating game birds. Hence the old saying, dating back to colonial times, that "a man can't starve on the Shore." In *The Entailed Hat*, a novel about life on the Shore written eighty years ago by G. A. Townsend, one rustic character says, "The ole Eastern Sho' is jess stuffed with good things, Cap'n Johnsin. You kin fall ovaboard most anywhere an' git a full meal. You kin' catch a bucket of crabs with a piece of candle befo' breakfast, and shoot a wild duck most with your eyes shet."

Of all the good things of the Eastern Shore, the finest products are its people. A typical Shoreman is a man of strong physique, independent—sometimes cantankerous—mind, native courtesy and a philosophy which permits him to make an adequate living without neglecting the pleasures of living. Thus far the idea of the "organization man" has not invaded the Shore; here idiosyncrasies are not only broadly tolerated but appreciated.

Perhaps because of its old tradition of convivial hospitality, the Shore has admittedly produced more than its share of charming wastrels. It has also hatched an occasional spectacular villain, such as the notorious Patty Cannon, a jolly, infamous mountain of a woman who in the 1820's ran an Underground Railroad in reverse, kidnaping free Negroes on the Shore and selling them into slavery farther south. She died in prison under indictment for murder.

On the other hand, the Shore has contributed to the nation far more than its proportionate share of great men—warriors, statesmen, preachers, businessmen, financiers. Yes, and athletes too, such as Frank (Home Run) Baker and Jimmy Foxx, both in baseball's Hall of Fame. Babe Ruth grew up just across the bay in Baltimore, but it is asserted locally that he drew his strength from the oysters and crabmeat of the Eastern Shore.

So far, the Shore has not nurtured a President, but it has come up strong with Presidential advisers. Lt. Col. Tench Tilghman of Talbot County was General Washington's best-loved aide and counselor. Robert Morris Sr., father of the financier of the Revolution, founded the family fortunes by trading out of Oxford on the Tred Avon River. The brilliant Anna Ella Carroll, from the shores of the Annemessex River, was called "the great unrecognized member of Lincoln's cabinet"; her confidential advice to Lincoln guided the campaign which culminated in the capture of Vicksburg. Coming down to the present day we have Thomas B. McCabe, head of the Scott Paper Company. He served as chairman of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System under President Truman, and his wise judgment of men and events has been greatly relied upon by President Eisenhower.

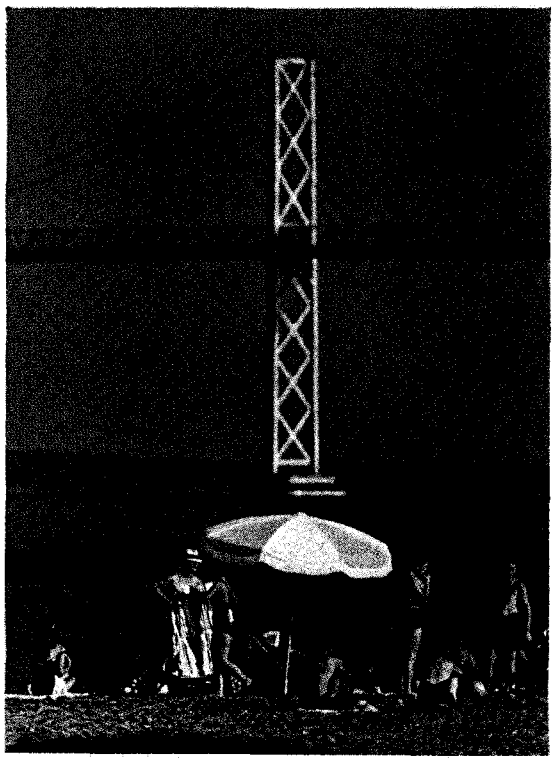
Mr. McCabe was born in the hamlet of Whaleysville, Maryland. As a native of the shore he has been much concerned about what helter-skelter expansion may do to its distinctive way of life. He has put time and money into studies of how this smiling land can be refreshed instead of swamped by the fast-breaking wave of the future.

My own acquaintance with the Eastern Shore is, as they measure time there, relatively brief; it extends over a mere half century, from 1910 to the present. Among the special treats of my boyhood in Baltimore were the trips across the Chesapeake aboard old side-wheelers such as the *Louise* and the *Emma Giles*.

Sometimes these trips would be Sunday-school excursions to Tolchester Beach, renowned

Oxford, Md., is a village on the Tred Avon River with a superior harbor used by yachtsmen and oyster fishermen. Declared a port of entry in 1669, colonial Oxford became a bustling harbor regularly visited by 200 ships.

Since 1952 the seven-mile Chesapeake Bay Bridge (background) has made it easy for picnickers and vacationers to reach the Shore's many excellent beaches.



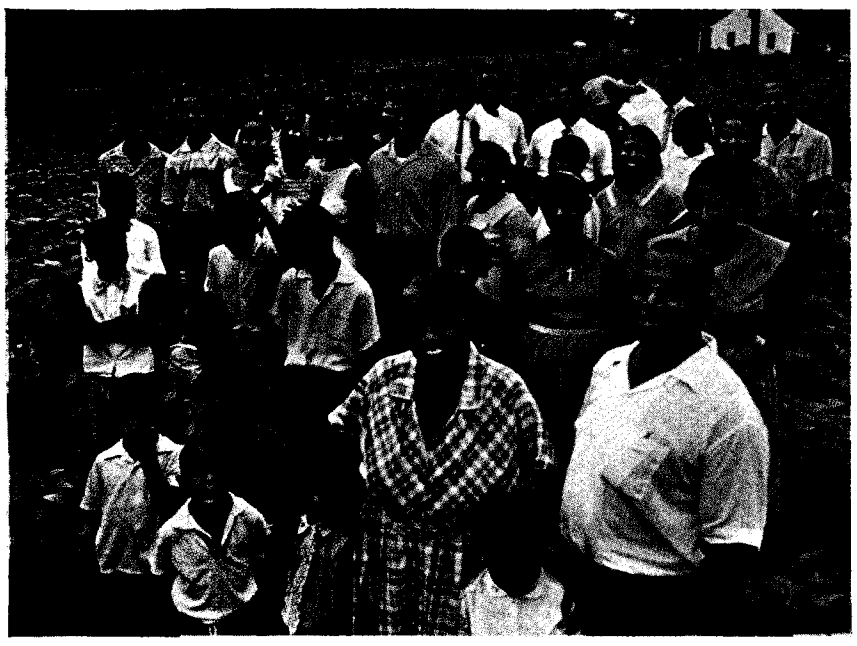
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among the small fry for its marvelous miniature railroad. Its real, geny-wine coal-burning little steam locomotive, *Jumbo*, with its real whistle tooting and its real bell ringing, would haul us at terrifying speed over its real bridge and through its almost real tunnel.

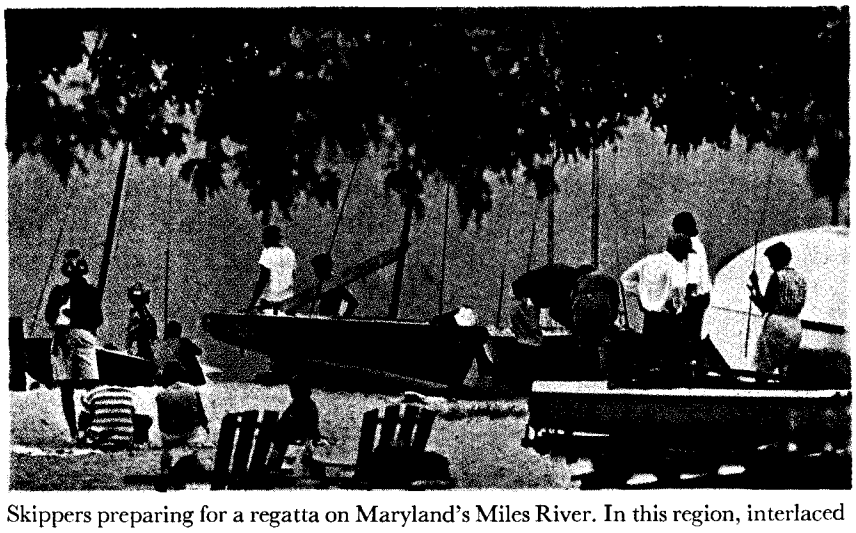
Sometimes there would be longer visits to family friends who lived on the Eastern Shore. From the wharf we would drive at a leisurely trot through green fields along the white oyster-shell roads. (Oysters were so plentiful then that the shells, (Continued on Page 55)

Photographs by
Farrell Grehan

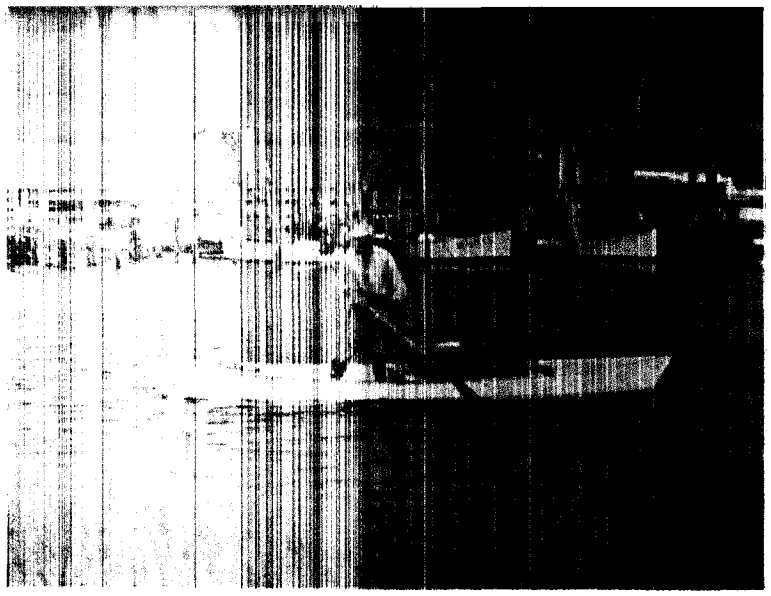
Wye House, the second dwelling to stand on this site at Tunis Mills, Md., was built in 1780. Since about 1660, ten generations of the same family have lived on the property.



The amazing Martin family. Their twelve children have more than a dozen college degrees among them, even though opportunities are limited for Negroes on the Shore.

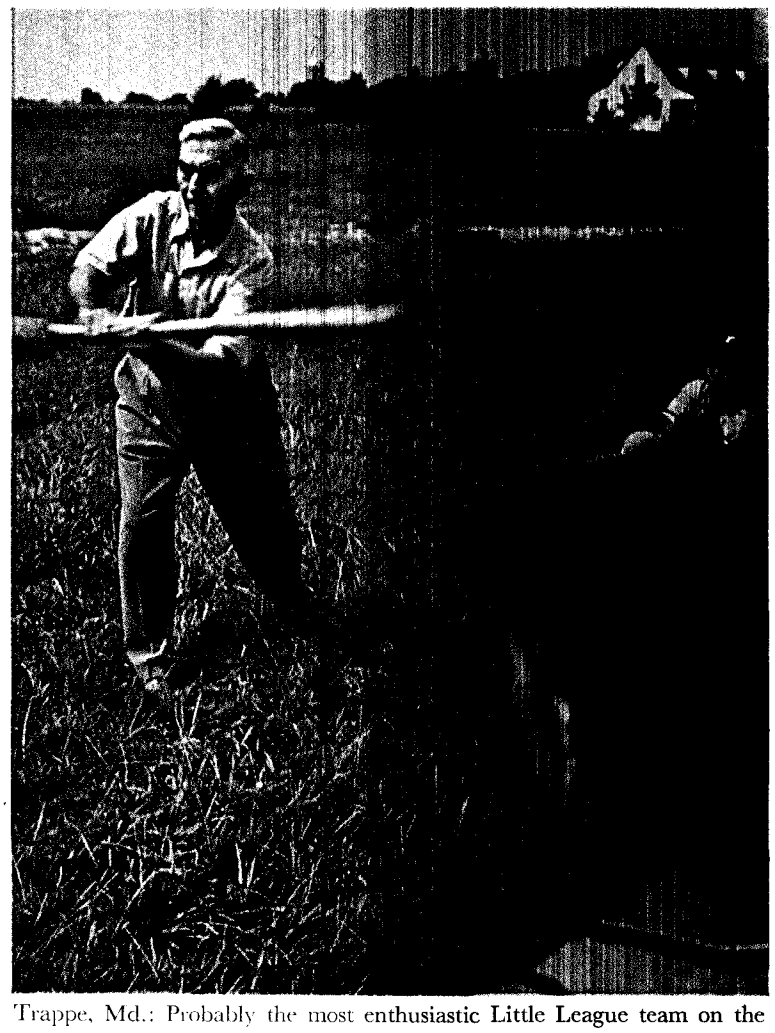


Skippers preparing for a regatta on Maryland's Miles River. In this region, interlaced with creeks and coves, kids learn to swim and sail before they are able to ride bicycles.



The Chesapeake Bay teems with diverse forms of sea food, much of it gathered by a hardy race of solitary fishermen. Howard Sterling, 75 (above), has been oystering and crabbing in the waters off Crisfield for sixty years.

Chestertown, Md.: Arthur M. Lusby Sr. breeds harness-racing stock at his farm, Stepney Manor. The house dates from 1659, and Mr. Lusby trains his horses on a track that was used for racing in the eighteenth century.



Trappe, Md.: Probably the most enthusiastic Little League team on the peninsula is coached by home-town hero Home Run Baker (above), who batted .307 in 1575 games and won himself a place in baseball's Hall of Fame.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RIDERS OF NICHOLAS

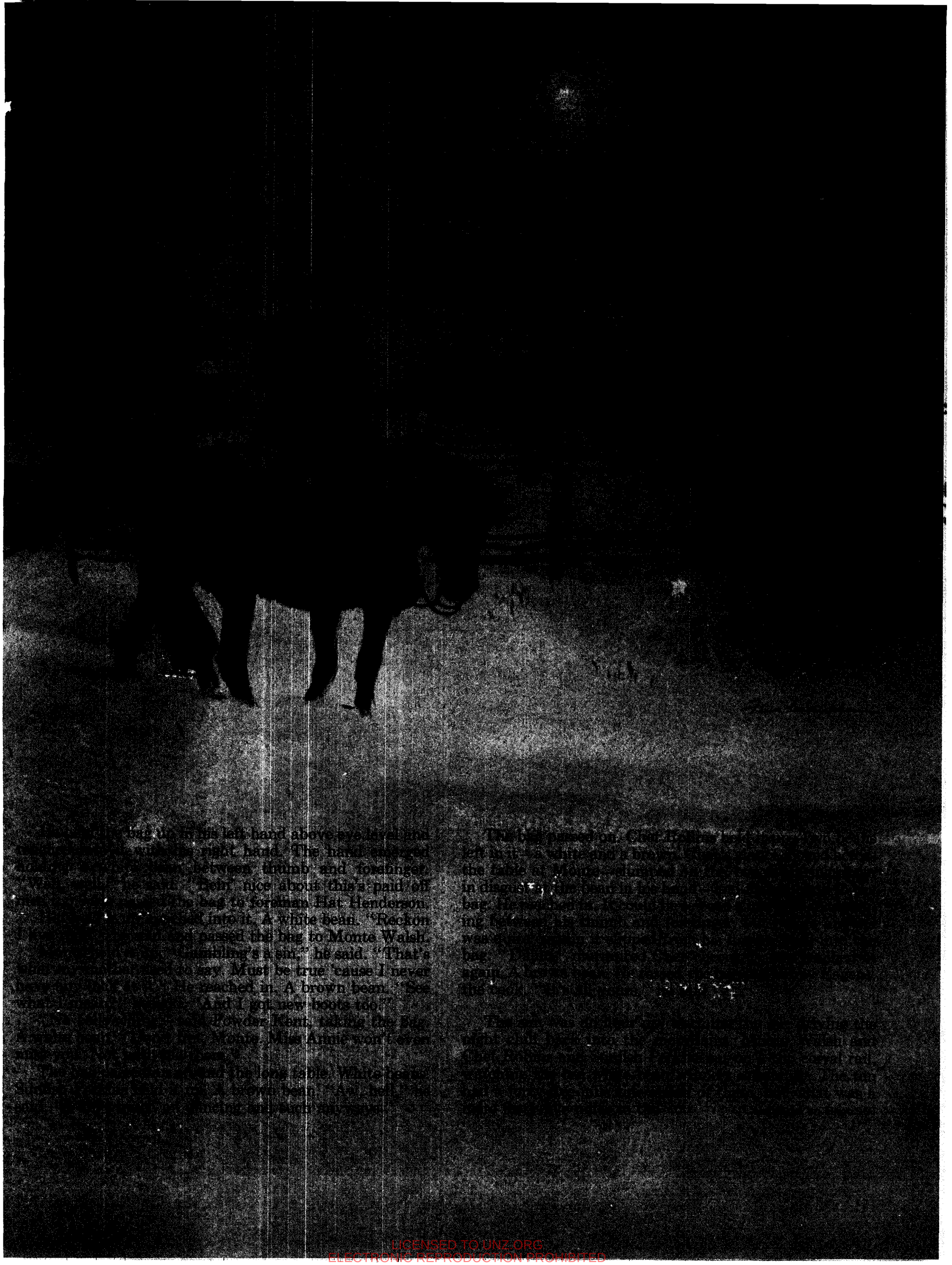
By JACK SCHAEFER

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

he day dawned still and clear, with the winter-night chill of the high country lingering in the air. Stringy clouds clung to the tops of the mountains to the west, but that was nothing unusual in late December. The sun, below the horizon to the east, sent edgings of color along the high-hanging clouds, and the first pink flush of a fine morning touched the roof of the cookhouse in which the men of the Slash Y were finishing a particularly hearty breakfast.

Range manager Cal Brennan set down his coffee cup and pulled a paper bag from a jacket pocket and shook it gently. A soft rattling sound came from it. "I ain't takin' the trouble," he said, "of decidin' who's goin' an' who's stayin'. I'm makin' it an even chance for everybody, includin' Cookie here an' myself too. There's thirteen of us, an' there's thirteen beans in here. Ten white an' three brown. White ones go. Brown ones stay."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Long Journey Home of Matthew Page

By HODDING CARTER

A distinguished Southern newspaperman tells of the staggering obstacles this young Negro overcame in his quest to become a doctor.

To those who think of contact between black man and white only in terms of convulsive conflict, this tale may seem too quiet. To others, who carry chips on their shoulders, it may sound patronizing. But if the story of Dr. Matthew Page and of a personal friendship between a young Negro and an older white man seems out of joint with our times, then it is the times which are wrong.

I first met Matthew Page when he was eighteen and newly graduated in the class of 1948 from Coleman High School, the Negro high school in Greenville, Mississippi. More vivid is my memory of a November morning in 1959, eleven years later, when Capt. Matthew Page, United States Air Force Medical Corps, stood at attention at a wing review of the Greenville Air Force Base, while the commanding officer pinned the Air Force Commendation Medal on his tunic.

We will get to that medal later. A month after it was awarded, Dr. Matthew Page put up his shingle in front of a small frame building on Clay Street in Greenville, ending a twelve-year round trip. A good many residents had doubted that he would ever make it back, or that, having done so, he would stay very long.

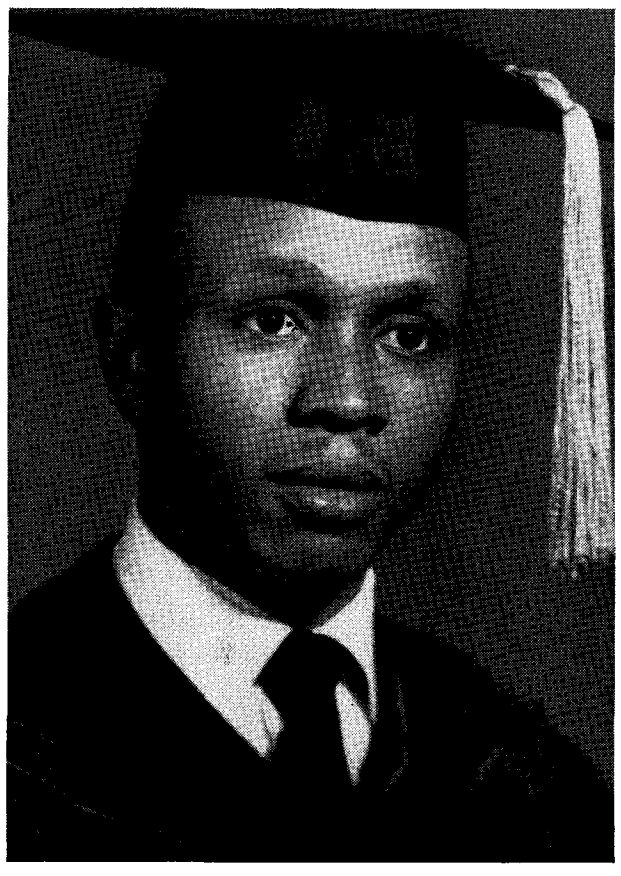
Now a year has gone by, and Dr. Matthew Page is still with us. And, all things considered, I think it fitting to begin now with his leave-taking in 1948 and the part our newspaper had in it.

At the end of World War II, the *Democrat-Times* established three annual prizes of $100 for outstanding graduates, one for Greenville High School, one for Coleman High School and one for the best among graduates of the county's other high schools. Two of the awards were to be given in memory of two young men of our town who had lost their lives in the war.

The third was named the George Washington Carver Award in tribute to the noted Negro scientist.

In 1948 Matthew Page was the third winner of the Carver Award. How he earned it can best be told by the clipping from the *Democrat-Times*, with which his scrapbook begins:

Coleman High School's 1948 senior prom. Page was class president and salutatorian.



Page was a 1956 Meharry Medical College graduate. He earned money for school as a summertime dining-car waiter.

For his exemplary service during two years at Harmon Air Force Base, Page received the Commendation Medal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The author and Doctor Page. The young doctor rejected an Iowa town's offer of a clinic so that he could return to Greenville, Mississippi, and private practice.

MATTHEW PAGE NAMED WINNER OF CARVER AWARD

The third annual George Washington Carver Award of $100 to the outstanding Negro high-school graduate, given by the *Delta Democrat-Times*, was presented this year to Matthew Page of Coleman High School in Greenville. Salutatorian of his class, Matthew received a total of 18 units, with 9 *A*'s and 9 *B*'s and was considered "excellent in citizenship" by Principal G. P. Maddox.

CLASS PRESIDENT

Other achievements which the principal included in his recommendation are: class president for four years, sports reporter for school athletics, senior Boy Scout patrol leader for three years, assistant scoutmaster this year, "Mr. Coleman High School" for three years, Hi-Y Club officer, member of the Dramatics Club, a letterman in football, as well as an active participant in tennis, softball and basketball.

A day or so after this story appeared, my secretary told me that a young Negro student wanted to see me. I didn't connect him with the winner of the Carver Award until he gave me his name, for I had never seen him before. While every youngster who has received one of these prizes has thanked me, usually by letter, Matthew was the first to make a personal call.

The boy who came into the office was slight and under medium height, with intelligent eyes which seemed to be laughing at some inner joke. After he had identified himself, I asked him to sit down and tell me about himself and what he wanted to do. He was born in Greenville, he said, the son of John and Mollie Page. His plantation-reared mother and his father, who was born in the same house that the family still lived in, had fifth-grade educations. The Pages were Baptists. His father operated a leveling machine in the manufacture of concrete mats used in the flood-control program of the United States Army Engineers, a seasonal job of seven to eight months a year, with odd jobs in between. His mother was a domestic servant. He had one sister, Mary, two years younger.

Yes, he planned to go to Tougaloo College in Mississippi. Tougaloo is one of some twenty Negro colleges established soon after the Civil War by church and missionary groups from the North. Its faculty (Continued on Page 38)

Doctor Page examining three-day-old Loretta Edwards. As chief of the pediatric and obstetric services of an Air Force hospital he acquired professional experience that is invaluable to him.

Since opening his home-town practice, Page seldom has an uninterrupted meal. Mrs. Page, now a teacher, was a Tougaloo College classmate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

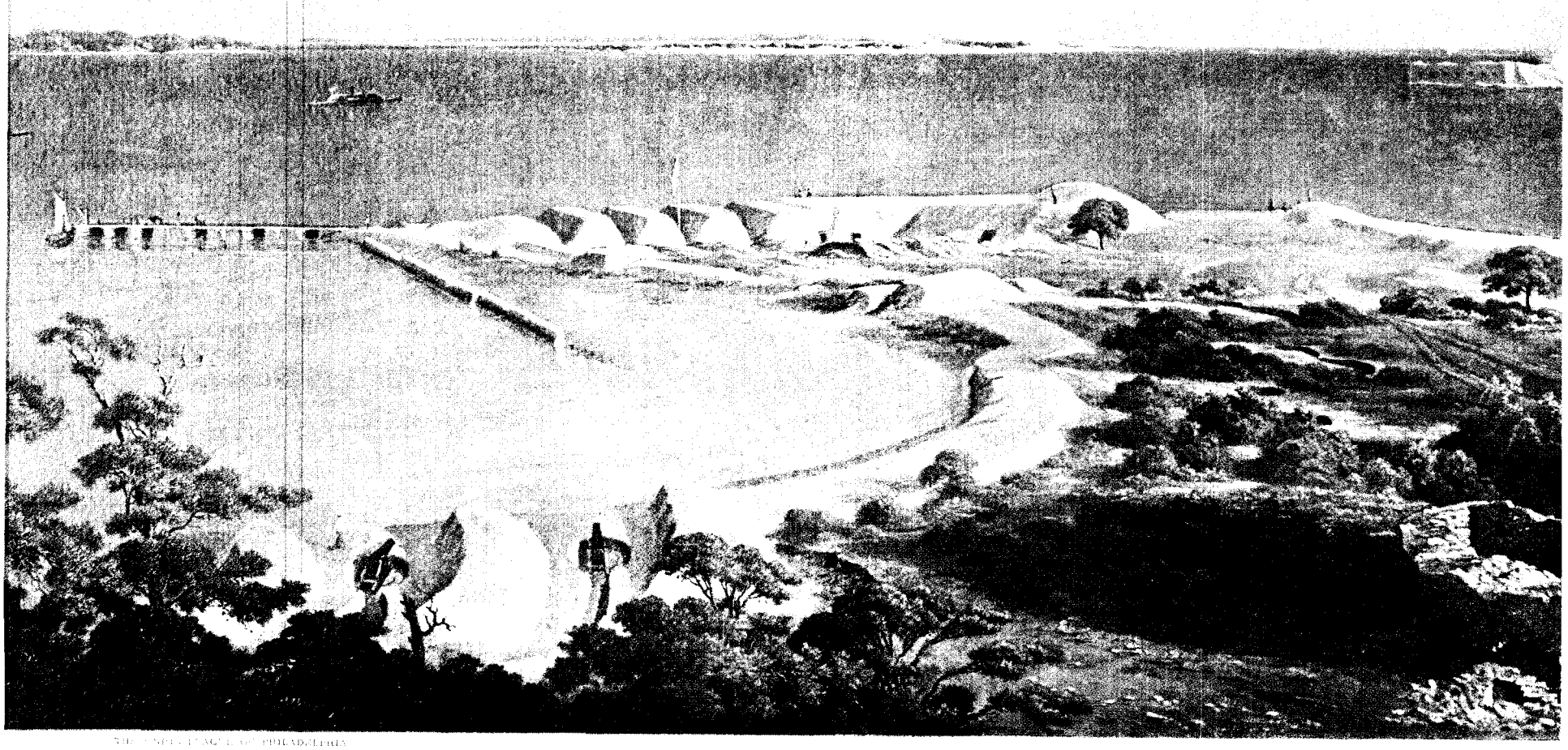
Scene Stealer

The charming distraction here is six-month-old Lori Ann Tranghese, who recently called with her mother on the members of the accounting department of the Springfield-Monarch Insurance Companies in Springfield, Massachusetts. Sitting at mom's old desk fascinated Lori Ann, and it's a safe guess that some of the gals flocked around the bonneted baby were wondering, *When will my turn come?* Lori's mother, who was Nancy Skypeck when she joined the company in 1956, stayed on at work after her marriage in 1959 to soft-drink salesman William Tranghese. But then Lori's approach forced the twenty-one-year-old Mrs. Tranghese to retire. Visiting alumnae and their dressed-up offspring are not rare in this office; last year's graduating class of expectant mothers totaled forty-three. For Lori Ann, this trip was an amusing whirl of meeting her mother's former officemates and ex-boss; then she nonchalantly fell asleep. But what with the increasing tendency of the ladies to seek gainful employment—there are more than 22,000,000 women in today's labor force—it is conceivable that Lori Ann might someday occupy mom's old desk in the accounting department for real.

Photograph by Winfield Parks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE NEW LEAGUE OF PHILADELPHIA

WHO FIRED

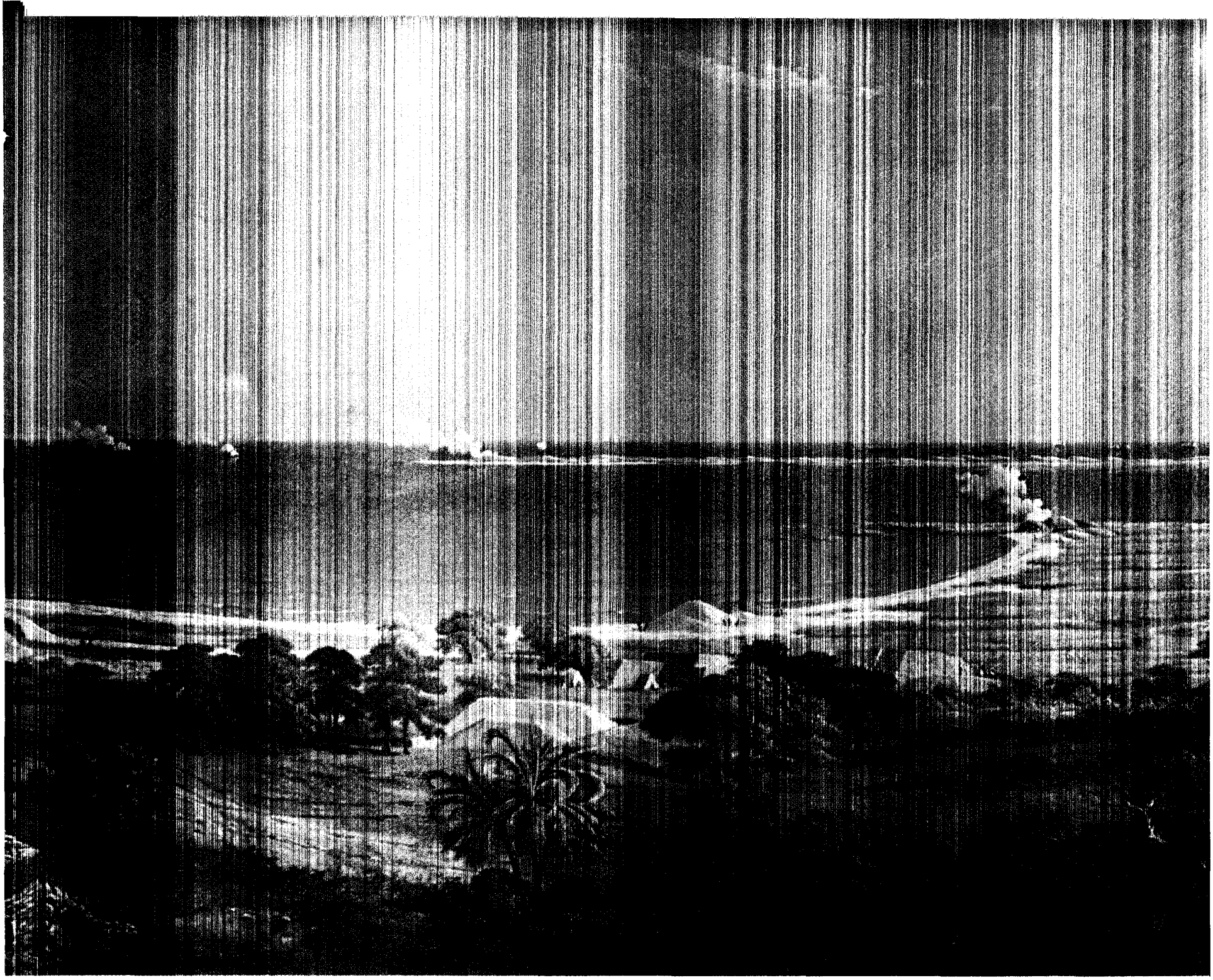
O

THE
UNTOLD
STORIES
OF
THE
CIVIL
WAR

Many have been nominated for this questionable distinction, and it is the subject of an enduring historical controversy. A *Post* editor states the facts and lets you decide for yourself.

22

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Here is Fort Sumter (center, background) almost as it appeared from the Confederate mortar batteries on James Island (foreground) that opened fire on it the morning of April 12, 1861. Albert Bierstadt's postwar painting depicts an 1863 bombardment by Union warships in an unsuccessful attempt to retake the bastion from Confederate troops.

By ASHLEY HALSEY JR.

At some time on April 11, 1861, it occurred to Capt. George S. James that he should send for a physician. He was about to start a war the next morning and he thought it might be well to have a doctor on hand.

The captain commanded two Confederate batteries of ten-inch mortars emplaced amid the sand dunes of James Island, facing Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. The doctor who responded to his call, although not needed professionally as it turned out, had a wonderful opportunity to become the star witness in what is now a major historical controversy: Who actually fired the first shot of the Civil War?

With the approach of the war centennial, there are almost as many nominees for that notable role as there are bewhiskered characters in Cuba. They range from an elderly man to a very small girl. Let us consider the likeliest in order.

Captain James realized that his position was the logical one to fire first, because it was a point of departure and return for Confederate emissaries making an eleventh-hour attempt to negotiate a peaceful surrender at Fort Sumter. James knew that their return without surrender terms would mean war.

The captain, a veteran of the Mexican War of 1846–48, had two good lieutenants, both fresh from West Point. He posted them carefully at the mortars. There had been premature or accidental shots from the batteries surrounding Sumter. James wanted no mistake about his.

Lt. Wade Hampton Gibbes, a newlywed who had served briefly as a United States cavalry lieutenant after graduation from the Military Academy the previous June, commanded at one mortar emplacement. Lt. Henry S. Farley, the first Southern cadet to walk out of West Point without waiting to be graduated, commanded the other. Both were young South Carolinians willing, if not eager, to begin a war in their own back yard.

Both lieutenants later claimed the crape-draped distinction of having fired the first shot. As a witness, the physician, Dr. Robert Lebby, proved somewhat less than conclusive. He was talking with another doctor, the garrison surgeon, who had been away but returned just in time. Both medical men saw Farley holding the lanyard which set off his mortar and are "of the opinion" that he fired first. In the leisurely way of newspapers of the day, *The Charleston Mercury* got around to this bit of news a week later. "We are informed," it said, "that Lieut. H. S. Farley of Captain James's company had the honor of firing the alarm or first gun of the battle on Friday last."

Whoever informed *The Mercury*, it was not Lt. Wade Hampton Gibbes. That officer stated, "The first shell (Continued on Page 82)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let's Postpone the Wedding

By LEON WARE

Sometimes two people don't *really* know each other until after they become engaged.

Bill Parker flicked his thumb across the wheel of his lighter and held the steady flame out to Jane. She leaned forward, the candlelight softening the lines of her face, emphasizing the long lashes as she lowered her eyes, the straight nose and even, classic features. *Soft light, sweet music and a pretty girl*, Bill thought. *You've come a long way, boy. Hang onto it.*

When she leaned back, her cigarette alight, he smiled. "Nice, isn't it? Just being alone for a change?"

She laughed as the waiter refilled their coffee cups, and when he had gone again, Jane put both elbows on the table and looked at Bill in the forthright way that had always surprised him.

"Of course it's nice. But you don't mind the parties so much, do you? It's part of the fun of being engaged."

He eyed the end of his cigarette wryly. "Well, a man asks a girl to marry him because he wants to marry her. What's the point in waiting?"

She shrugged. "It gives her a chance to be sure."

Bill lifted one brow quizzically. "You weren't sure when you said 'yes'?"

Jane laughed softly. "I was. But I do think that's the basic idea behind an engagement. You take a longer, harder look at the man. Is he really the one? Do I really love him; will he fit into my way of life, and I in his? These are the things."

Those were the things. The right side of the tracks, the best schools, the proper clothes and friends and attitudes—those were the things Jane Hollard had (Continued on Page 46)

"Shall we put it off until I get back?" he asked.

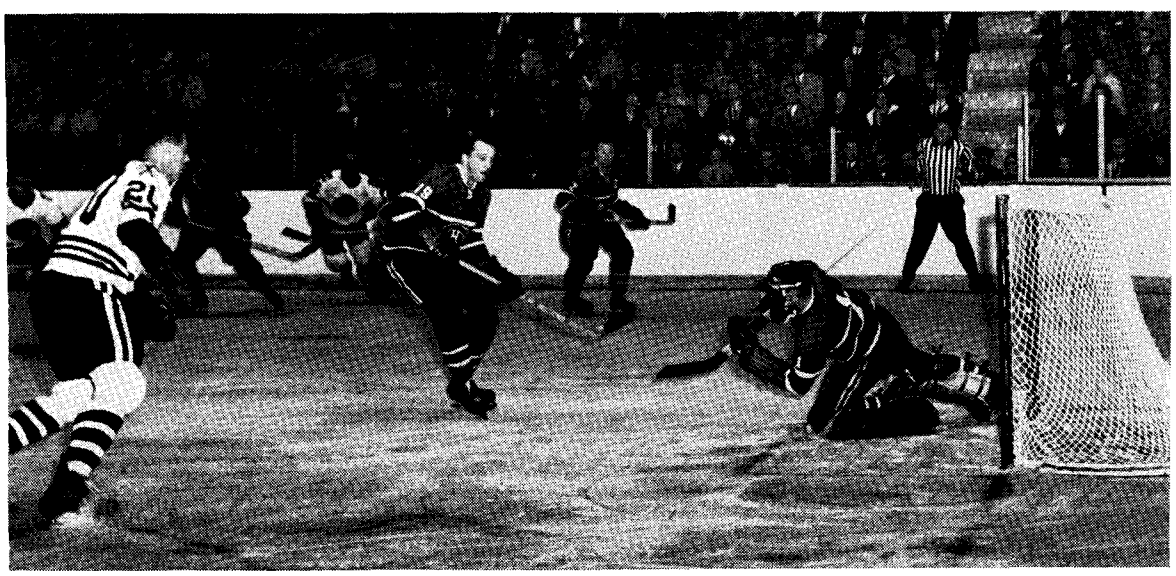
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jacques Plante and two of his masks. Last January he discarded the older one at left in favor of the lighter one at right.

Hockey's Masked Marvel

Jacques Plante, the all-star goalie of the Montreal Canadiens, pioneered the use of the protective face mask, even though it caused some fans to question his courage.

By DAVE ANDERSON



Plante making one of his famous "showboat" saves with his glove during a game against the Chicago Black Hawks.

In front of Jacques Plante the brightly colored hockey uniforms blur with the swirl of the skaters, but the tense, crouching goalkeeper of the champion Montreal Canadiens never notices this. His gaze is concentrated on the puck—a black, vulcanized-rubber disk one inch thick and three inches in diameter. It is frozen rock hard to keep it from bouncing unnecessarily as it slithers along the ice. At any moment it may come whizzing at Plante at a speed up to a hundred miles an hour. His job is to keep the six-ounce puck from entering the white-corded net behind him.

Balancing himself on two thin steel blades, Plante holds a black-taped ash stick in his thickly padded right hand. On his left hand is a first-baseman-type mitt. In all, he wears thirty-seven pounds of protective pads and equipment. His most conspicuous piece of armor, though, is the new lightweight item he recently pioneered—an olive-green Fiberglas mask which shields his face.

"My business is getting shot at," Plante says in his clipped French-Canadian accent. "When I stop the shots, business is good. When I don't, business is bad. All the pressure is in the winning and the losing. But with my mask, I have more confidence in winning.

"For stopping the puck, the mask doesn't help me. But I am (Continued on Page 59)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laurette had a deep-rooted conviction that she was not beautiful. But she possessed iron determination and an unshakable confidence in her abilities.

My Mother Laurette

By DWIGHT TAYLOR

The author recalls his backstage childhood as the son of a famous actress who fell from stardom to the depths of alcoholism— and made an amazing comeback at the age of sixty.

Many people have asked me what it was like to have had an internationally famous actress for a mother. A better question would be what it was like to have had Laurette Taylor for a mother—for therein lay the special privilege.

The earliest record I have of our long and unusual association is in an old album of photographs taken by my father, Charles Alonzo Taylor. Mother is seated on a trunk in a railway station, *enceinte*, and the reason for her sitting there—as my father was proud of explaining in later years—was that he had heard it was against the law for a man to lay hands on a pregnant woman. All my parents' worldly possessions were in the trunk, which a sheriff wanted to seize in order to settle some debts at the theater. The sheriff was fussing and fuming nearby, waiting for the moment the train would arrive and my mother would have to get up to board it. But my father was not known as the "Master of Melodrama" for nothing. When the train did arrive, my father and a character actor carried the trunk onto the train, with my mother sitting upon it in triumph, somewhat like the Queen of Sheba sitting in a palanquin.

My father said that he feared I would be born on the train, as mother was forced to lie

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

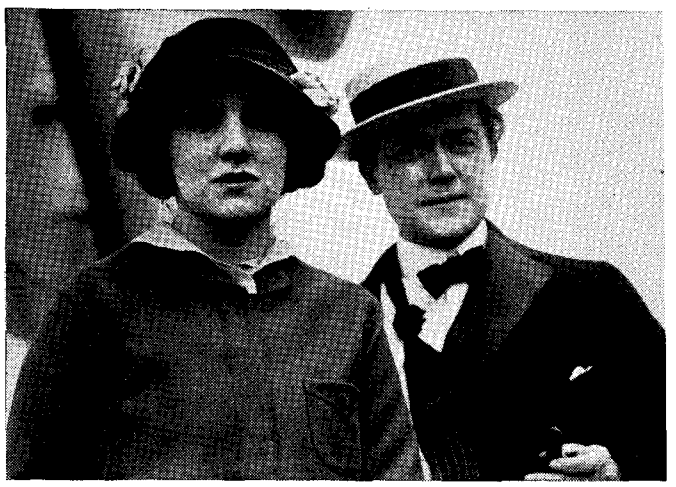
1901: Laurette, the runaway bride, on the road with a touring theatrical company. (See text below).

in the aisle of a slow day coach from Chicago to New York, with the passengers stepping over her on their way back and forth from the water cooler. My mother, on the other hand, said that his fears were groundless. She had already made up her mind that I would not be born until we had reached New York City. It was December 31, 1901, and as it had been a very bad year for both of them, mother was determined that I should not be delivered until midnight.

They got her off the train at the 125th Street station, where my grandmother, Elizabeth Cooney, was waiting. My mother was driven to my grandmother's apartment not many blocks away, where she was immediately put to bed. They had some trouble with my great-grandmother, Bridgett Dorsey, who wanted to deliver the baby herself. Luckily, cooler heads prevailed and a doctor was sent for. He told my mother to relax, but in keeping with her resolution she refused to do so. The labor pains were getting quite severe by this time, and as it was still an hour short of midnight it looked as if I might be born in a bad year after all.

(Continued on Page 62)

The author (right) and his sister Marguerite. His romantic mother embarrassed him for years by keeping his hair in long golden curls.

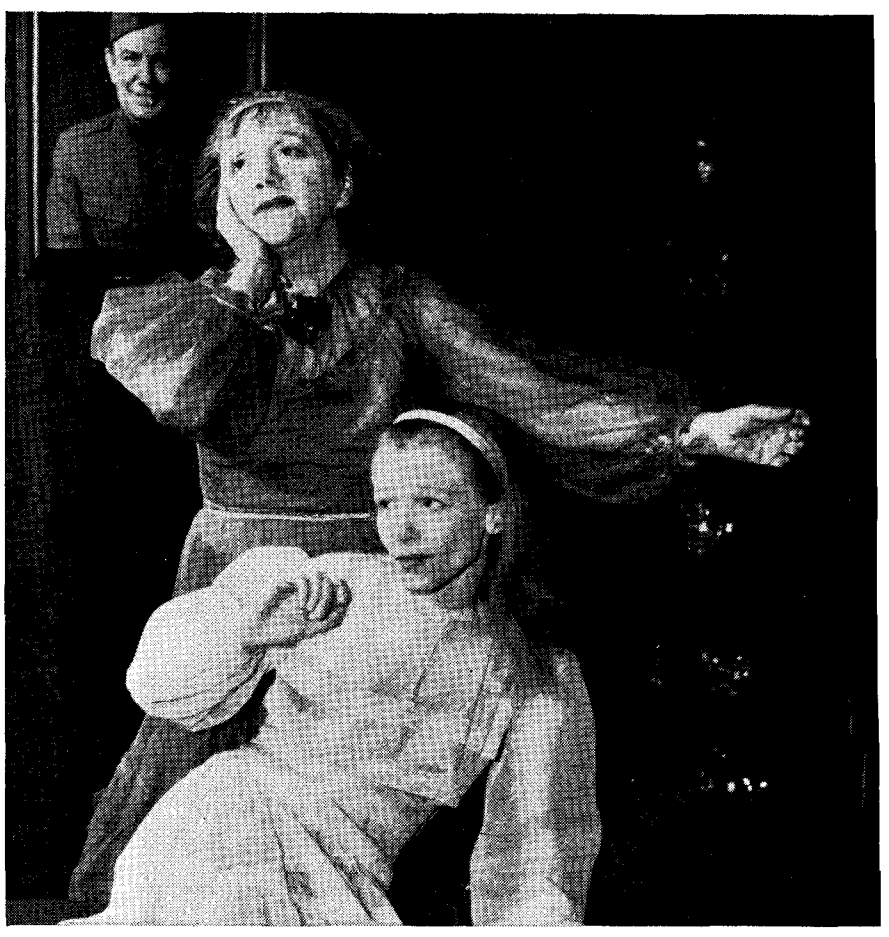


After her divorce from the author's father, Laurette married playwright J. Hartley Manners (above). After he died, in 1928, she succumbed to alcoholism.

During the sixteen years of her marriage to Manners, Laurette rose to the top as an actress and "glamour girl."

Pierrot the Prodigal, 1925: Laurette recalled this role as the most exciting of her career.

Peg o' My Heart, 1912: In Manners's smashing success she broke all long-run records.



The Glass Menagerie, 1945: Laurette (standing) returned from years of obscurity to triumph in this, her final appearance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Are you the brass band that was sent to meet me?"

BACK FROM THE BIG HOUSE

It wasn't likely that an ex-convict would be welcome in his own home town.

By RICHARD B. ERNO

The day I came back to Birch Run to get my clothes it was a Sunday and it was quiet. When the train came down over the long grade that slopes into town, I could see the river to the right where it angles down through the pasture and where the lumber mills used to be. It was about ten in the morning, and it was spring and the grass in the pasture was green and fresh and sparkling. The pasture gave way to gasoline storage tanks and a coalyard, then the back of the hotel and then to familiar stores.

When we pulled into the station, the sun was warm over the weathered boards of the platform, and a few battered green-and-blue trucks were standing at the loading dock, big-wheeled and empty. There was only one person in sight on the platform, a girl. But I knew she hadn't come to meet me, because no one knew I was out of prison yet, and there was no one in Birch Run who wanted me to come back to town bad enough to meet me.

When I got down out of the train, and the locomotive had pulled away toward the roundhouse near the lake, I took a good deep breath of Birch Run air and looked at the back of the girl who was studying a faded rate poster on the station wall. I wasn't sure who she was, since she had her back to me, but there was something familiar in the slim-looking way she stood there. I went over to her and said, "Are you the brass band that was sent to meet me?"

She turned then, and I knew who it was. It was Shelley Orin, who had graduated the same year that I had and who had lived almost all her life with the Shermans out south of town because her parents were dead. She was older now, but she still had nice, sad eyes and the same firm mouth, a little stubborn. Yet maybe not so stubborn now as before.

"John Raff," she said in a soft voice. "You've come back."

"That's right," I said. "John Raff. Four years for burglary. Eighteen months off for good behavior. It's an education everybody should have."

"You're just the same, aren't you?" she asked.

"Smarter," I said, "a lot smarter." It was bluff though. I wasn't feeling smart. I was beginning to wonder if I'd made a mistake by coming home. It was going to be harder to leave (Continued on Page 77)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Protesting the projected airport, Morris County residents organized quickly and held mass meetings in local schools.

Local property owners have dotted Harding Township with neat but indignant signs.

JETPORT showdown in JERSEY

Here is how an aroused citizenry is fighting a powerful interstate agency of government which threatens to invade its exurban sector with a jet airport.

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

One day early last winter George K. Batt, a prominent New Jersey business executive, picked up his newspaper and read with mounting horror that plans were afoot to build the world's largest jet-plane air terminal practically in the back yard of his suburban home.

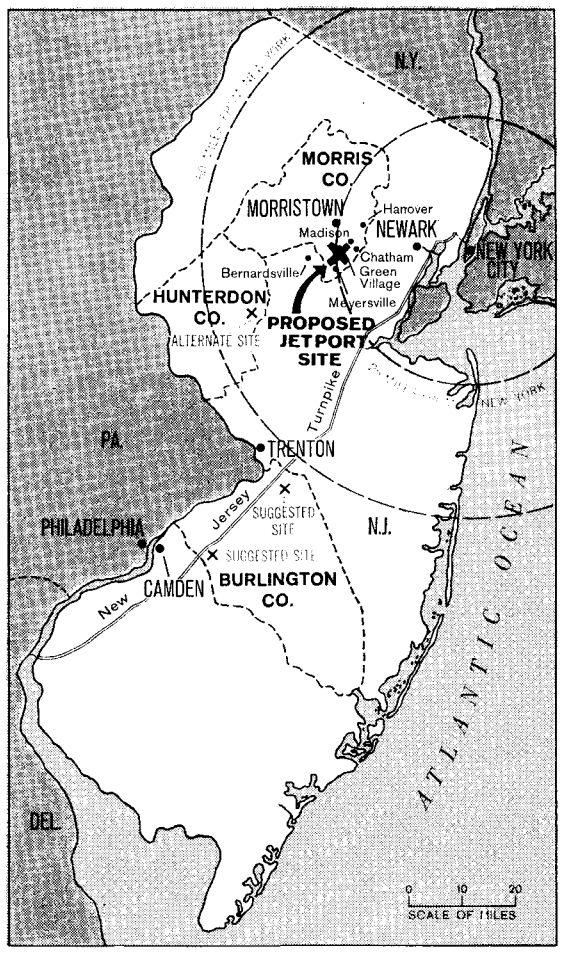
According to preliminary plans revealed by the Newark *News*, a jetport to serve the New York metropolitan area would be built by the Port of New York Authority, an agency of the states of New York and New Jersey, on 10,000 acres of land six miles south of Morristown, New Jersey. It would cost $220,000,000 and be operational by 1970.

For a few moments George Batt struggled to visualize the rolling hills and winding country roads around his home as the site of a vast complex of buildings and runways over which would rumble a procession of giant aircraft. He also thought of the thousands of travelers seeking swift ground transportation to New York or Philadelphia or Newark. Then he gulped hard, decided the time had come for action and reached for his telephone.

So did dozens of other residents—businessmen, farmers, research experts, housewives and factory workers—of what is known locally as the Great Swamp area of Morris County, a green and countrified suburban sector some twenty-five miles west of New York City. Party lines and private lines were tied up for hours that day as word spread that the Morristown area might be the site of a jetport and as two questions were asked again and again: "What will it mean to our homes and community? What can we do about it?"

Now, if we may turn away for a moment from the crisis confronting Batt and his neighbors, there are many other American communities in which the same questions are being asked or will be asked in the next few years as jet air travel increases. It may well be that the problem will become a personal one for you if you live within commuting distance of a metropolitan center. The incredibly swift jet-plane service to which millions of Americans are becoming accustomed has brought with it, at least for the time being, what might be called the penalty of progress, and perhaps the most irksome part of that penalty is noise.

Communities near big airports from San Francisco and Los Angeles to Chicago and Dallas and Boston have testified to the seriousness of the jet-noise "nuisance." They have loudly protested that the noise of landing or departing aircraft makes conversation impossible in nearby homes, disrupts schoolwork and church services and causes children to awaken screaming in the middle of the night. Near New York's big Idlewild International Airport, which has been the center of widespread complaints, an officer of the Rosedale Civic Association sardonically (Continued on Page 84)



The map shows the location proposed for New York's jetport in Morris County, and some other possible sites.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As the natives advanced
behind the flames,
their spear blades
flashing in the sun,
the lion broke cover.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHE HAD TO STOP THE MAN-EATER NOW...BEFORE IT STRUCK AGAIN.

KILLER IN THE BUSH

By STUART CLOETE

I'll be all right, dad," the girl said. She was curled up on the sofa in the living room. It had needed a new slip cover for years. The big red roses had faded to pink, and the pink to white. She was trying to think of things like that—think of anything except the next week or so, when she would be alone.

"You've got the gun and the dogs, Barbara," her father said. "I should be back in a week. But there's nothing to fear. And there's the car. If anything happens, you can drive to the dorp in four hours."

I can, she thought, *if there has not been a storm and it does not break down.*

They were just making conversation. Both of them knew it. John Barton was not at all happy about leaving his daughter alone on the farm for a week. But he had no option. Someone had to stay, and the cattle he had bought had to be brought up from the low veld. Botha, who had been driving them up, had died of fever on the road. One of the boys had just come in with the news.

"It'll take me two days to get there, Barbs, if I drive hard, and four or five to get them back here."

"Yes, dad." Barbara's big gray eyes rested on her father's face. *He looks tired already*, she thought. Of course, he wasn't young any more, and there was a lot at stake. All they had was in this cattle deal, a speculation that, if it came off, would put them on their feet. She didn't like being left alone. Not that she was afraid, but she wasn't happy about it. She would be bored and lonely.

"You're twenty-two," her father said.

Barbara smiled at him. She had a pretty smile. "Twenty-two," her father said again, "and you ought to have a couple of kids at foot by now." The girl laughed outright.

"I'd like that," she said, "but I'd need help."

"That's it," her father said. "You've got to get away from here. There's not a young man within a hundred miles of us. Just a few louts that would marry you for the farm and run it into the ground."

"You worry about me, don't you, dad?" Barbara went over to her father and kissed his forehead. "Don't. I'm all right." But she knew she wasn't all right at all. She wanted to meet a man she could love and marry, and here they were, shadowboxing again. Deceiving each other, yet not really deceiving each other at all.

"I want to be off before it's light, Barbs."

"I'll fix up the food, dad," Barbara said. She began to tick off items on her fingers, "Biltong, mealie meal, meat, tea, coffee, bread, rusks, sugar, salt, flour, bacon, bully beef, sardines, condensed milk, tobacco, matches, brandy." She'd hard-boil three dozen eggs.

The dawn was just breaking when Barbara watched her father drive off in the Cape cart with four horses. He had Ben, a good stock boy, with him, and the boy who had brought the news of Botha's death. Two saddles and bridles were stowed with the rations, cookpots and bedding behind the seat. Her father and Ben would ride two of the horses back. One of the other boys would drive the cart.

The cold, fishbelly-gray of the eastern horizon slowly changed to pink. The outline of the old thorns that stood near the house sharpened as patches of bright light filtered through the foliage. Between the gnarled branches spots of red sky made curious stained-glasslike designs. The dogs, standing one on each side of her, pushed their noses into her hand. She stroked their heads absently, still staring into the East. The light was increasing fast. The upper sky was turning blue—sky blue, that merged into lilac, into pale green and lemon yellow as she watched it.

Well, he's gone, and I'm on my own, she thought and turned her back on the sun. "Come on, boys," she said to the dogs. Bodo and Bismarck were three years old—brothers—half Alsatian and half Airedale. With them at her heels she went into the house, holding open the spring door of the netted stoep for the dogs to come in.

Barbara went into the long, low-ceilinged lounge. It was comfortably (Continued on Page 42)

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORESBY'S GODDESS

BY ERIC HATCH

THEIR ONLY CHANCE OF REACHING THE ISLAND INVOLVED A TERRIFYING RISK.

Sal Rocco's men kidnaped Paul Moresby, movie actor Niles Gregory and the beautiful French actress Marianne. They were drugged and taken to a remote Aegean island. Rocco unsuccessfully tried to extort a huge ransom.

After escaping from the kidnapers, they fled from the island in a boat, but danger continued to plague them. First, a storm threatened them. Then, before the storm subsided, a steamer crashed into their boat.

Although they were sinking slowly, Moresby hoped the boat might make it to the island of Thíra, about twenty miles away.

CONCLUSION

Through the minutes of the night that passed like hours and through hours that seemed as long as days, the ship wallowed ever more heavily through the lessening seas. Twice Niles went down into the forward hold to see if his makeshift calking still held. The last time the water was up to his hips. When he came back on deck he kept this fact to himself.

As the hours passed and the bow sank lower in the water, the two men and the girl grew more and more silent. At three, Niles made another expedition around the ship. He returned carrying two life preservers and a wooden deck chair. Without comment he laid them on the deck outside the wheelhouse. At 3:30, when the bow had sunk so low that each sea poured green water over the forepeak, Marianne cried out and pointed. On the horizon the flash of a lighthouse loomed dead ahead.

"I'd almost rather we hadn't seen it," said Moresby. "It's made me start hoping again that we'll actually make it to shore."

"Oh, Niles," said Marianne, "can you not make what is left of this boat go a little faster?"

Niles Gregory shook his head. "If I try to speed her up," he said, "I'll sail her right under the water to the bottom."

"There must be some damn thing we can do!" said Moresby.

"There is," said Niles.

"What?"

The flickering, mocking smile lighted Niles's face that was laced with fatigue lines. "Keep our fingers crossed," he said.

Slowly the ship staggered on. The wind dropped completely and the first streaks of gray dawn washed away the stars. Beneath the flash of the light the black mass of land loomed ahead of them.

"This has been—up until now—a masterpiece of navigation," said Niles. He managed a hoarse chuckle. "Of course, it would be more scientifically impressive if I'd really known where I'd been, where I was when I started and where I was trying to navigate to. Marianne, I suggest you wear that life preserver from now on." He turned to Moresby. With infinite tact he said, "I'll toss a coin with you to see which of us gets the other."

Moresby put a hand on Niles's shoulder. "Thanks, pal," he said, "but I know you'll rig the toss so I'll win it—because of my arm. I'll be graceful and accept it."

"Good man!" said Niles. "Frankly I prefer the deck chair anyway. More restful—what?"

"Oh, stop being gallant!" cried Marianne. "I am dying in my heart, and I cannot be brave-sounding! It is not fair to make me ashamed because I am afraid!"

"At this point," said Moresby, "if we stopped trying to act and sound brave we'd both bust up and weep, I think. I know I would."

"What breaks my heart," said Niles, "is that we don't have half a dozen cameramen around taking pictures of me being magnificent!" He ran his hand over the thick gray stubble on his chin and cheeks and chortled. "On the other hand, maybe it's just as well."

They fell silent. The sky brightened and became a steely blue, touched with streaks of red. They could see the island plainly now, maddeningly close; the jetty thrusting out into the sea, the village of whitewashed houses with red tile roofs perched on the cliff top. They could also see that the ship's bow was level with the surface of the water, so that every wave, even though the waves were small, swept over it.

"Please keep talking," cried Marianne.

But the tension was too great. Moresby found he was rocking forward and backward, like a coxswain in a race, urging his boat onward. Niles was gripping the wheel so hard his knuckles stood out like white blisters. "Get into those life preservers!" he said.

Moresby, using one hand, put the least battered of the two around Marianne and slipped his arms through the rotting straps of the second one. The propeller, partly out of water, began to thrash, and the stern of the ship shook with violent vibrations.

"I ought to slow it down," said Niles. "That prop will shake itself loose."

"Does it really matter?" said Moresby.

"I wouldn't know," said Niles, but he slowed the engine. The forward motion became so slow as to be almost imperceptible; so slow that to their eyes straining toward the land, the island seemed at times to be actually receding. Moresby sighed.

"As skipper," he said, "are you still open to suggestions?"

"What do you think?"

"Well," said Moresby, "I think we're at least half an hour away from making shore, and I think in about five minutes this tub is going right down under our feet."

Marianne clutched his arm. "So you have stopped fighting?" she whispered.

Moresby ignored it. "I couldn't agree with you more!" said Niles. "And you have a suggestion?"

"Yes," said Moresby. "Let's put a match to it while it's still dry enough here and there to make a rousing good fire, and let's get out of here and wait for somebody to come out and rescue us!"

Niles Gregory stared at him.

"Sometimes," he said, "I get the notion that you have the makings of a genius." The sagging air of fatigue left him. He took command again. "You two go forward, let yourselves over the side and get clear of the hull in case she blows up. I'll toss the remains of the kerosene I found into the engine room and touch it off."

"I'll toss you to see who touches it off," said Moresby.

"Don't be an ass!" said Niles. "I can swim clear. I've got two arms to use. You haven't."

Marianne took Moresby's hand. They walked forward. The forepeak was entirely under water. They walked to the low iron railing bounding it and climbed over it.

"Please, please keep hold of my hand," said Marianne in a hushed voice.

They stepped over the side into the sea. It felt warm after the chill of the night, and welcoming and very, very deep. "There are sharks?"

"No," said Moresby. "Of course not."

"You are lying," said Marianne.

"Yes," said Moresby. "But they frighten easily. Actually, a good punch on the nose usually takes care of them."

"You have done this?"

"Once—in the war. Stay close to me, Marianne. We're going to swim away from the ship."

Illustrated by Bob McGinnis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A hundred feet off they stopped. Her hand slipped into his again, and they looked back at the ship. The propeller was clear out of the water now. They saw Niles running in and out of the cabin and hurrying along the deck carrying a big metal can. They saw him pause by the engine-room hatch, hold the can upside down and then bend over. A moment later a streak of flame and black smoke leaped into the air. Simultaneously Niles Gregory cleared the bulwarks in a long clean dive and disappeared. He surfaced a few yards away from them and shook his head, tossing drops of water aside.

"Made it!" he shouted.

"Your eyebrows didn't," said Moresby.

"Spot of make-up will take care of that."

Smoke—thick black smoke—was billowing up into the morning sky. They watched, fascinated. A moment later a terrific blast shook the air, and a wave of heat washed over them. Bits of wood fell like rain around them. When they could see through the smoke and the falling debris, all that remained of the ship was a burning pool of oil spreading in an ever-widening arc over the surface of the water.

Wally Waltham sat under the marquee of his tent in darkness lessened by a glow of lamplight from inside the tent. He held a glass of bourbon in his hand. Beside him, in a lounging chair, sipping at a glass of Chianti, was Sal Rocco. He appeared completely at home and relaxed, whereas Waltham sat hunched forward, his fingers drumming on a metal table at his side. His broad lips were clenched over an expensive cigar. Occasionally, as though it were a cigarette, he inhaled and exhaled without moving it from his mouth.

"If you can get them back here you've got to get them back, Sal," he said.

Rocco shrugged. "I can't be getting them back," he said. "It is only money that can be doing that. I have told you that a hundred times, Wally."

Wally looked at him out of heavy, baggy eyes. "I happen to remember that you're a pretty fast man with a knife," he said. "There was that time when you were a headwaiter before you got into the flesh-peddling racket. Remember?" Rocco's grimace of anger answered him. "Couldn't your contacts put you in touch with your brother—er—with these characters? And then couldn't you force them to turn over Marianne and Niles?"

Rocco's face took on a look of studied boredom. He flicked a long cigarette ash onto the Oriental rug that covered the ground.

"It would still cost a hundred thousand dollars," he said.

Wally took the cigar from his mouth and looked at it long and thoughtfully. When he spoke, he seemed to be addressing the cigar. "Henry Parsons," he said, "is right about you, Rocco."

"What do you mean, right? He put those two dumb dicks on my tail. I caught on to them before I'd even got into a taxi to go back to the airport."

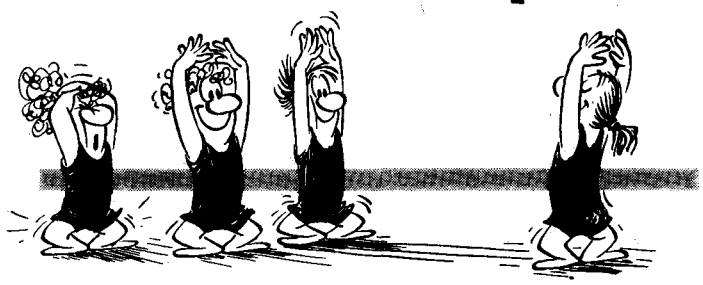
"I wasn't talking about his investigators." Waltham still spoke to the cigar. "I was thinking of what he said about lousy blackmailers."

A tiny flashing gleam of light caught Wally Waltham's eye. He looked at Rocco. Apparently from nowhere a thin-bladed knife had appeared in his left hand. He was twisting it to and fro, reflecting (Continued on Page 49)

As Niles Gregory dived from the ship, a streak of flame and black smoke leaped into the air.

COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts



Carioca Assignment

The story so far: Florimel Carruthers, beautiful fashion model, engaged to Ron Dillaway, rising young architect, designer of the Carioca Caravansary, in Buenos Aires, newest of the B. J. Jingleworth hotel chain, is assigned, with photographer Corky Mittsford, to do a spread of photos for *Gasp*, the weekly magazine published by Cecil Filenagle, son-in-law of Jingleworth, depicting the grandeur of the Carioca. As Florimel and Corky are about to board their plane at Idlewild, they receive a message from Ron begging them not to go, but Corky hurries her onto the plane, followed by two sinister Latins who carry bulging briefcases but no other luggage. Meanwhile, Florimel's sister, Candy, has received a threatening anonymous letter written on Carioca stationery, but mailed in New York. She shows it to her Aunt Leota Runcible, former governess of Debbie Jingleworth, heiress to the Jingleworth millions, married to Cecil Filenagle, but secretly in love with Hank Larrabie, old friend of Corky Mittsford, and in line for a top managerial post at the Carioca. As Florimel's plane takes off from Idlewild, Ron is frantically searching for the blueprints of the Carioca, which have disappeared. Now go on with the story:

Not me, kid! After that synopsis,
I'd have more fun with *Thanatopsis!*

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

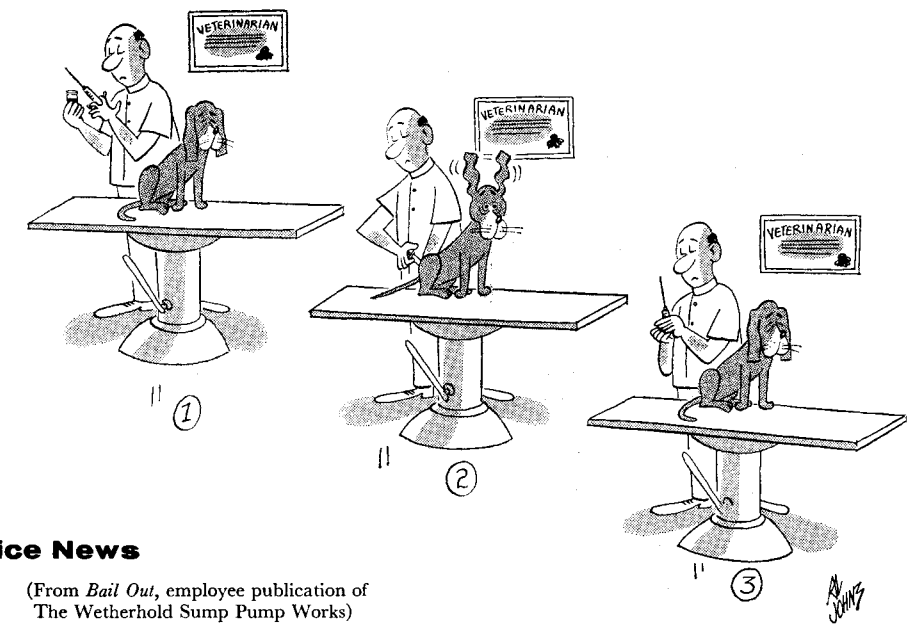
The Landlord and I

His word is law. We never fight.
I'd rather be resident than right.

HELEN CASTLE

"Remember me?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Office News

(From *Bail Out*, employee publication of The Wetherhold Sump Pump Works)

The following original poem by Emma (Highpockets) Kindig (Inventory Control) reports our gala office dinner last week so much better than the news story we had prepared that we are printing it instead. Emma has titled it, *An Ode to the Good Time We All Had at the President Wilmer Wetherhold Testimonial Dinner Commemorating Twenty-five Years of Wetherhold Pumps and Pump-Repair Kits.*

Last Thursday at six, after working all day,
Our office staff sped to the Acorn Café.
Its rear dining room had been fixed up real pretty
By Evie Stover and her decorating committee.
We shook hands with our president, met his sweet wife,
Then all settled down for the time of our life.
Each place bore a namecard, printed real neat,
And that's how we knew which chair was our seat.
Walt Keim was the emcee; his jokes were quite good—
Not one was off-color. Well, next came the food:
Chicken à la king, with peas (oh so green!),
Rolls, butter, coffee, celery, ice cream.
And most of us thought, I feel sure, as we ate,
Where else could we get it for three dollars a plate?
Walt said let's sing songs whilst the tables were cleared
But Freddy Bascom, our pianist, had, alas, disappeared!
He and Tubby Steele, the new sales trainee,
Were out in the taproom watching TV.
So Walt went to get them, but you know Freddy—
He told Walt they'd come when they were ready.
Whereas President Wetherhold loudly did shout,
"We're waiting on you boys!" Well, *that* fetched them out!
Both Freddy and Tubby looked sheepish and sorry,
But the incident passed—and on went the party.
Next was tendered that scroll with our autographs on it,
And Mr. Wetherhold said, "Thanks," but we shouldn't have done it.
Then he went on to tell how he'd started out small
And worked till he got where he is and all.
It hadn't been easy, he had his share of bumps,
But he never said "die"—he kept on making pumps.
In concluding, he challenged us everyone
To DOUBLE PRODUCTION in '61!
Thus ended the dinner—'twas a party divine!
I can't speak for the rest, but I got home by nine.

ED. NOTE: Sensational job, Emma! High time you stopped hiding your talents under a bushel.

W. F. MIKSCH

Bank Lines

She has two major joint accounts;
She has four books of small amounts.
She has some Christmas Fund books too—
With payments three months overdue!
She has some subtle questions which
Appear to make the teller twitch;
And, what is more, she has to be
The person right in front of me.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

Stop Shooting; I'm Right In the Middle of a Sentence!

Have you ever noticed, in TV westerns, how the hero and villain invariably end up behind large rock formations shooting at each other and, at the same time, offering certain necessary information to the viewing audience? It usually goes something like this:

SPOI-I-I-I-I-I-ING!

"Hey, that was close, Grimsley! But you're not going to kill me the way you killed poor old Nat Simpson the night you sneaked away from the town-hall dance and rode out to his ranch and shot him! Let me ask you a question, though, Grimsley, something that's been bothering me: How come you did it?"

SPOI-I-I-I-I-I-ING!

"I had to do it, sheriff! You see, Nat Simpson knew too much! He knew I was in cahoots with Calhoun and his gang the day they robbed the stagecoach, and he threatened to expose me to the law!"

SPOI-I-I-I-I-I-ING!

"Oh, so that was it, eh? And how about Simpson's hired hand out at the ranch? You shot him too, didn't you, Grimsley?"

SPOI-I-I-I-I-I-ING!

"Yeah. But I didn't really mean to, sheriff! He just happened to show up at the wrong time and saw me shoot Simpson, so I had to kill him too!"

SPOI-I-I-I-I-I-ING!

"I've got enough on you, Grimsley, to really put a rope around your neck!"

SPOI-I-I-I-I-I-ING!

"That's where you're wrong, sheriff! It's just your word against mine!"

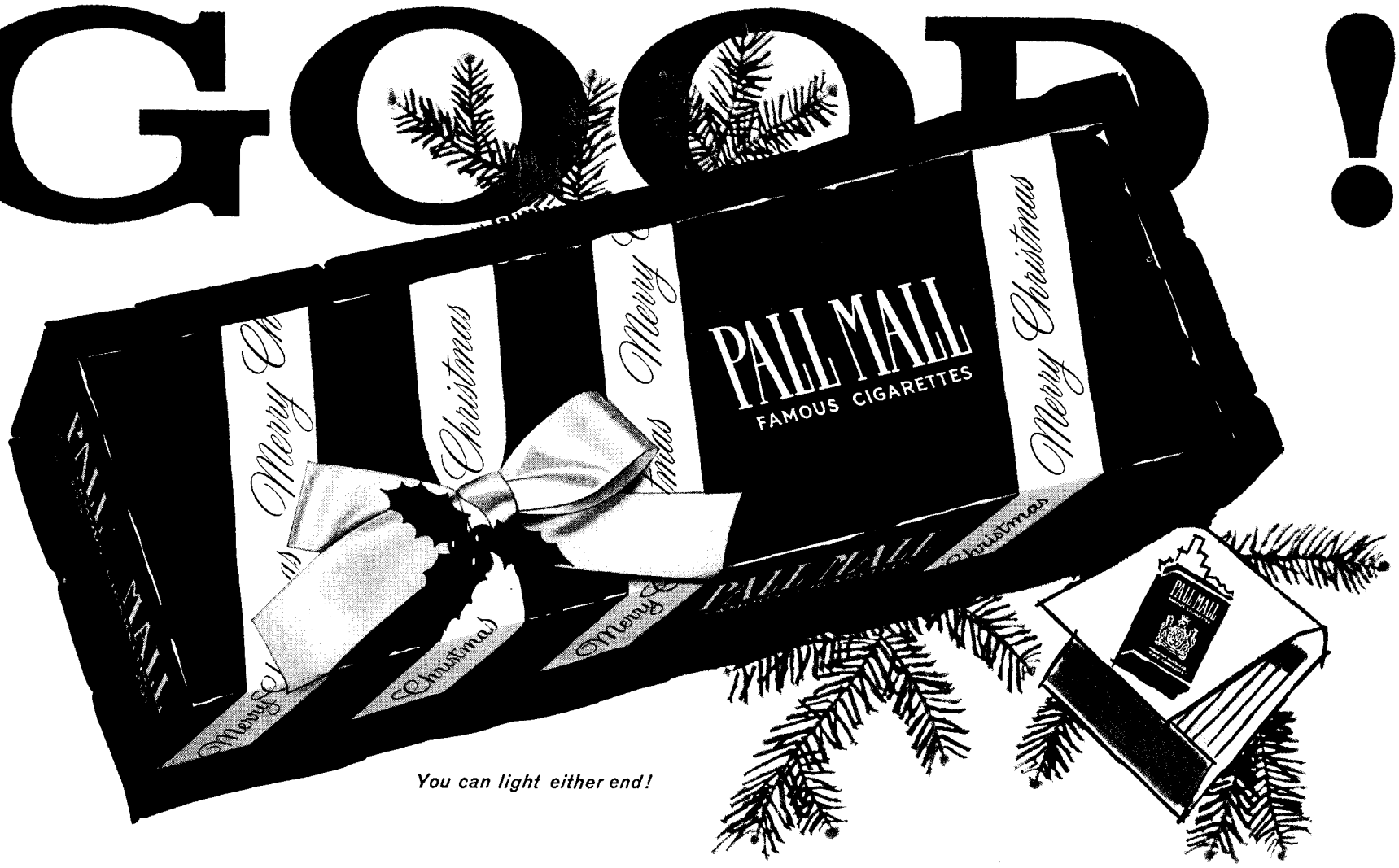
SPOI-I-I-I-I-I-ING!

"That's where *you're* wrong, Grimsley! What would you say if I told you that so-called hired hand you *thought* you killed out at Nat Simpson's ranch is now recovering, and that, in reality, he's a U.S. marshal, sent here by Ulysses S. Grant, the President of the United States, to——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taste PALL MALL...so GOOD! GOOD! GOOD!

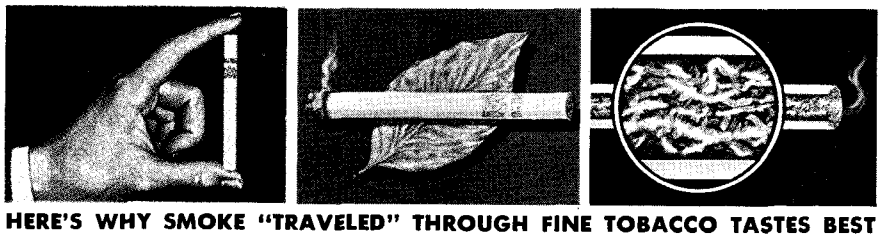


You can light either end!

Good-Looking, Good-Tasting, Good-Smoking PALL MALL!

Why does Pall Mall taste so good, good, good? Because Pall Mall's famous length of fine, rich-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke naturally—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor. That's why Pall Mall tastes so good! good! good! Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right!

Outstanding...and they are Mild!



HERE'S WHY SMOKE "TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST

1 You get Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy.

2 Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . .

3 Travels it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos —and makes it mild!

Enjoy satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste!

© A. T. Co. Product of *The American Tobacco Company* — *"Tobacco is our middle name"*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Soldier

Farralon had the unpleasant job of telling one of his best friends he was a failure.

By RICHARD POWELL

When Lt. Col. William Farralon came to Port Solo, headquarters of the Lower Pacific Command, his fouled-up Army career was at a dead end. But then he led the American troops on Moon Island to victory against the Japanese and became a hero overnight. Even Claire Patrick, the pretty WAC lieutenant who had quarreled with Farralon, was friendly again.

After the battle, Farralon unexpectedly received two letters: One, on pale-blue stationery, was from his ex-wife, Fran, who hadn't written him since their divorce. The other letter was an even greater surprise.

© 1960 by Richard Powell

VII

The other letter was V-mail, and the hard block lettering of the address was even more familiar than Fran's handwriting. The upper right-hand corner carried the word "Free," and the upper left-hand corner carried the name and rank and serial number and address of Lt. Gen. George Albert Farralon.

He had been walking around with those two letters in his pocket most of the day. Fran hadn't written to him since the divorce, almost two years ago. Father hadn't spoken or written to him since he had listened to the story of Anchor Island and said coldly, "You should have been the last man off, not the first."

He sat down and studied the pale-blue envelope. Had he been in love with Fran? Fran had visited a friend in Watertown, in upper New York State, during one of those summers when he was training the R.O.T.C. units from Princeton and Cornell at Madison Barracks. She was lovely, charming and, for some reason, picked him over the other officers and the young men from the two universities.

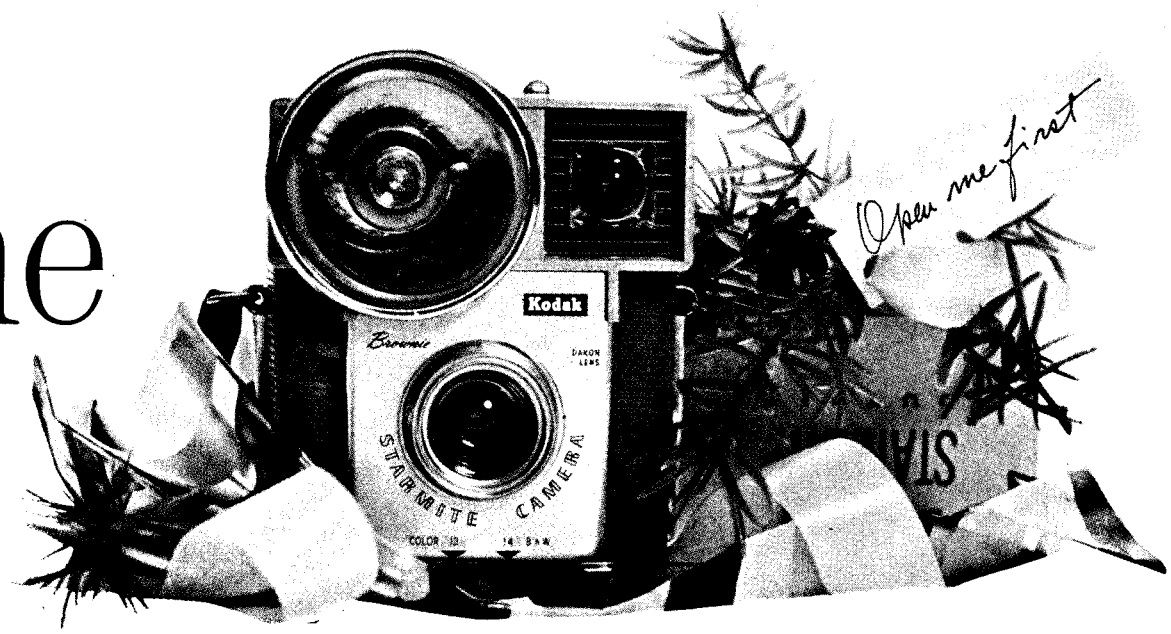
She must have seen something in him. She must have seen the sketchy outline of a person she planned to create. (Continued on Page 65)

"Ben, I'm relieving you of command of the regiment," Farralon said.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

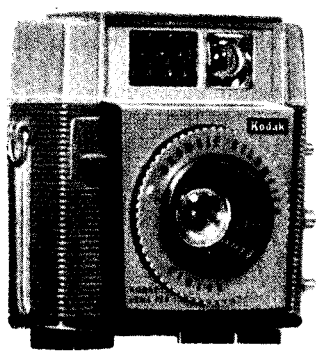
KODAK GIFTS SAY:

"Open me first!"

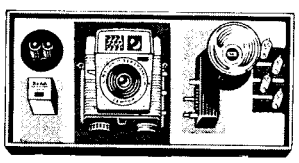


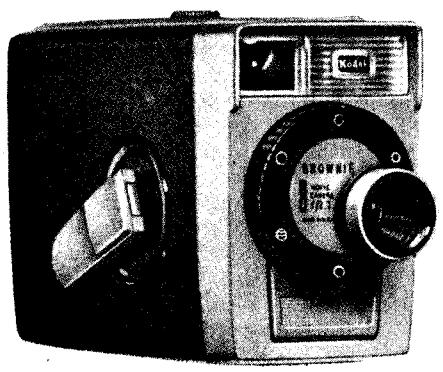
Smallest, handiest Brownie flash camera ever! Brownie Starmite Camera . . . less than $11. Boxed outfit with bulbs, batteries, film . . . less than $12.

...because you can picture all the fun of Christmas right from the very first moment!

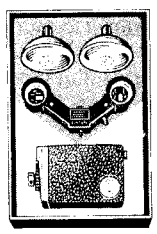


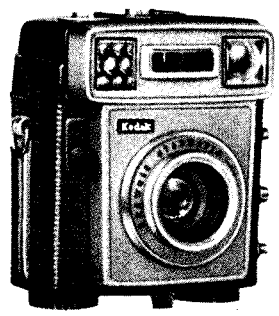
Built-in exposure meter—lowest price ever! Brownie Starmeter Camera has sensitive electric eye that measures light, shows proper settings for sharp, clear snapshots or brilliant color slides . . . less than $20. Boxed outfit with flash holder, bulbs, batteries, and film . . . costs less than $25.



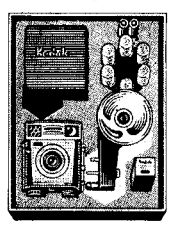


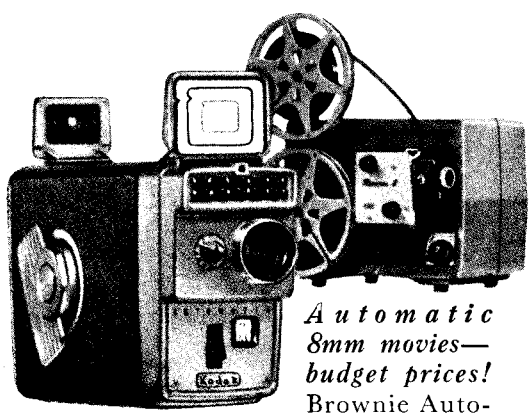
Get all the action and color of Christmas with this talented Brownie 8 Movie Camera, *f*/2.7. Simple enough for a child to use. Just set the dial, aim, shoot . . . less than $25. Boxed kit with movie light and two flood lamps . . . less than $33.



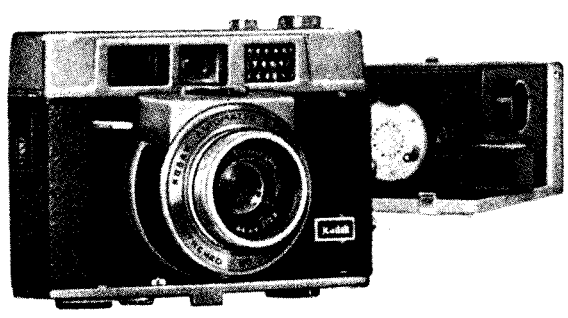


Sets its own lens! Brownie Starmatic Camera has built-in electric eye that makes exposure settings for you automatically. Takes snapshots or color slides, 12 pictures to a roll . . . costs less than $30. Complete gift-boxed outfit with field case, flash holder, bulbs, batteries, film . . . less than $40.



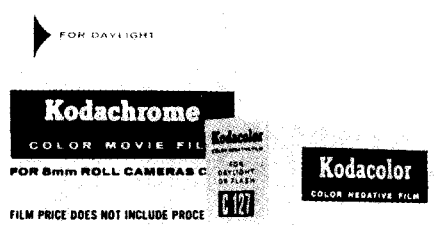


Automatic 8mm movies—budget prices! Brownie Automatic Movie Camera, *f*/2.3, has electric eye that sets lens opening automatically . . . less than $78. Brownie 8 Movie Projector, A15, threads itself automatically—right onto the take-up reel . . . less than $55.



Superb 35mm team! Kodak Automatic 35 Camera with fast *f*/2.8 lens. Electric eye adjusts the lens opening automatically for correct exposure in sun or shade . . . less than $90. Kodak Cavalcade Projector, Model 520, changes slides *by itself* . . . with new Zoom Lens . . . less than $140.

Prices are subject to change without notice.



Boxes of Kodak film make wonderfully welcome "extra" gifts on Christmas morning. Use them to fill Christmas stockings!

See your dealer for exact retail prices.

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"we just ran out of the world's best bourbon, Col. Chapin."

"better run out for some more, Mr. Gore."

SMART FOLKS AGREE - SAY C&G

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 93 PROOF, DISTRIBUTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y., N. Y.

© McK & R, 1960

The Long Journey Home of Matthew Page

(Continued from Page 19)

is biracial, and its support still comes largely from the American Missionary Association and the Congregational Church.

I asked the usual perfunctory question—what did he want to be? His answer astonished me.

"I'm going to be a doctor," Matthew Page said, as if it would be easy. He had taken all the mathematics and science available at Coleman, he said. Though he felt handicapped because the school's so-called laboratory was then simply a broom closet with a few test tubes and a minimum of dilapidated equipment, he thought that he could catch up. I had an unhappy vision of a boy with $100 and whatever help a laboring father could give him and a broom-closet chemistry course. Why did he want to be a doctor?

"I guess the main reason is that I have a sickly sister," Matthew said. "Sometimes she is real sick. I can remember one time when she was having a bad spell. My mother and father were very upset, and I was scared to death. And then the doctor came, and I could see the changes that came over my mother and my father and my sister. Everything seemed to get better all at once. I said to myself then, *I want to be a doctor. I am going to be one.*"

I tried to get Matthew a job that summer, but with no success. Eventually he found one, with his father's help, as a laborer with the Army Engineers.

That September, Matthew Page came in to tell me good-by. He was off to Tougaloo. It cost then about $500 a year, including food, lodging and books, to go to Tougaloo. Matthew had about half that amount, made up from his summer savings, the extra dollars his parents and relatives had scraped up and the Carver Award money. But he didn't seem at all worried.

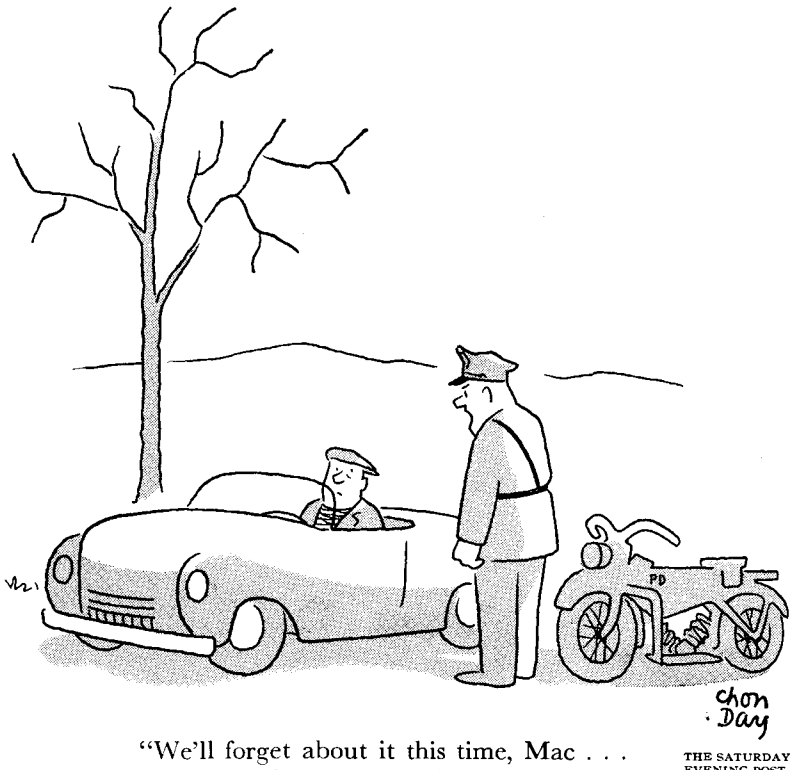
Matthew dropped in during the Christmas and Easter vacations, as he was to do every vacation from then on. He told me that soon after entering Tougaloo, he had been awarded a scholarship amounting to $110. He also had a job waiting on tables, and he was sure about making it through the first year. He stood second in his class scholastically and had the promise of an undergraduate instructorship for the next year. He also expected to get another unskilled-labor job for the summer. And he still intended to be a doctor.

Not once in his first three years at Tougaloo did Matthew ask me for any help, save in endorsing job applications and the like. He was making it on his own, moving up to waiter for the teachers, assisting in biology and mathematics, winning small student prizes and working in the summers.

At the end of his junior year Matthew did ask me to give him a hand. A few years earlier the State of Mississippi, which had no medical school, had adopted a program which was to be widely applauded. It offered on a competitive basis a sizable number of four-year, $1250-per-annum medical scholarships to Mississippi college students. Divided between the races, the scholarships would be good at any recognized medical school to which the applicant could gain admission. The scholarships are in the form of loans. The students agree to pay off the loans by returning to the state after graduation and practicing medicine for five years in areas where their services are most needed. As a frowned-upon alternative, they can pay off in cash. Would it be just possible?

I thought so. Matthew still ranked second in his class and had an admirable extracurricular record. Moreover, I then had considerably more friends in high places in our state government than I do now. Some of them had quite a bit to do with the selection of the medical-scholarship winners. It is likely that Matthew, on his record, would have received one; but we are both sure that the supporting letters and telephone calls helped. Matthew got his scholarship.

He worked again that summer. At the beginning of his senior year at Tougaloo he applied for entrance the next year to Meharry Medical College in Nashville, Tennessee. Meharry's faculty, like Tougaloo's, is biracial. It is the nation's only all-Negro medical college and has produced more than half of the Negro doctors and dentists in the United States. Established in 1876, Meharry had its inception—during Civil War battlefield truces for exchanging wounded soldiers—



"We'll forget about it this time, Mac . . . now turn that cap around and take it easy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in conversations between Dr. William Sneed of Nashville and George Hubbard, a Union medical corpsman from New Hampshire. The initial $10,000 to establish the college was contributed by another Nashville man, Samuel Meharry, who, having become lost many years before when returning to his home in the Indiana territory with a load of salt from Kentucky, was given food and shelter and directions by an aged Negro freedman. He never forgot.

Meharry can admit only about sixty-five students to its freshman medical class. Applications run from 500 to 600 a year. Among others, I wrote supporting letters for Matthew.

In February of his senior college year, Matthew Page was notified that he had been accepted as a member of Meharry's freshman medical class for the following autumn. That summer Matthew served as an instructor in chemistry at Tougaloo. His stipend, in addition to the grant of $1250 and some family and other aid, made it unnecessary for him to seek an outside job during the difficult first year at Meharry. But when he came to see me at the end of the first term, completed successfully, we agreed that he would need additional money the next year. It was then that one of the most heart-warming and amusing experiences of my life began.

I asked Matthew what summer job he would prefer above all others.

"The best-paying summer job is a dining-car waiter," Matthew said. "That's what any Negro male student would like more than anything else."

I told Matthew I would try to pass a miracle.

Not long before, Greenville had declared war on the Illinois Central Railroad, which, like other lines throughout the nation, was hastening to rid itself of unprofitable passenger service. The I.C.'s passenger trains on its subsidiary river route between Memphis and New Orleans, which served Greenville, were certainly unprofitable. As a result, we finally had only one passenger train a day from Memphis, 150 miles to the North, and it made the distance in a leisurely, unpredictable six hours or so. As our contribution to civic guerrilla warfare against the I.C., we hit upon the idea of staging a race between the lone passenger train and relays of plantation mules to be ridden by distinguished local gentry as jockeys. The course was from Cleveland, Mississippi, to Greenville—forty miles. It will suffice to say that (1) the mules won, (2) the race was fixed, (3) the news magazines, newspapers and newsreels gave spectacular notoriety to the Illinois Central, Greenville and the mules, (4) the Illinois Central didn't like it and (5) the train service didn't improve.

So after Matthew left, I wrote Wayne Johnston, president of the Illinois Central Railroad, a courteous gentleman for whom I have high personal regard. In effect, I promised Johnston that if he would do me a favor, namely to find Matthew Page, a medical student, a job as a dining-car waiter for the next three summers, I would never again sponsor a race between the I.C. and our Delta mules.

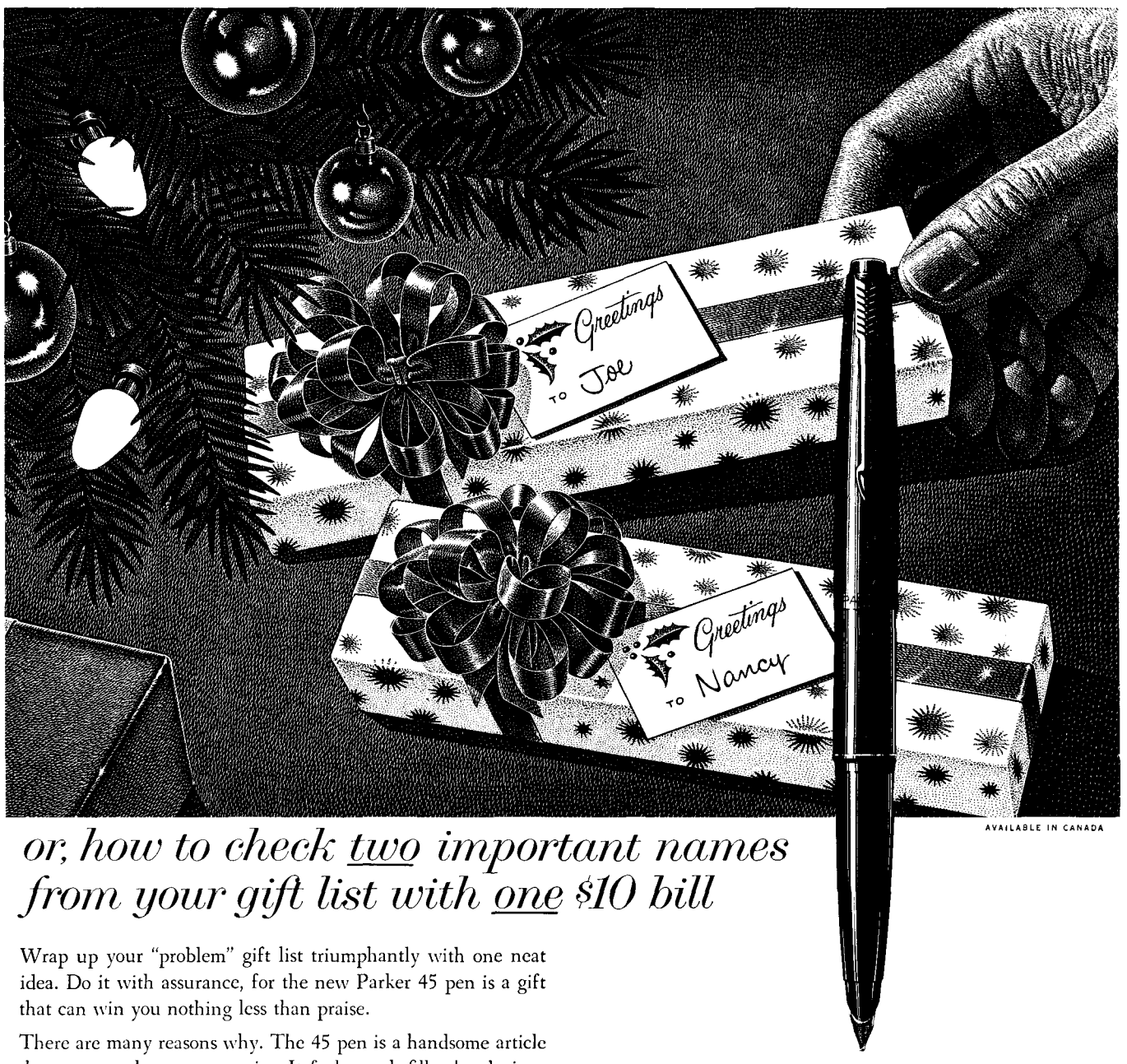
In a few days I had President Johnston's delightful reply. He wrote that he couldn't resist the bargain I had offered; and accordingly he was asking the chief of the I.C.'s dining-car service to do something for Matthew. The something was the coveted waiter's job, not with the Illinois Central, which had no summer vacancies left, but with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, which has about 13,000 miles of track in Illinois and west of the Mississippi River. Matthew worked for the next three summers for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

"I traveled over most of those 13,000 miles," Matthew told me later. "It took me into practically every state west of the Mississippi on out to the Pacific Coast. I made more money than I ever thought I could; but aside from that, my experiences were valuable from a cultural and educational point of view, mainly because I had the opportunity to come in contact with just about every kind of human being in this country. The experience made me a broader person."

He worked every possible minute of time and overtime. While college students serving as extra hands on the dining cars average about $900 to $1000 a summer, Matthew earned $1200 the first summer, $1500 the second summer and an amazing $1700 the last. Those earnings insured him plenty of time for study without worrying about part-time jobs. In 1956 he was graduated in the top half of his class.

Matthew interned at the George W. Hubbard Hospital in Nashville, which is associated with Meharry. At the end of a year there, he was faced with a decision. In good health and without prior military service, he was eligible for the draft. As an alternative, he could become a medical officer in one of the armed services. He decided to enter the Air Force Medical Corps and, during his internship, was commissioned in the Air Force Reserve. When he came home after his year as an intern, he told me that he had asked to be called into the service as soon as possible. And so he was, in September of 1957, as a lieutenant in the Air Force Medical Corps. (*Continued on Page 41*)

Christmas shopping made easy...



AVAILABLE IN CANADA

or, how to check two important names from your gift list with one $10 bill

Wrap up your "problem" gift list triumphantly with one neat idea. Do it with assurance, for the new Parker 45 pen is a gift that can win you nothing less than praise.

There are many reasons why. The 45 pen is a handsome article that restores the urge to write. It feels good, fills cleanly in a moment with outsized cartridges of famous Super Quink ink, then races the fastest thoughts to the bottom of the page.

Noiselessly, effortlessly, its point of 14-K gold turns fleeting ideas into crisp, clear handwriting, a handwriting better perhaps than its owner believed possible. Choose from seven varieties of detachable points which answer the gentlest command. So good-looking, this 45, so much for the money, it's the most economical as well as the most luxurious of gifts.

The new 45 pen is fun. When the big cartridge finally does run dry, you put in a fresh, full one more easily than a light-bulb goes into a socket. No ink bottle, no mess, no wiping.

If Parker can't conceal an honest pride in the new 45 pen, your favorite people won't either. Step up to a pen counter and pick out several.* The people who get 45's will use them to write you the nicest Christmas thank-you letters you ever received.

*Don't forget yourself.

COPYRIGHT 1960 BY THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

the new

PARKER 45

$5

and up

GIFT MODELS DESIGNED TO OPENLY FLATTER

For People You'd Like to Impress—Parker 45 Pen in gleaming all-over stainless steel, $7.95

For Laying It On a Bit Thick—Model illustrated, cap electroplated in rich gold, $8.75

For Going All Out in the Nicest Way—Complete Parker 45 Pen electroplated in rich gold, $10.00

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

MAKER OF THE WORLD'S MOST-WANTED PENS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Want a true thrift car?

'61 ENGLISH FORD LINE ANGLIA

SAVES MORE THAN U.S. COMPACTS...

GIVES MORE VALUE THAN OTHER IMPORTS

!

England's best-selling car is priced hundreds less than domestic compacts . . . has more power, more space than leading German and French imported economy cars. No wonder car experts call it America's "best buy"!

PRICED HUNDREDS LESS than U.S. compacts. Yours for as little as $30 a month after down payment.

UP TO 40 MILES PER GALLON — ten more than the average U.S. compact . . . equals or exceeds comparable imports. Saves up to one-third a year on oil and lubrication costs, too.

SAVES ON INSURANCE, licenses, taxes — every year! And Anglia tires are smaller, less expensive, wear longer.

NEWEST STYLING IN ITS CLASS — saucy, perky, and every line makes sense. Reverse-slant rear window stays clear in rain and snow.

CRUISES AT TURNPIKE SPEEDS without strain. Up-front engine virtually eliminates effect of cross-winds.

PARKS IN SHORTER SPACE than U.S. compacts. More leg room, more space inside than leading imports.

BIG 13-CUBIC-FOOT TRUNK — exceeds leading imports. Holds all your luggage.

MATCHLESS BRITISH CRAFTSMANSHIP shows inside and out. U.S. size nuts and bolts. Service is readily available.

We make this challenge:
Compare Anglia with Volkswagen and Renault Dauphine!

FEATURES	ANGLIA	VW	RENAULT
Engine	Up-front	In rear	In rear
Horsepower	41	40	32
Top Speed	71.0	68.2	64.8
Rear Gas Tank	Yes	No	Yes
U.S. Size Nuts & Bolts	Yes	No	No
Turning Circle (ft.)	32	34	31
Weight (lbs.)	1625	1617	1481
Length (ins.)	155.6	160.9	156.6
Front Door Width	43.1"	37.0"	32.5"
Luggage (cu. ft.)	13.0	10.0	9.6
Glove Box	Lockable	Lockable	Open
Fresh Air Vent	Opt. Extra	No	No
Ash Trays	3	2	2

WHY PAY MORE . . . OR SETTLE FOR LESS than Anglia? Now available at 700 Lincoln-Mercury and independent dealers throughout the country. For name of nearest dealer, call Western Union Operator 25. Or write: Lincoln-Mercury Division, Ford Motor Co., 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan.

ENGLISH FORD LINE

ANGLIA

THE BETTER IMPORTED ECONOMY CAR

English FORD Line

Made in England for Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Mich., by Ford Motor Co., Ltd.—builders of the better imported cars: Anglia • Prefect • Consul • Zephyr • Zodiac • Escort • Thames Vans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 39*) After a three-week indoctrination course, he was assigned to Ernest Harmon Air Force Base in Newfoundland; and there Capt. Matthew Page, fresh out of internship in a Negro hospital in Nashville, was appointed chief of the pediatric service in a 100-bed hospital. In addition, because of his interest in obstetrics and gynecology, he was made assistant in that division. He spent two years at Harmon Air Force Base; and in his last year he was appointed chief of the obstetrical and gynecological service, a position he held until he was rotated home in August, 1959.

"That tour of duty in Newfoundland meant everything to me," Doctor Page says now. "First of all, the experience the assignment gave me could not have been gained in three times as many years elsewhere. And it was important to me that I came in contact with people about whom I had only read [he meant white people] and it cleared up a lot of things in my mind simply by talking with them."

To his knowledge, he was the first Negro doctor to be stationed at Harmon. He says that at first he felt some apprehension about being there and about the work he was assigned to do and that there were a few minor incidents in the beginning. "But I am happy to say that none of my fears ever materialized," Matthew told me. "After a few weeks, I got the impression that I was just as welcome and appreciated as any other doctor on the staff. For the most part, I was treated very, very well, and I had no trouble at all as far as my work was concerned."

Captain Page delivered more than 150 babies while chief of the obstetrical and gynecological division. He was so happy with his life and associations as a medical officer in the Air Force that he seriously considered staying in the service. As an alternative, he also thought of accepting an offer from a small town in Iowa, which came in his last year of service. Lacking a doctor, the community offered to build a clinic to his specifications free of charge and a $20,000 home on which he would only have to pay 2 per cent interest beginning the fourth year.

There were other opportunities too. Under the terms of his scholarship grant, he did not have to return to Mississippi if he chose instead to repay the state's $5000 loan. But Matthew Page decided to come home.

"One reason was my feeling that I had obligated myself to the state," Matthew says. "The second reason was another more or less moral obligation. During my college and medical-school days I promised a good many people and groups that I would return to Mississippi, specifically to my own home town. It wasn't a matter so much of making a living, but of what contribution I could make to the area in which I would practice. Mississippi has many, many needs. There is so much that can be done that is not done yet in our state. And this is true especially among my own people. Maybe it's because I used to be a Scout leader, but I am most interested in the young folks who have not yet finished high school. I would like to help channel their minds into productive directions. It's productiveness that can make them better Mississippians and better Americans."

So my friend came home in August, 1959. When he called at my office, still in uniform, he told me that he had just rented a small building on Clay Street for his offices. He planned to marry a Tougaloo classmate, a prospective faculty member of Greenville's Weddington Elementary School, as soon as his practice got under way. Then he told me the big secret. He was to receive a commendation medal from the Air Force, and it would be given to him at the next of the periodic wing reviews which are held at the Greenville air base in conjunction with graduation ceremonies for cadets who take basic training there. He asked me to attend.

I promised him that my wife and I would be there. I also suggested that he ought to go to the courthouse and register as a voter. He did, that very day, and the registrar told us later that he had never had a more comprehensive set of answers to the questions in the voter-qualification test, which in our county is administered fairly, regardless of race.

It is unlikely that my wife and I will forget that November morning when Capt. Matthew Page received his commendation medal. On the parade ground behind him, the airmen and cadets of the Greenville Air Force Base stood at attention. Directly before him were the commanding officer and his staff. In the stands behind the officers sat the parents and relatives of cadets, a few other interested white persons and a cluster of Negroes, among them Doctor Page's parents and an attractive young Negro woman, Vivian Patton, daughter of a Tougaloo carpenter, who would become Doctor Page's wife the next spring.

This is what Col. Jasper Bell, commanding officer of Greenville A.F.B. read into the microphone so that all present could hear.

CITATION TO ACCOMPANY THE AWARD OF THE AIR FORCE COMMENDATION MEDAL TO MATTHEW J. PAGE

Captain Matthew J. Page distinguished himself by meritorious service as chief of the Pediatrics Service and later as chief of the Obstetrics and Gynecology Service, Harmon Air Force Base, from 15 October 1957 to 6 July 1959. During this period he gained outstanding recognition and respect from his patients and fellow physicians, demonstrating tact, patience and concern in his relationship with patients and instilling in them a feeling of confidence and trust. Through his diligent study and exceptional application, he was able to solve all problem cases encountered during this period with a knowledge and technique far above that which would normally be expected of a physician of Captain Page's training and experience. For his exemplary devotion to duty and untiring efforts, he has reflected great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.

When it was over and the base squadrons began to pass in review, the jaunty little G.A.F.B. band swung into *When the Saints Go Marching In.* Under her breath my wife said, "Hallelujah," and not to be funny. I couldn't think of anything by way of answer. I was looking at Captain Page's mother and father and fiancée, two rows over, and I don't think they could have said anything either.

I have talked with Greenville's newest doctor perhaps a dozen times since he opened his practice, sometimes in his office, sometimes in mine, or in my home. From several sources I have learned that Doctor Page is doing well in a community which is served by some forty white doctors and four older Negro doctors. As one friend of his father's put it, "That boy's spreading himself out; they're even coming in from across the river in Arkansas and Louisiana." Neighboring planters and other white employers of Negroes have told me that they and their employees are more than satisfied with his services.

Matthew himself is optimistic. If he is not entirely happy, I suspect that he is happier than he expected to be.

"I can only describe my reception in Greenville as being very cordial and helpful," he told me near summer's end. "I've received much help from members of both races. I've been especially surprised at the treatment which I have received from the white doctors of Greenville. It is two hundred to three hundred per cent more than my original expectation.

"What is surprising to some of my friends elsewhere is the fact that, like other qualified Negro physicians here, I am eligible to be and am a member of the Staff of the General Hospital. A Negro doctor can admit his patients to the hospital and treat them there. To my knowledge, he can do whatever he is qualified to do. As far as the hospital privileges are concerned, I have general-practice privileges along with minor-surgery privileges. This is the extent of my professional education and capabilities now."

After a year, Matthew says that returning home and staying has not been the easiest decision he ever made.

"The biggest question that I keep asking myself is what do I want as a person. For a short answer I can say only that I want to be a full American citizen. I would like to be able to enjoy the privileges that full citizenship gives. I also want to share the responsibilities that citizenship demands."

He has found his life—away from his work—restricted and, in a sense, repressive.

"I like to play golf when I have time, to bowl and to go to some decent place for dinner, to take part in civic events; but there's not much opportunity," he says as a plain matter of fact. "But at the Greenville Air Force Base, as a Reserve officer, I can play golf and bowl and be a member of the Officers' Club, and that does make a lot of difference."

Most of his energy outside of his practice goes into working with young Negroes. He meets often with gatherings of young people, some of whom are in high school and some in college, and he feels that he is giving them something out of his own experience that they can use in becoming better citizens.

Will he stay in Greenville for as far ahead as he can see? He is not sure, but just now it seems likely. He is aware that he is in the unusual position of being a medical and social missioner in his own land and among his own people, and that he can spend a lifetime here without running out of something useful to do.

Looking back upon these twelve years, I am impressed by one aspect of Doctor Page's history. Tougaloo, the college he attended, sprang from the determination of men and women of a different race to bring light to the darkness of ignorance. The medical scholarship which Matthew Page won on merit was established by the legislature of a state which white men dominate. Out of the battlefield dream of a Northern and a Southern white man was born Meharry, the medical school from which he graduated. The good-humored and thoughtful response of a railroad president smoothed his path through that medical school; and, as Matthew Page readily says, the helping hands which have been extended since he returned home have been both white-skinned and dark.

As for me, I find satisfaction and hope in such recurring proofs that we are not entirely islands of black or white.

THE END

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Sally ran off with a traveling salesman, abandoning husband Joe with their baby sons. As soon as she divorced Joe, she married the salesman and demanded custody of the sons. When Joe refused to give them up, she sued.

"Nature made mothers better fitted to rear children than fathers," Sally argued. "The fact that I couldn't stand living with my husband doesn't mean that I am an unfit mother."

"Is it justice," Joe asked through counsel, "to take these children away from their own loving father and place them in the care of the very man whose flagrant wiles broke up the children's natural, parental home?"

If you were the judge, would you give the children to Sally and her salesman?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Sally won. The court said that children as a rule should be with their mother. It added by way of explanation that "courts are not engaged in disciplinary missions to punish parents for their shortcomings as individuals, nor to reward one unoffending parent for wrongs suffered from the sins of the other, but only to find the best home for their children."

Based upon a 1957 California decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

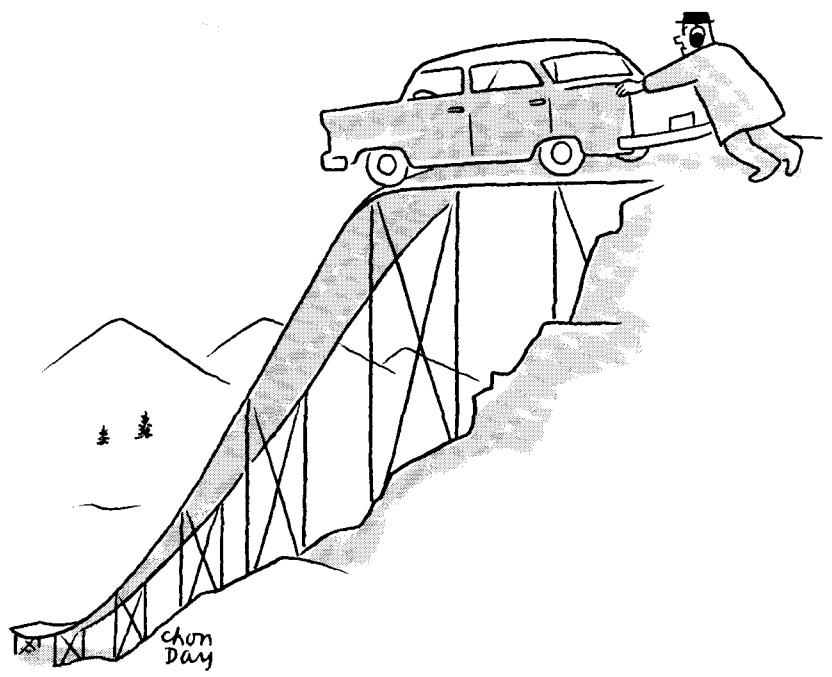
FREE BAR-B-Q MITT!

This quilted 14" mitt protects your steak-turning hand—just as an Exide battery protects your car's starting power. Don't wait for your present battery to leave you in the lurch. Ask your Exide dealer (he's in the Yellow Pages) for a *free battery check-up* and take home your gift Bar-B-Q Mitt.

The mitt is yours free whether or not you decide to buy a new Exide. All Exide batteries are built with A-S 57*, our revolutionary manufacturing process that stretches out battery plate life—in snow or sunshine. You get a written guarantee, too, from the company that has built batteries longer than anybody else.

*Anti-Sulfation 57, successfully highway-tested since 1957.

When it's an Exide... you start!



For a better way to start your car,
get an Exide battery

Advertisement

Killer in the Bush (Continued from Page 31)

furnished, almost cozy in a Victorian way. Some of the big mahogany stuff was Victorian. It had belonged to her grandfather, and been brought out from England after his death. The floor was covered with Persian carpets and lion skins that were beginning to look the worse for wear. But her father would not part with them. "They're a part of my life, Barbs, and that one"—he had pointed to a big, black-maned skin—"could have been the end of it. Shabby," he had said, "and I'm getting shabby too. They were fine once—kings of the veld who'd never known defeat until we met. Top animals, they were, Barbs, and I was a top man. Your mother was alive then," he said, as if this explained everything. This was one of the few times he'd ever spoken of her. He had loved her too much to be able to mention her, but Barbara knew that for him she was still here standing at his side.

Her father had poured a brandy and water and then said, "When she went, I died in a way. If it hadn't been for you, I should have. I still can't talk about her. We had something special—one mind, one heart, one flesh. And she was beautiful, Barbs. She stood out from everyone else like a Kaffir boom in the veld, like a candle in the night."

"You'd not have ——"

"No, dear. I'd never have committed suicide. I'd just have let go. In those days up here you had to hang onto your life as if it were a raft. You had to take care of yourself. That was something a lot of them never found out, and they died. It wasn't just fever, Kaffirs, or wild animals like lions or leopards, or the crocs that got you. It was this"—he held up his glass. "It was not shaving, not washing, not changing your clothes. It was allowing yourself to go downhill till when fever hit you badly you just gave up. You had no guts left, no pride left in yourself. Never forget, Barbs, that there can be no courage without pride."

So that was why he changed into clean clothes every evening, why he had always made her brush her hair one hundred strokes each day. She had never understood him so well before. Only now that she was grown up did she realize what an impossible thing he had done in rearing and educating a young girl a hundred miles from the nearest railway, three hundred miles from a decent town, with only an old Kaffir to help him.

Barbara went into the dining room. The breakfast things were still on the table—the egg-stained plates, covered with a scum of bacon fat, the dirty knives and forks, the cups with tea leaves in them. She wished they could stay like that. It made her feel that he might be back any minute. She put the plates on the floor for the dogs to lick. She called Jim.

"I'd like some more tea, Jim," she said. He went out with the teapot. There was just the sound of his bare, horny soles on the floor and the rattle of plates as the dogs finished cleaning them up.

When she had drunk her tea, Barbara began her usual routine. She went to look at the poultry. She had four hens setting that were due to hatch their chicks in the next few days. She'd have them to show to her father when he came back. She attended to her stoep plants, saw to the two garden boys and called for her pony. She rode over the veld for three hours, checking the fences, seeing that the gates were closed and talking to the herd boys. The day passed quickly, but there would be six more at least.

In the evening she thought of her father—he would have camped by now, and would be sitting smoking by the fire with a drink in his hand. The boys would be opposite him. There would be the sound of the knee-haltered horses cropping grass and hobbling about nearby. She knew he would be thinking of her and the cattle he was fetching, and what they would do when it was over. "We're going to sell off all the stock that's left here, close this house for a year and travel," he'd said.

It was hot. She hoped there would be no storm. She hated to think of her father caught in a summer storm with only a buck sail thrown over the cart to protect him from the rain. She went to the gun rack, took down her Mauser, loaded the magazine and laid the rifle on the table behind her. She was not nervous, but she felt better with a loaded rifle beside her. She was a first-class shot, though she had never shot anything alive. There was a .32 revolver in her bedroom, but she did not like pistols. They frightened her. You only used a pistol against a man. It was incredible that one should ever shoot a man. Despite what one read in the papers, she found it hard to believe that such things could really go on.

The next two days passed uneventfully. Barbara was delighted with herself. But today was different. The dogs never left her. Whatever she did, there they were, one on either side of her, pushing their cold, wet noses into her hand. When she sat down, the dogs sat, too, with their heads on her knee, staring up at her. And yet there was nothing to worry about. Everything was normal, everything was fine. She had not even been as bored as she had expected. There were the new books that had arrived a month ago and had not been unpacked. She put a record on the phonograph. Old Jim had pottered about, hovering over her as if he'd been her mother. Good old Jim, who'd been working for her dad before she was born. Sometimes he talked to her about the old missus and how wonderful she had been. Sometimes he talked about the wild game that had roamed here when her father had taken up the farm. Elephants, giraffes, lions, and now there was not a lion within two hundred miles. "*Ja*," he said, "you'd have to go to the Pan if you wanted to see a lion."

"I've seen them there," Barbara said. "It's a reserve, and everything there is the way it used to be."

"*Ja*," the old man said. "*Ja*, the same, but it's not the same. Where there were ten, now there is one, and they cannot trek. They are not free. When the old *baas* and I were young, the world was beautiful. Everything was free, the men and the beasts, and there were no police." He pointed a gnarled finger at her. "It is they, the police, who spoil everything. If there were no police, you could give an old Kaffir a little brandy to warm his heart." It was a crime to give a native brandy. She laughed and gave him a tot of brandy. The old man clapped his hands and laughed. "You see, missus," he cried, "you look over your shoulder before you give me a little tot. The police," he said. "*Ja*, they'd throw my missus into the *tronk* for giving an old man a drink because he is black."

"No, Jim," Barbara said, laughing at him. "You were sick. Your heart was cold."

"*Ja*, missus," Jim said. "And can I be sick tomorrow evening too?"

But now that he had left her she was uneasy. She picked up the rifle, pulled back the bolt and shot a cartridge into the breech. Then she put up the left safety catch. Now there was a round in the chamber. If she wanted to use it, there would be no sound from the action, hardly even a click as she pushed down

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the safety catch. The dogs, who knew about guns, were sitting at her feet, staring up at her. *How silly I am*, she thought. *That's what I am—silly*. Then she blushed. How right her father had been. A man, a couple of kids clinging to her skirts, "at foot," as dad said. "A couple of kids at foot." How like him. She laughed out loud, and the dogs thumped the floor with their tails.

She gave a last look round the room, and then, taking the lamp from the table, went to her bedroom. They never locked the house, and she wasn't going to do so now, just because she was alone. But before she got into her bed she went back for the Mauser and stood it against the wall, near to her hand. She could not remember when she had been more nervous. "It's you—you're causing it," she said to the dogs. They just stood, looking at her with golden eyes, wagging their tails slowly to and fro. It wasn't a happy wag. *They are just trying to give me confidence, reminding me that they are here and will take care of me*, she thought.

She got into bed and began to read, but she still felt uneasy. Even while she read, she felt something was wrong. At first she could not make out what it was, and then she realized it was the dogs. Generally, as soon as she settled down, they flopped on their sides and went to sleep. But not tonight. Bodo was standing with pricked ears, staring out of the window. Bismarck lay stretched out, his nose on his forelegs, his ears pricked, watching his brother.

"What is it?" she said.

The dogs looked round at her, wagged their tails confidently and stared out the window.

Barbara got up, patted the dogs and returned to her book. She was still wide awake at one o'clock; so were the dogs. But they had relieved each other. Now Bismarck was watching the window and Bodo lay wide awake with his head on his forepaws.

It must have been two o'clock before Barbara dozed off. She woke twice, and in the moonlight saw the dogs still watching. *It's the moon*, she thought. *It affects people and dogs. Dogs howl.* But the dogs hadn't howled, and the moon had never affected her before except to make her feel romantic.

It would soon be light now, and Jim was always in the kitchen before the sun was up. She'd call for a cup of tea as soon as she heard him rattling about. That was something no one had ever been able to teach him. "If I am quiet, how will anyone know what a good boy I am and how early I come to work?" he said. The truth was that he came early because he wanted his cup of tea. And he made a noise because he loved a noise. Barbara looked at the dogs. "You silly things," she said and went to sleep again. Jim would wake her; she always heard him.

When she woke it was nine o'clock. Both dogs had their feet on the bed and were poking at her with their cold noses.

Where was the tea? What could have happened to Jim? She jumped out of bed and put on her dressing gown and ran a comb through her hair. Not a sound came from the kitchen. Jim had not been in. The fire was not lighted. The lamp was still on the table. She let the dogs out of the back door and looked toward Jim's rondavel. The dogs had reached it and were acting strangely, sniffing the ground, with their hackles raised, and growling. Something was wrong. When she got close, she saw Jim's door was open. The dogs were standing at the threshold.

They went in with her, growling, furious, with their ears laid back and their tails out straight. Jim was not on the bed, but he had slept in it—there was the mark of his body. His red blanket lay on the floor where it had fallen. There was a queer smell in the hut, a strong tomcat-like smell, the smell of a circus or a zoo. That was what was upsetting the dogs. She had never seen them in such a state. They were almost in a frenzy. An idea was forming in her mind.

Ridiculous, impossible; still, what else could have happened? I must be going mad, she thought as she stepped out into the bright sunshine that almost blinded her after the cool darkness of the hut. And then she saw it.

In the freshly hoed soil of Jim's little garden was the spoor of a lion and the drag marks of a body where the lion had carried it through the mealies. The dogs were running forward, yelping with their noses down. So that was why they had been so uneasy all night. But how quiet the lion had been! It was a big one. The spoor was unmistakable. Her father had shown her lion spoor when he had taken her to the Etosha Pan. It was like a big cat's spoor. That was what a lion was—a giant cat, to whom a man was no more than a mouse.

Barbara felt herself trembling. Her knees were weak beneath her. She poked at the lion spoor with a bare toe, as if this would make it go away. It was impossible that she should be standing on a lion spoor that was not more than three or four hours old. There was no dew in it. Little paper-thin walls of red soil stood up between the toes where the lion's feet had sunk into the freshly cultivated soil. Why only yesterday she had seen Jim working in his garden. He grew his tobacco here, and marakas, mealies, Kaffir beans and pumpkins.

It's no good panicking, Barbara thought as she called the dogs back and rubbed the tears from her eyes. Jim, dear old Jim, whom she loved almost as much as her father. Jim, with a tot of brandy last night and his talk of lions. "The nearest lion two hundred miles away." That's what we thought. She began to plan as her father had taught her. First, Jim was dead. There was no doubt about that. Unless you got a man away from a lion at once, made him drop him, the way you could make a cat drop a mouse, he had no chance. So there was no immediate hurry.

She dressed slowly, putting on khaki trousers and a bush jacket. One thing was clear. The lion was a man-eater and had to be killed.

She would get out the car and drive to the dorp for help. She would tell the police and see if she could get anyone to come back with her. But who was there to come? The two police constables were town boys and had only service rifles. Actually, when you got down to it—though a lot of men talked very big about their exploits—very few of them would be ready to tackle a man-eater. She knew what they would say: "My wife won't let me." . . . "I can't get away today." . . . "If only I were a few years younger." Oh, she heard all their excuses in her mind.

No, the dorp was out. That left only the neighbors. They were just as bad. Venter was too old. Labuscagne was always drunk. Manning was a notoriously bad shot. Barbara lighted a cigarette, went to the kitchen and put a kettle on the Primus stove.

By the time she had had two cups of tea her mind was made up. There was only one answer. She would go after the lion herself. *If you want a thing well done, you've got to do it yourself*, she thought. Dad always said that and, as usual, he was right. She knew that if he'd been home, he'd have been out after the lion by now. But she also knew there was no great hurry. *He'll drink and lie up somewhere*, she thought. For, although there had been no lions at Sandsluit since her babyhood, she knew a lot about their habits. There is always talk of lions in Africa.

Picking up her rifle, Barbara went out and rang the big bell that hung on a wooden gallows by the back door. It was only rung in an emergency, such as a veld fire. The first strokes had hardly gone echoing over the farm before she saw men run toward the house. The Bartons had good boys. They paid, fed and treated them well. In ten minutes they were all assembled, with a sprinkling of brightly dressed, curious women and naked children behind them.

"Come," she said, and she led them to Jim's hut. For a moment they were silent, thunderstruck. Then they went mad, shouting, "*Leeu . . . Leeu*," and pointing to the spoor. Barbara let them shout and chatter. Then she held up her hand.

"Jim was my boy," she said. "He was my friend. My father's friend. I am going after him."

"Wait for the *baas*," the head boy said. Amos was a grizzled veteran of sixty or more.

"I'm going now," Barbara said, "and I want you all to come with me. Bring tin cans and sticks to beat them with; bring drums; bring all your dogs and your spears." (*Continued on Page 46*)

Upset Stomach
got you
OUT OF FOCUS?

For upset stomach, heartburn, gas or other symptoms of acid indigestion
Take Minty Phillips' Tablets
Get On-the-Spot
RELIEF!

When you're away from home—working, shopping, out having fun—and acid indigestion upsets your stomach, take minty tasting Phillips' Tablets. There's no glass—no water—to bother with. You just chew a few—and feel fine again fast. That's because Phillips' Tablets contain one of the fastest, most effective "stomach sweeteners" known. So carry Phillips' Tablets wherever you go.

PHILLIPS'
TABLETS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Head of the

OLD GRAND DAD
Bottled in Bond
FOUR-FIFTH QUART

100 PROOF, BOTTLED IN BOND • LIGHTER, MILDER 86 PROOF
Festively Wrapped regular bottles of Old Grand-Dad bonded 100 proof or lighter 86 proof also are ready for your gift selection in attractive holiday packages.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bourbon Family

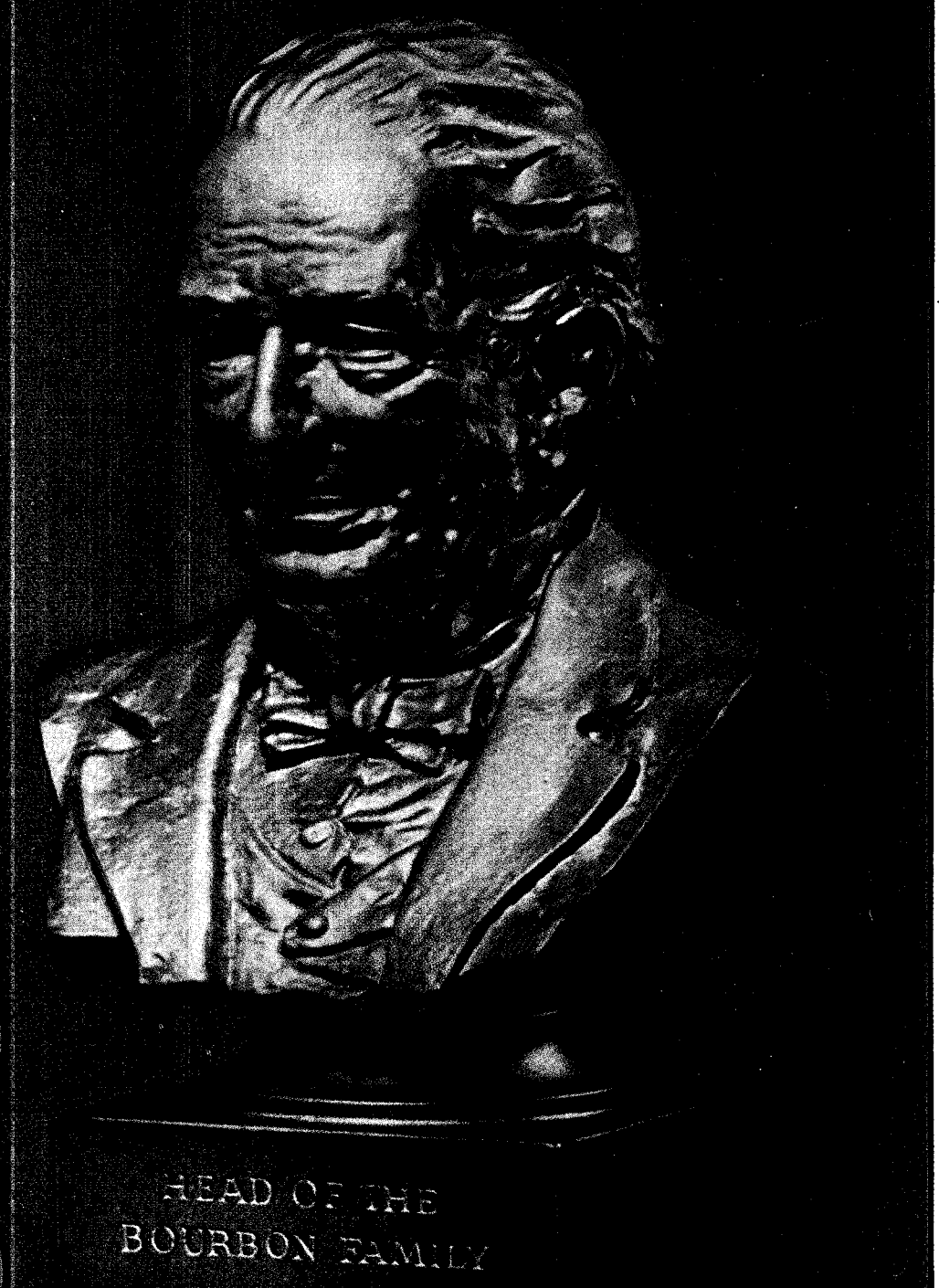
"NO OTHER GIFT SAYS *Best of the Season*" QUITE SO WELL

Now in luxurious holiday dress worthy of the "Head of the Bourbon Family"—in the most beautiful of all gift decanters—Old Grand-Dad bottled in bond awaits your pleasure.

Few gifts can convey what you mean to say quite so well as Old Grand-Dad—unquestionably the finest of all Kentucky bourbon whiskies.

Bottled in bond Old Grand-Dad in its ROYAL DECANTER—designed under the supervision of Count Bernadotte of Sweden. Full 4/5 quart—handsomely wrapped for holiday giving, available at no increase over regular bottle price.

OLD GRAND DAD



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 43*) "The missus knows we are not allowed assagais," Amos said.

"Bring spears," Barbara said. "The missus knows that you all have them hidden in the thatch of your huts." The men laughed.

Half an hour later they were assembled again. Twenty-one men with spears, bows and arrows, axes and knives. The boys, carrying tom-toms and four-gallon kerosene cans, were already beating them with sticks. They did shuffling dance steps. A pack of yellow Kaffir mongrels accompanied their masters.

"Amos," Barbara said, "pick the best trackers and set them on the spoor."

He called two men. They were natural hunters, who had discarded their farm clothes. They wore only loincloths, and carried bows and arrows. What civilization they had acquired had fallen from them as leaves fall from a tree. This was the Africa her father had always told her about. Everything else was superficial, meaningless. *Even I*, she thought, *feel different.*

The rank smell of the lion had excited her. She must revenge Jim. New emotions overwhelmed her. It was not just the boys. It only took something like this to trigger a civilized woman. In an hour she had grown up on the one hand, and dropped back a couple of thousand years in time on the other.

There was no difficulty in following the spoor in the sandy soil. To start with, the lion had carried Jim, dragging him between his forelegs. Then he seemed to have thrown him over his shoulder. There was the terrible moment when they came to an ant heap, where the lion had paused to make a meal. Two pied crows rose from a nearby tree as they approached. The lion had stopped to drink at the hot springs that bubbled out of the ground a mile farther on.

"Now he will sleep," Amos said. "It is in my heart that he will be resting there." He pointed to a patch of bush three hundred yards away. "Why should he go farther? There he has shelter, shade and is near water."

The track led them to the island of bush, which consisted of stunted palms and thorns. The hunters sat down. The trackers circled the patch. No lion spoor came out of it. "He is in there," they said.

The party had come with the wind behind them, so even if they had been quiet, there would have been no chance of surprising the lion.

Barbara called Amos. "This is my plan. I am going to stand behind that ant heap." (The ant heaps in the southwest are taller than a man, and stand up like fingers out of the veld.) "When I go," Barbara said, "you will make a great noise here. Beat on the drums. Send in the dogs so that the lion does not look my way. Once you see I am in position, send some of your men round the bush, on either side. Lead the others and the drummers through it, setting fire to it in front of you as you advance. My dogs you will hold," she said, putting them on their chains.

Barbara walked away slowly from the boys, reaching the ant heap by a wide detour. It was unlikely that the lion had seen her, considering the row her boys were kicking up. Once in position, he would not be able to scent her unless the wind changed. He would not be able to see her standing behind the ant heap.

Amos knew she had arrived. She could see the boys setting the veld on fire with torches made of grass that they had cut. The dogs, urged on by their masters, were barking hysterically. The boys redoubled their shouts. The drums and tin cans were beaten even more furiously. No animal could stand that noise. The fire was creeping into the bush. The wind swept the smoke through it. She saw the boys' spear blades flash in the sun as they advanced behind the flames, and then the lion broke cover.

There was something magnificent in the way he came out, lashing his tail in anger. He stopped once and, lowering his head, roared with fury. Barbara saw his rib cage contract as he drew in his belly with each coughing roar.

I've never killed anything before, she thought. *A lion is the way people end, not the way they begin, their hunting.* Then she thought of Jim and lost her fear. "I'll kill you," she muttered as the lion strode toward her. This was the hard part—to remain steady, as still as a stone with a big, heavily maned lion walking straight at you. She waited till he was twenty-five yards away. Then, resting the rifle against the ant heap, she fired.

She hit him in the chest at the point of the shoulder, knocking him down. He fell in a scurry of dust, roaring wildly, his eyes blazing. Barbara reloaded at once and put two more bullets into him as he lay twitching in the dust. Her dogs, which the boys had loosed, flung themselves onto him, with the Kaffir dogs following like a yellow blanket behind them.

Barbara sat down. *I'm going to be sick*, she thought. She had never fired three shots so fast before. The concussion had bruised her shoulder. The roaring screams of the lion had seemed deafening, and now the barking of the dogs and yelling of the boys were more than she could bear. And there was still Jim to find. This was going to be the worst part—to find what was left of him and carry it home for burial.

Amos was beside her. "Come," she said. "Where is Jim?"

"I'll show the missus," he said. "It is not pretty. He is only half a man. Just the head and half of a man." Then he could contain himself no longer. He put his hand on her shoulder. "Aaaie," he said, "aaaie, we serve a woman who is better than a man. Our hearts are happy."

Jim's remains had been wrapped in a blanket and lashed to a pole. The lion, his feet tied together, was strung on another. The boys were just getting ready to pick up their burdens when Barbara heard someone say, "Who killed the lion?"

"I did," she said, turning round to face a man in a khaki uniform and a wide-brimmed brown felt hat. He had a rifle over his arm.

"A ranger?" she said.

"Carl Brammer of Namutoni," he said.

"Then what are you doing here?" she asked.

"Following that man-eater. I've been after him for ten days. He's killed four people."

"He killed my house boy last night," Barbara said. She looked at the long, blanketed parcel lashed to a sapling that two boys had on their shoulders. "He was my friend," she said. "He brought me up." Sobs suddenly racked her. The responsibility was over, was done with. There was a man to take over now.

"I'll take you home," the man said. "My jeep is a little distance back." His arm went around her as she clung to him. "I'll take you home," he said again, "and do you think I could have a bath?"

"A bath?" Barbara said, looking up at him with brimming eyes.

"I stink," he said. "I've not even had a proper wash for ten days."

"Lovely," Barbara said, "lovely." She didn't really know what was lovely. "You must wait to see dad, Mr. Brammer," she said. "I am afraid to be alone now."

"I'll wait," he said. "I have a report to make out. There's nothing to fear now, and you won't be alone any more."

As she followed him to the jeep, Barbara wondered what he had meant by that.

Let's Postpone the Wedding (Continued from Page 24)

been born to. How did you fit into that pattern a guy who'd probably never have been able to go to college if there hadn't been a war to give him the privilege; whose small-town background included long hours in a family store, and longer, summer hours on outlying farms; who'd never stepped on a golf course until he'd been wounded on one in Korea?

"That's what scares me," he said. "How does he look under the longer, harder glance?"

"Better and better," she said promptly. She cocked her head. "You really don't mind waiting, do you? Just a little while?"

"Five weeks is hardly a little while."

Jane laughed. "But think of all the luscious loot I'm collecting at these parties."

He grinned. "There's only so much room in a bachelor apartment."

"We won't be there forever," she said.

No, they wouldn't. But they'd be there until he could afford to take them out of it. There were nearly a hundred other engineers scattered around the world in the sprawling Nicholas Bertram Company, and after only three years in the organization, Bill had a long way to go. He'd make it, he knew, but time and opportunity were alternate steps up the ladder.

He held out his hand and looked at it. "I think I'm getting prenuptial jitters. I'd like to get it over with so I can settle down and give some thought to my job before I lose it."

She wrinkled her nose. "Pish. One of these days Uncle Nick will recognize your sterling worth and put you in a big office where you can direct operations without even getting your hands dirty."

"Uncle Nick hardly knows I exist," Bill said dryly. "In three years I've sat in on only a half dozen conferences where he's made an appearance. Our conversation has consisted of a nod and a 'Parker' on his part; a polite 'Good morning, Mr. Bertram' on mine." He hunched his shoulders and grinned suddenly. "But that's all right with me, because Henderson scares me enough for any one day. There's a tough cooky, Ben Henderson."

"I don't know Mr. Henderson."

"You wouldn't. He's just the general superintendent."

Her eyes sobered quickly. "Let up just a little, Bill. I'm not to blame because Nicholas Bertram is an old friend of dad."

He brushed some crumbs from the table with a slow sweep of his hand. "Not doing so well tonight, are we?"

"I think we're both tired."

He dropped his hand lightly over hers. "That's decent of you; I'm the edgy one. Maybe we'd better go before I say too much, huh?"

Jane rose, turned to pull her fur from the back of the chair and then looked up at him as he stood beside her. "Did you want to say too much, Bill?" she asked.

"No," he said evenly, "I don't."

Her lips softened, and she slipped her hand under his forearm. The warmth of it spread all through him, as it always did.

"Sometimes," she murmured, "you scare me a little."

Bill was bent over the table in the big drafting room when he got the summons to Ben Henderson's office. Henderson, a stranger and Mr. Nicholas Bertram himself were studying a large-scale ordinance map. Bill nodded and then smiled briefly, remembering last night's conversation.

"Good morning, Mr. Bertram."

"Parker." Mr. Bertram indicated the stranger. "Joel Stern, Consolidated Metals."

Bill shook the proffered hand. It was rough. Stern was about forty, lean and weathered with wrinkles around his eyes.

"How'd you like to build a road?" Henderson asked abruptly.

Bill's heart jumped. "How long do I have?"

Stern smiled, and there was a flicker of amusement in Bertram's gray eyes.

"Seven miles of it in thirty days," Henderson grunted. "Here." He put his finger on the map. At the bottom of a long coastline Bill saw the name Tampico. Mexico. Near Henderson's finger was a small town, Caldera. It lay at the edge of foothills bordering a mountain range, just opposite a bay on the coast. The land between was blank.

"Consolidated's turned up some bauxite in the foothills here. If they can get it to that shallow lagoon, they can barge it down to Tampico cheaply enough to make it pay. We're to build a road to where they can put in a dock."

Bill touched the blank area. "What's in between?"

"Flat scrubland," Stern said. "Sandstone underlying, mostly. Drops about five hundred feet in the seven miles. Some potholes, dry creeks. Pretty straightforward, I think, but I've never built a road." He indicated the foothills. "This is a stripping operation. We want to get right at it."

"I can use the surface material. Downhill haul."

"It gets pretty wet toward summer," Stern went on. "We want to take out as much as we can before then, but we won't make a move without a decent road."

"Can you fly down with Stern this afternoon to look it over?" Nicholas Bertram asked abruptly.

"Of course," Bill answered.

"There's a plane at four-ten," Stern said. "That'll give you time to collect some gear."

Bill turned to Henderson. "What about men and equipment?"

"I'll start getting a line on it. Tampico's loaded with heavy stuff. Call me when you find out what the score is."

Bill nodded at Joel Stern. "See you at the airport." He went out.

"She's out, Bill," Mrs. Hollard said when he phoned. "This is Bess Morris's luncheon for her, you know."

"I don't try to keep track of them," Bill said. He explained about the trip. "I'll be here until three—if Jane comes in before then, will you ask her to call?"

"But, Bill! Tomorrow night is the Romberger party for you both!"

"Tomorrow night," he said dryly, "I will be swatting mosquitoes in Mexico."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was a moment of silence, and when Mrs. Hollard's voice came on again it held a note of crispness. "Well, I think it's very inconsiderate of Nick Bertram to send you off at a time like this."

Bill smiled faintly. He supposed his reserved relationship with Jane's mother was about what a man could expect when he sought to marry a woman's only daughter.

"This is a big opportunity for me, Mrs. Hollard."

"I must say it makes it very awkward for Jane."

Bill held himself in check. "If she does get back, will you ask her to call, please?"

The phone rang as he was closing the door of his apartment. He hesitated, considered not answering, then stepped back inside. It was Jane.

"Bill, I just got in. Do you *have* to go today?"

"Sorry, Janie, but this is business."

"Oh, I know. Do you have time to wait for me to pick you up and take you to the airport?"

"Wonderful. I was going downtown for the bus."

"It won't take me ten minutes."

She was driving her convertible with the top down. Picture hat and gloves, and a dress to match her eyes. Bill watched in admiration as she drove smoothly through the heavy traffic.

"How long will it take, Bill?"

He shrugged. "We've got thirty days."

"Thirty days! It's only thirty-four Jays until the wedding!"

"It's just a work road; scoop and fill on sloping terrain. If the soil's what Stern said it was, we ought to bang out a quarter to a half mile a day, maybe more. Bertram believes in throwing in equipment to do a job in a hurry. It isn't much of a project, really, but it's my first chance on my own."

"Bill, we just can't postpone the wedding!"

"Nobody's talking about postponing the wedding. If worst comes to worst, we'll be far enough along for me to fly up for a couple of days."

The line of her lips thinned out. When she spoke, she seemed to be choosing the words carefully. "A couple of days. It—it sounds so mechanical. Almost sordid."

"Janie," he said quietly, "I know you're disappointed. So am I. It's not the way we figured it, but these things happen."

"And the honeymoon? Where do we spend our honeymoon?"

"Let's not worry about the honeymoon until we have to. As for me, anyplace with you will be perfect."

There didn't seem to be much to talk about after that. The easy relationship was gone for the moment. Their attitude was almost formal when Jane swung into the terminal. Bill got out, lifted his bag from the back seat and then leaned in and kissed her soundly. "Sorry, Janie."

Her eyes glistened. "Oh, I know, Bill." She made a little face. "It's just not the way I hoped it would be. This time is a big part of the whole thing, Bill—we never come this way again, you know."

"We'll make up for it. I might even be right back; it depends on what I find. Let's hold the good thought, huh?"

"For what you want, Bill? Or what I want?"

"Same thing, isn't it?" He kissed her and turned away.

The four-wheeled-drive jeep churned up red dust as it rocked and twisted over the sloping terrain. The wind was a hot blast of grit, and the land seemed empty of life, except for the buzzards soaring effortlessly overhead. It was a desolate country, but Stern had been right about the soil. It could hardly have been better for Bill's purpose. It was dark when they finally got back to Caldera. Bill found a phone in the only cantina and put in a call for Henderson before a silent, respectful audience of villagers.

"There's no strain on the road," he said tersely over the crackling wire, "until you get about a half mile from the lagoon. It's sloppy there, but it seems to be a sandstone marl, and a dragline could build a causeway in a hurry. Stern pointed out where they'd like to put the dock, and I don't see why we couldn't reach it in thirty days."

"You want to come back and talk it over?"

Bill hesitated only a moment. "I'd like to get started."

"It's your baby," Henderson told him. "Enrique Francisco is the contractor on that cracking plant we're building in Tampico. I've been in touch with him, and he'll have what you need lined up. I'll wire him to start it out to you in the morning."

"This is the end of the world, Mr. Henderson," Bill said. "We'll need everything. All we've got now is hot peppers and warm beer."

Henderson unbent enough to chuckle. "You're living it up. I started on blubber with Bertram up in the Aleutians. Don't worry; Francisco will have all you need."

Later Bill began a letter to Jane. He sat on the cot in a hot little room behind the cantina, the yellow light of the kerosene lamp flickering as the night insects beat against the dirty chimney. He had covered two pages when he paused. Then slowly he tore the letter up. Under the circumstances it was hardly politic to write enthusiastically about the job ahead. A wire, tomorrow, would be more diplomatic. He blew out the light and went to bed.

The days were nightmares of dust and noise and confusion and fatigue. Parched with the heat, Bill ran the line himself while behind his surveying team the bulldozers and earth movers roared as they gouged out, piled up and tamped down the red earth. Each day his trailer was moved forward, and each night he fought off sleep long enough to send away a progress report and lay out the next day's work. Dawn came, it seemed, almost before he had closed his eyes.

There were letters from Jane, but more often than not he was too tired to read them until morning. His replies were brief, stolen from mealtimes and written usually on notebook paper. They lived and talked of two different worlds; hers, like her stationery, was perfumed, clean and well-ordered, laced with luxuries; his, like the notebook paper, was grubby and sweat-stained and rough. When Bill let himself think about it, the answer was always unsatisfactory, disconcerting.

They had made three and a half miles in ten days when a sudden rainstorm washed out fifty feet of a ten-foot fill across an arroyo. The culvert hadn't been big enough to handle the flash flood resulting from the downpour, and the accident cost two days for repairs because new steel pipes had to be located and hauled out from Tampico. A bulldozer

---

Middle age: When you have a choice of two temptations and choose the one that will get you home earlier.

DAN BENNETT

The best presents of all are under the Travelers umbrella!

Is there a finer gift you could give, or get, than security? Your children's education secured . . . your home protected . . . your retirement arranged!

What better Christmas gifts could there be?

And it's so easy to get under The Travelers umbrella. Through one man, your independent Travelers Agent, you can buy all the personal (or business) insurance you'll ever need. And you can take care of the whole program with one easy-to-pay monthly check.

So, for the best presents of all, better call your Travelers man—he's in the Yellow Pages.

THE TRAVELERS
Insurance Companies HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

"One plan, one man, one monthly check to pay—that's the modern Travelers way!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

threw a track and spun over an embankment, breaking the operator's shoulder. Three men went to the hospital with scorpion stings, and a spider bit Bill on the lips while he was asleep, ballooning his face painfully. Equipment broke, men quit and supplies disappeared, but they achieved two and a quarter miles in six days, and the bay was finally in sight.

When he got to his trailer on the night of the day they reached the edge of the marsh, Bill found a telegram from Henderson, summoning him to a conference by the first transportation. He located his foreman, outlined the next couple of days' work, threw some clothes into a bag and drove through the night to Tampico. He caught a feeder plane to Mexico City, transferred to a Los Angeles-bound airliner and slept soundly until it landed at the airport. He shaved and showered there and was in the Bertram offices at eleven-thirty. Henderson looked up and grunted when he appeared in the doorway. "Had any sleep?"

"Enough," Bill told him.

Henderson gathered together the sheaf of Bill's daily reports and stood up. "Mr. Bertram wants to talk about this dock idea you proposed."

The big office was plush, and Bill was suddenly aware that his hair was too long and his clothes dusty and unpressed. Nicholas Bertram nodded genially, then took a second look. "What happened to your face?"

"That dainty mottled effect comes from a spider bite," Bill told him. "It's considerably improved now."

"Looks like a horse stepped on it," Bertram commented. "Anyway, Consolidated's showing interest in your dock proposal. What's the story?"

Bill spread out his own work map. "It's only about four hundred feet out to water deep enough for their barges. I had to swing the road down this way"—he indicated the course on his map—"and found an outcropping of sandstone. I figure we can build a mole out for them, using that stone, cheaper and quicker than they could drive piles for a dock. If they'll put a conveyor belt on the mole, they can stock-pile the ore on shore and fill the barges as they become available. That way their trucks wouldn't be tied up, waiting to unload into the barges."

Both men poured questions at him, for which Bill apparently had the proper answers. "What would you need to do the job?" Bertram finally asked.

"A blasting team and a scoop shovel. We ought to be across the marsh in less than a week. I figured we might as well use the outfit we've got together now to complete the whole job."

"Sounds good," Bertram said. He looked at Henderson. "Get somebody on the estimate right away, Ben, and let me know what you come up with. I'll talk to Consolidated.... Wait a minute, Parker."

Bill waited while Henderson gathered the papers and went out. Nicholas Bertram crossed to his desk and looked at Bill. "Why didn't you tell me you were getting married the first of the month?"

"It didn't seem pertinent to the job."

Bertram snorted. "I've been catching hell from Mary Hollard ever since you left."

Bill felt the flush in his cheeks. "I'm sorry. There's not much I can do about Mrs. Hollard."

Bertram smiled suddenly. "No, I guess not, but somebody else could have gone down there."

"This is the first chance I've had on my own, Mr. Bertram. I can't think of anything more important."

"Woman don't feel that way when it comes to engagements," Bertram commented dryly.

"Jane understands, I'm sure."

"Some of them never understand, Parker, even after they're married to an engineer. I was lucky. Janie's a smart girl; maybe you'll be lucky too." He nodded. "I suggest you mend a fence or two before you go back."

"I've got a reservation on an eleven o'clock plane," Bill said. "I expect to be on it."

He went to his apartment and spent the rest of the afternoon answering mail and trying to get hold of Jane. It was five-thirty when he finally did, and she invited him to dinner. He showered again, changed to other clothes, repacked his bag and took a cab to her home.

It wasn't a comfortable meal. Mr. Hollard, whom Bill genuinely liked, was in San Francisco on business, and Mrs. Hollard's coolness was only too apparent. Bill did his best to keep things smooth by describing his work as entertainingly as possible, but it was an uphill effort.

"Then if you do this additional work," Mrs. Hollard observed, "it'll take longer than the original thirty days."

"Undoubtedly." Bill smiled at Jane. "But I'll be back for the wedding."

"I can think of more glamorous places to spend a honeymoon," Mrs. Hollard said, "especially when Nick Bertram said you needn't have gone down there in the first place."

"Mr. Bertram owns the company," Bill told her, carefully controlling his voice. "He's got a lot of engineers on the payroll, any of whom could do this job. But I haven't had a lot of opportunities, Mrs. Hollard. This is the business I intend to stay in, and this is the way you get ahead—by producing." He was conscious of Jane's discomfort, but there was no turning back now. "Of course, I could have turned it down to stay for the engagement parties; I could also have looked for another job or reconciled myself to staying on in the office, a glorified clerk."

The silence was prolonged; then Jane fumbled for a cigarette and Bill leaned forward, offering one of his. Their eyes met as she took it, and he smiled. Her answering smile was tentative, obviously troubled. Mrs. Hollard stood up. "It's very unfortunate," she said and was on her way out of the room before Bill could rise.

He sank back, frowning, anger close to the surface. "You understand, Janie?"

"Of course, you want to do as good a job as you can," she said slowly, "but I don't understand why you had to do it just now. Uncle Nick would have given you other chances."

"I told you before—Uncle Nick hardly knew I was alive a few weeks ago. Sure, if I'd told him I was marrying the daughter of old friends, he'd have given me another chance. But that's not the way I want it. I want to know I can do it on my own."

"But why did you have to suggest this other thing—this mole or whatever it is? That wasn't part of the original job at all! You'd have been back in time for the wedding and our honeymoon if you hadn't cooked up this whole new project!"

He stared at her. "Janie, I'm part of a business. You don't just make a delivery and leave, not when there's a chance to sell something else! We've got the men there, and I can see a way to make a profit for the Bertram Company and at the same time give Consolidated a better facility than they'd planned. Why, this sort of thing is only part of the job!"

"Oh, Bill," she said miserably, "I was looking forward so to all of this—the engagement parties, the wedding, our honeymoon. I've dreamed of us, just the two of us, alone on a moonlit beach. You don't understand what it means, Bill; it's something you cherish all your life! What kind of honeymoon is it going to be in a grubby trailer, under a hot sun and a hotter wind, fighting scorpions and spiders!"

"I thought you were marrying me," Bill said quietly, "not a beach in Hawaii. I don't know if there's anyone who could promise you a life of only moonlight and roses, Janie. Maybe there is, but I can't. I didn't realize it was actually this important to you. Under the circumstances the only thing to do is to postpone the wedding until we can have the time to do it your way."

She looked at him, her eyes brimming.

"Shall we?" he asked gently. "Shall we put it off until I get back?"

Her eyes fixed on his face and tears streamed down her cheeks. Then she looked down and her lips quivered. "Maybe—maybe we'd better."

Dynamite boomed sullenly, and the earth trembled. Bill looked back along the causeway to where the dust puff bulged, climbing up against the darkly menacing clouds overhanging the distant mountains. Thunder rumbled, echoing the explosion. A truck roared past him, laden with huge chunks of rock, crawling laboriously along the lengthening mole. He glanced down at his watch. Two o'clock. In three hours, under happier circumstances, he would have been waiting for Janie to come down the aisle.

Thunder muttered again, and he eyed the approaching clouds sourly. Let it rain; let the wind howl and the red muck blow and the mud climb up to their knees. There wasn't anything the elements could do that would spoil his wedding day more than it was now. He headed back along the causeway, bitter with frustration. A little boy from the laborers' camp ran to him, shyly offering a note.

It was a telephone message from Nicholas Bertram. He was in Tampico and wanted to see Bill immediately.

"Tampico!" Bill growled. "A hundred miles in an open jeep, through a storm!" He crumpled the message and threw it away, stalking toward his trailer.

It was pitch-dark, but the rain had stopped when he reached the outskirts of the city. He drove stolidly, his clothes sodden, hoping only that the tarpaulin around his bag would prove to be waterproof. He found the hotel and registered.

"Send a message up to Mr. Bertram," he told the room clerk. "Tell him when I get dried out I'll come to his room."

The dapper clerk beamed. "*Sí, señor!* Mr. Bertram, he will be oh, so very happy you have come!"

"I'll just bet," Bill said.

It was seven-thirty when he knocked at Bertram's door. It was promptly opened by a well-groomed, gray-haired woman whose eyes studied Bill's face intently, then lighted with quick approval.

"Mr. Parker," she said pleasantly, "come in. I'm Edith Bertram."

Taken aback, aware that his expression must have been less than enthusiastic, Bill stepped self-consciously into the suite. He fumbled awkwardly for words, but nothing seemed adequate.

"I—I didn't know you were down here too, Mrs. Bertram," he said lamely.

She laughed, moving off toward an open door. "I've followed him to queer places most of my life," she said lightly. "Tampico's quite a bonus, really." She spoke as she reached the door, "Dear, Bill's here," and went on through.

Bill? This was pretty chummy for —— His breath went out as if he'd been kicked in the stomach.

Janie stood in the doorway, hair shining, eyes shining, smiling tearfully; Janie.

"We're—we're already two and a half hours late, Bill," she said tremulously. "Do you suppose we could be married right away?"

He held her while the room whirled and time disappeared. Later she leaned back her head and looked up, laughing a little and crying a little too.

"Edith was right; you should have turned me over your knee instead of being so nice," she said. "I was so mixed up—all those things I thought counted for something, didn't, without you. Anybody can sit on an old beach and soak up the moonlight; what I want to do is swat spiders with you, if that's what you're doing."

He tried to pull her close again, but she had more to say, her eyes soberly, intently fixed on his. "Bill, I could never, *never* marry a man who'd desert a job or give it up for the petty things I thought were important."

He kissed her and held her tight.

"Just think," she murmured, "we'll even have a trailer! Why, did you know Edith Bertram spent *her* honeymoon in a leaking tent, up in the Aleutians?"

Bill laughed and lifted his eyes to see the Bertrams standing in the doorway.

"Thanks," he said simply.

THE END

"It only hurts when I go, 'Ho-Ho-Ho'!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moresby's Goddess (Continued from Page 33)

the light that came from inside the tent. He set down his wineglass and, as though it were the knife's sole function, began to clean his already immaculate fingernails with it.

"This is a very foolish way for you to be talking, Wally," he said.

"You're a very foolish boy if you think you can frighten me by threatening me with a knife right here in my own camp," said Waltham.

Eyebrows that looked almost as if they had been plucked arched in simulated surprise. "Threatening you? I am cleaning my nails. Is that threatening, when I clean my nails?"

"I want Niles and Marianne back here," said Waltham. "I want them back here now. I want to get this picture finished so I can go home where I belong."

"A hundred thousand dollars," said Rocco.

Waltham turned on him in anger. "I've told you that the bank won't put it up!"

"So what? You're lousy with money, Wally. If you want the picture finished, why don't you put up the hundred grand? Then I can get started helping you."

"I've got enough money of my own sunk in this picture!"

"Sure," said Rocco. "And without Marianne and Niles you ain't got any picture, so all you've got in it is down the old drain, yes?"

Waltham was silent for a long time. He finished the bourbon that had half-filled his highball glass and gave a long, shuddering sigh. Rocco still had, as Martha had said, a strangle hold on him. He had simply exchanged one strangle hold for another. He gave up.

"All right," he said. "You'll take a check, I suppose?"

"If you go in to the bank in Candia with me and cash it for me."

Wally looked at him in silence. Then, "You're something of a rat, aren't you?" he said calmly. "When do I get them back?"

"I should think whoever kidnaped them would be able to get them back tomorrow night."

"And Moresby?"

Rocco smiled—with his lips. There was a sound of footsteps. Milzner and Martha Peak emerged out of the dusk. When they saw Rocco they stopped.

"Oh," said Milzner, "a conference. Should we include ourselves out?"

"Naw, come on in and have a drink on Wally. He's celebrating."

They came forward into the half-light of the marquee and dropped into camp chairs.

"Wally doesn't look as if he is celebrating anything," said Martha. "What's happened? Do we have more ransom notes or something?"

"Wally's celebrating the fact that he's smartened up. He's engaged my services as a mediator to secure the release of his two big-wheel stars." Rocco turned to Milzner. "Bet you'll be glad to see your girl friend back, eh, Jerry?" He turned to the others. "Look at him blush! Bet he didn't think I knew he was planning to marry the little French chick. . . . Did you, Jerry?"

Wally looked sharply at Milzner, who was staring at the carpet. "Is this a gag, Jerry—or for real?"

"Let's put it this way," said Milzner. "I asked her and, like *Variety* would put it, she had my name lightly penciled in on the contract. It wasn't what you'd call a firm commitment, but I think it was going to be. She—she seemed to like me pretty well."

"But you hadn't actually gotten to first base, had you?" asked Martha.

"I was about halfway there," said Milzner. "Then this Moresby clown had to show up. Now I don't know."

Rocco smiled again. He looked the way a black snake would look if it could smile and wanted to.

"Forget Moresby," he said. "You're home, baby! Moresby, he ain't coming back."

Milzner gave him a sharp look. "What do *you* know about it?"

"I ——" Rocco caught himself and covered up fast. "Just like I said to Parsons," he went on, "the kind of boys who'd handle a kidnaping wouldn't be the kind of boys who would put up with a troublemaker very long, and Moresby sure is a troublemaker. The boys probably had to shoot him right away in self-defense."

"Oh," said Milzner.

"Someday, Rocco," said Waltham, "you're going to hang yourself."

"If he lives that long," said Martha. "You know something, Rocco?"

"Yeah," said Rocco, "plenty. What do you know?"

"I know what I think," said Martha, "and what I don't think. What I don't think is that any little punks you might have any contacts with would have guts enough to give Doctor Moresby very much trouble. At least, not for very long."

"Is he bulletproof then?" asked Rocco.

"I think you may have a chance to find out," said Martha.

"Let's knock it off about Moresby and have a drink," said Milzner. "Go get glasses, will you, honey?"

Imagine doing this every day—yipes!

After a three-evening hassle with Christmas cards, it dawns on tycoon-to-be, J. Thrist Upturn, that mailing is a mean, tedious, messy job; and why the girls in his office keep talking up a postage meter!

Up to now, Mr. U (and possibly you?) had metered mail pegged only with big business. The notion couldn't be wronger! Now even the smallest business or office can have all the benefits of metered mail. Among the users of the DM, desk model postage meter, one-third average less than a dollar a day in postage—like it for its convenience.

The benefits? First off, no stamps. No stamp sticking. No running out of the right stamp. No stamp box, guarded like the family jools!

A postage meter *prints* directly on the envelope the right stamp for any kind of mail. Or on special gummed tape for parcel post. Also prints your own small ad, if you want one. Seals as well as stamps the envelope. Makes mailing fast and easy, saves time and postage. And anybody can use a postage meter.

Your meter is set by the postoffice for as much postage as you want to buy. Metered postage is protected from loss, damage, misuse; and is automatically accounted for. And metered mail needs less time in the postoffice, often makes earlier trains and planes.

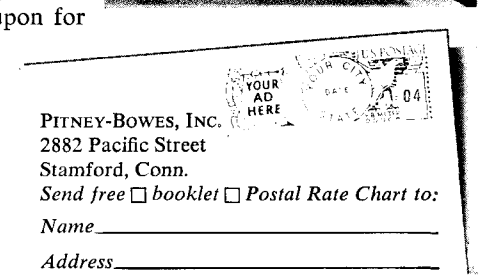
There's a meter model to fit your needs. Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office to show you. Or send coupon for free illustrated booklet.

The DM, desk model postage meter for the small mailer.

FREE: *Handy desk or wall chart of latest postal rates with parcel post map and zone finder.*

Pitney-Bowes
POSTAGE METERS

Made by the leading manufacturer of mailing machines . . . 139 offices in U.S. and Canada. In Canada: Pitney-Bowes of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 382, 909 Yonge Street, Toronto.



PITNEY-BOWES, INC.
2882 Pacific Street
Stamford, Conn.
Send free ☐ *booklet* ☐ *Postal Rate Chart to:*
*Name*_____
*Address*_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN DECEMBER
Ladies' Home JOURNAL

"YOU ARE MY REAL MOMMY"

Why would the law allow a child to be returned to a mother who had received two prison sentences, broken parole, deserted five children, and borne two out of wedlock? A true story that challenges child-welfare laws which place the interests of the unfit mother above the welfare of the child.

How to Be Popular

It's surprising how dense men can be at understanding how much they are appreciated. What to do? Follow these six easy rules . . . as given by the elusive males.

The Truth About Illegitimacy

The increase in the *number* of out-of-wedlock births during recent years has occurred primarily among teenagers, but why has the increase in *rate* been greater among women between twenty and forty years of age?

What it Means to Be a Debutante

A party-by-party, dress-by-dress, date-by-date look at the debutante season in the Old South.

Luscious Food for the Holidays

Tempting "Meals in a Minute"
Wonderful, wonderful Christmas sweets
Savory recipes from the South
Recipes for the Eisenhowers' Farewell Holiday Dinner

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing

A $10.95 dress, suitable for all-day Christmas wear.

★ A NEW SERIAL BY RUMER GODDEN • CHINA COURT
★ COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL • THE SEA HOUSE
★ PLUS MANY MORE EXCITING STORIES, ARTICLES, FEATURES

NOW ON SALE

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Rocco uncoiled himself from the lounging chair.

"I better start trying to get in touch with my contacts," he said. "May take a little while." He frowned, as at an annoying thought. "Say, Wally, could you send for the two bank dicks and keep 'em sort of occupied for the next twenty minutes? Like the newspaper boys, I got to protect my sources."

Wally Waltham sighed again and then poured another drink.

"Call them in, Jerry," he said. "They're probably hound-dogging it within sight of the tent. They know you're in here, Rocco, so go in the bedroom and duck out under the back flap. I'll tell them you're seeing a man."

Rocco bared his teeth in a grin and started to leave; a thought checked him.

"You better give me something I can show my contact," he said. "Something like an I.O.U. made out for a hundred grand."

Wally Waltham reached into his shirt pocket for his notebook and went into the tent. Rocco followed him carrying his carafe of Chianti.

Standing in the bow of the interisland steamer, Marianne and Moresby watched the dusk settle over the sea. A few miles ahead of them the lights of Candia began to wink like fireflies. Niles Gregory stood in the wheelhouse doorway, talking with the Greek pilot. Both men were dressed in the borrowed clothes of Thíran fishermen, but they were shaved and clean, and Moresby's wound had been properly dressed by a doctor of sorts. His arm was steadied by a sling. Marianne, who had slept for most of the ten-hour sail back to Crete, wore a native holiday costume bought from one of the young Thíran girls. To Moresby—even to Niles—she looked beautiful.

The lights of the port multiplied and brightened. Moresby began to have the feeling of sadness that comes to people at the end of all long voyages, however tempestuous—the feeling of regret that it is finished, an unwillingness to pass from unreality back into the hard realism of ordinary life. In the past three days with Marianne he had known emotions that had never touched him before. The danger they had passed through together had brought them so close—and now, suddenly, he knew in his heart that he was on the verge of losing her. His being violently rebelled against the idea. He put his hand over hers where it lay on the little ship's rail. She was staring at the twinkling lights, her eyes had a faraway look and her mouth was turned down at the corners and sad. Though he had not spoken, she answered. It was as though she were answering his thoughts.

"I have been waiting for this moment," she said, "and I have not wanted it to come. It is like watching the curtain come down at the end of a very good play. You have known all along that it had to happen and that when it does your little wonderful moment of escape is ended."

Moresby felt a stab of pain. "You sound," he said, "as if we were starting to say good-by to each other."

"Yes."

"But ——"

She interrupted him. "You are going to remind me of the things we have said to each other and the things we have both felt in each other and that we have been close in each other's arms. I do not need to be reminded of those things, Moresby, for I do not think I will ever forget them."

He gripped her hand so hard that she visibly winced. "Marianne!" His voice was hoarse with earnestness. "The thought of saying good-by to something that's really only beginning hurts. It hurts like hell."

Lightly, she ran her free hand over his injured shoulder. "So do wounds hurt," she murmured, "but one gets over them."

"Marianne—I —— Will you marry me, Marianne?"

She turned her head away. She did not want him to see that tears were trickling from her eyes. It was a few seconds before she spoke again, and now her voice was so low he could barely hear it.

"Oh, my dear Paul, that is what I have not wanted to hear you say. I have not wanted it with all my heart."

He could see himself standing there as though suddenly his mind were detached from his body and he were watching two strangers play out an inevitable scene of trite, set speeches. He took a deep breath. "Is there someone else?"

She blinked back the tears. "In my heart? No, Paul, there is not."

"What is it then? Are you married?" She shook her head. "Is there someone else? Are you engaged?"

She took a long time in answering. She sighed, then spoke. "I have planned," she said, "to marry Jerry Milzner."

He closed his eyes, a fury of jealousy rising in him. A picture flashed into his mind of Marianne walking along the quayside in Candia in the bright morning sunlight in her white piqué dress, the lovely dark hair held in place by the rhinestone headband; of Milzner, uncouth, gross, with his sloppy shorts and hairy legs and the two of them walking hand in hand. *Beauty and the beast*, he had thought, but the thought had been almost impersonal then. Now it shook him to the core. He took his hand from hers and let it hang at his side where, involuntarily, it knotted into a fist.

"You love that—that animal?"

He sounded incredulous. She shook her head. "No," she said quietly. "I do not love Jerry. I like him and—in spite of what you may think, because when he is with you he acts like a disgusting little boy—he is a brilliant man. And, except when he is in the middle of his directing, he is kind and gentle and thoughtful and all of the things a good husband should be."

Moresby, his face a mass of deep worry lines, stared at the harbor mouth. "I don't understand," he said, "I don't understand how a girl—a girl like you ——"

Again she sighed, wearily, as first-grade teachers sigh when trying to explain that if one and one make two, two and two must, necessarily, make four. "I am a Frenchwoman, Moresby, and I am an actress."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Frenchwomen, except sometimes when they are very young and inexperienced as I was when I fell in love with René, are practical—especially about such things as marriage."

"You talk like a gold digger!"

"No, Moresby, I talk like a Frenchwoman. It is not a question of selling one's body or one's self. It is not a question of loving. It is a question of living." She turned to him and impulsively put her small hand on his arm. "Oh, Paul, can you not see how it is with me? A woman wants to be married. She wants a home. Because I do not love him, I can have these things with Jerry and—no matter what might happen—I could never be hurt again so that my heart broke and bled inside of me the way it did when René was taken away from me forever. If I were to be married to you ——" Her voice trailed away almost to nothing. "For all, you are a scholar, you are a man of violence, of adventure. Do not forget, Moresby, I have seen your eyes light up when danger threatened you. I told you in the little wheelhouse on the boat when the storm was raging and you took me

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in your arms that I could not go through that again. I cannot do it."

"My heaven!" he cried. "You act as if all I did was go around getting shot at!"

She smiled. "That is about all you have done ever since I have known you, is it not?"

"Well," said Moresby, "you certainly won't have to worry about that with Milzner. Somebody might slug him sometime, but I'm sure he wouldn't ever take a chance on getting himself into a spot where anything worse than that could happen to him."

"That is not worthy of you, Paul." Her voice was sharp. "Even though I know I have hurt you, please let me keep the little memory I have of a time when I knew so well a very wonderful man."

He bit his lips as though punishing them for the words they had let pass. The pain was not quite so sharp in him now. He could think again. "Why Milzner?" he asked. "Why not someone else?"

"I am an actress," said Marianne. "Jerry is a fellow professional. There is a common basis of great interest."

"And I," said Moresby, "am an archaeologist part of the time and an adventurous bum the rest of it, according to you at least, and all we would have in common would be the negligible fact that we just happen to love each other!"

The tears began again. "Yes," she murmured, "that is true. All we would have in common would be the fact that we do just happen to love each other—oh, so very much!"

"But not enough."

Without their realizing it—so lost had they been in themselves and each other—the boat had slipped into the harbor and was approaching the long quay that rimmed the entire water front. Street lights glowed all along it. People walked slowly along it. The sound of music drifted out over the water, punctuated by the tinkle of bicycle bells and the beeping of automobile horns. Niles Gregory came forward to stand beside them.

"Well, chaps," he said, "this is where we came in. What?"

"Yes," said Moresby. "This is where we came in."

"Good show, wasn't it, old boy?"

"Up to a point," said Moresby. The actor looked at him, started to speak and stopped. "Niles, the car I drove in from the camp is parked in a little garage just up the street from that place where we had that delicious wine that knocked us cold. Tell the man I said you were to take it." He bent close and whispered, "Take Marianne to the Nirvana Hotel. Keep her there till morning, will you?"

Niles opened his eyes in surprise. "But you're coming with us, aren't you?"

Moresby shook his head. "No," he said. "I'm going to Knossos. My job isn't quite finished."

"What do you mean your job isn't finished?"

Moresby's eyes grew hard. "You're forgetting," he said. "There's a man named Rocco. My job isn't finished until I've shoved his teeth down his throat."

Niles put a hand to his chin. "In that case hadn't I better stick around?"

Moresby smiled his cold smile. His eyes gleamed cold in the glow of the street lamps. "This time I'm going to have my own army," he said. "Professionals. If there's a fight, I'd like the odds somewhere near even just for a change. Of course, Rocco won't approve of that, but ——"

He broke off. Marianne was staring at him. The gray eyes were enormous and there was a strange light in them. Her lips were trembling and, under the tight corselet of her native costume, he could see her breasts rising and falling as though she were breathing too fast.

"I'm going to say thanks and good-by to the skipper now," he said. "So long."

He walked into the pilothouse. Niles Gregory looked from Moresby to Marianne, his eyes puzzled. Presently he shrugged expressively. "Well!" he said. "I guess maybe this isn't where we came in at that!"

Wally Waltham sat alone in his tent hating the world, hating himself.

"Why don't I have any guts any more?" he asked the bottle. The bottle did not answer him.

"Is it because I'm getting old? Hell, Rocco's nothing but a cheap thug! Yet I still string along with him and pay rather than fight. He knows that if this picture doesn't come off I'm as good as bankrupt—finished! That's why he dares pull this stuff!"

He looked at the bourbon bottle, gauged the level of the whisky in it with his eyes and nodded. He allowed himself a third of a bottle every night. He still had some to go. He poured another drink.

"Next thing I know he'll be trying to get me to cut him in on a share of the profits." He shifted nervously in his chair. "Suppose he adds that as the price for getting my stars back?"

There was no use supposing. Waltham, feeling sick, knew what he would do because he would have to do it. Rocco had said he'd stop back after he'd seen what he called his contacts. Waltham dreaded his coming back.

"It feels," he murmured, "like having a boa constrictor coiled around your body—squeezing the life out of it."

He thought he heard a step behind him. "Rocco? Is that you? Have you sent the word O.K.?"

There was no answer. Slowly, heavily, he turned in his chair. The room was empty. He turned back, rested his elbows on the table. He swallowed some of the whisky. "This rat could ruin me—if he only knew it!"

"If I only knew what?"

It was Rocco's rich baritone. Wally Waltham spun around to face the door.

"What made you think I was talking about you?" he snapped. "Because I called you a rat?"

Rocco smiled.

"When will I have my stars back?"

"Tomorrow evening," said Rocco.

"Thank God!"

Rocco seated himself on the opposite side of the table. He poured himself a glass of Chianti from the carafe that stood there. He sipped and smacked his lips.

"That is, the girl will be back then," he said.

Waltham got to his feet. "What's the idea?" he shouted. "I could replace the girl—she's only in a dozen scenes so far! I can't replace Niles! The whole picture hangs on him!"

Rocco nodded understandingly. "Yes," he said, "that is what my contact is saying to me just a few minutes ago. He is saying his contacts are going to be wanting quite a lot more money for Niles. You know something, Wally? You can't trust people these days!"

Waltham was breathing hard. "I won't pay any more," he said. "I haven't got it."

Rocco shrugged. "It doesn't have to be cash," he said. "The picture's going to make plenty of profits. I could gamble on it, I guess." He folded his arms on the table and leaned forward. "I'll make you a deal! I pay the other twenty-five thousand I hear the boys want. I'll pay it from my own pocket, and we'll draw up a little agreement giving me—how much—five, ten per cent of the ——"

He broke off. His eyes went to the canvas fly leading into the back of the tent. His face had gone the color of wood ash. *He looks*, Waltham thought, *as if he were seeing a ghost*. Waltham turned. Paul Moresby, still wearing the sweater and baggy trousers of the sea and ships, was standing just inside the room. His lips were drawn back from his teeth. His eyes had a cold, gun-metal look as they bored into Rocco, who had risen to his feet.

Fascinated, unable to move or breathe, Waltham saw him step forward. Rocco took a step back. Moresby took another step forward. Rocco's thin stiletto blade glinted in the light as his arm was raised to strike. The blade flashed downward, and Moresby's fist crashed full into Rocco's face. Blood spurting from his nose, he stumbled backward, fell over a foot locker and thudded down onto it in a sitting position. He got to his feet and started for the outside entrance. The swarthy bulk of Nick Samos loomed out of the night, blocking it.

"You siddown again, punk," said Samos. "The boss want to talk business with you."

"Like hell I do!" said Waltham.

"You're not the boss," said Samos. "I wouldn't work for you. You got too much tension. Paul Moresby's the boss."

Moresby said, "Let me be the boss just for a few minutes if you don't mind, Wally. I've got a little delayed dethroning to do. Remember?"

Waltham shook his head in disbelief. "Moresby," he said. "I've never been so glad to see anybody in my life." He dropped into his chair.

Moresby turned to Rocco, who was mopping at his broken nose with a silk handkerchief. He wasn't handsome now. Moresby waited until the bleeding was checked. "I didn't have to hit you," he said. "That was for that kid over in Myrrhus that some of your so-called contacts—your brother and his pals—frightened out of his mind. Now get back to the table. I've got a paper I want you to sign—among other things. Frisk him, Nick, just for luck."

Samos casually slapped his body all over. "Clean," he said.

"See what papers he's got in his pockets."

"O.K., boss."

In a moment Samos handed Moresby a wallet, a checkbook on the Royal Bank of Iraklion and a page of white paper torn out of a notebook. Moresby glanced at the paper and without comment gave it to Waltham, who flushed and mumbled thanks. Then, as though coming out of a trance, his eyes flickered, focused again and he said, "Moresby! Niles. Is he all right?"

"He and Marianne are both all right," said Moresby. He dragged a camp chair to the table and lowered his length into it. "Now, Rocco. The police are on their way to Myrrhus. You want to be here when they get back tomorrow afternoon?"

"What's that got to do with me?" said Rocco.

Moresby's lips smiled. "The police are going to be very interested in whatever they may find hidden in that stone house on the eastern plateau—that stolen-jewelry cache that's been the base of your private racket."

Rocco still had faith in his legality. "So they find something or other in this place you talk about. So that has something to do with me? Anything I do, I do legal."

"It will have quite a lot to do with you," said Moresby quietly. "For one thing, I think they're going to find your brother on the island—with a good fat bullet hole right through his thigh. According to scuttlebutt, he's in the village now, with a doctor of sorts taking care of him. He's not very movable. In fact, I shouldn't think it would be very hard right now to get him, and the other guy we had to shoot, to start talking."

Waltham looked at Moresby wide-eyed.

"So?" said Rocco. "So they talk. So what do they talk about?"

"The kidnaping charge that's going to be brought against the whole bunch of you, for one thing," said Moresby. "I wonder if you'd be interested in buying your way out of that?"

Rocco was silent, but a thoughtful look had come into his black eyes.

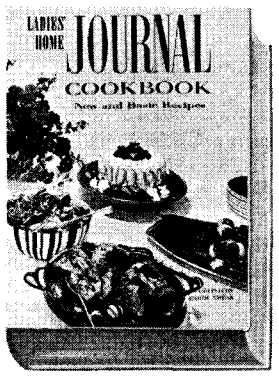
"The only reason I bring it up," Moresby went on, "is because those guys are so beat-up they're going to answer

"That picture is a good likeness of your father."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE'S THE COOKBOOK WOMEN HAVE WANTED FOR 75 YEARS



Ladies' Home Journal
COOKBOOK

New and basic recipes Edited by Carol Truax ONLY $4.95 ($5.95 for the De Luxe thumb-indexed edition). Whether you're a beginner or an experienced cook, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COOKBOOK will put new excitement in your meals. Here are some of the unusual features of this *first* and *only* cookbook compiled by LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:

- More than 2,500 recipes for everything from quick, off-the-shelf dishes to exotic, formal dishes
- Over 100 color photographs—more than in any other basic cookbook—to show you just how exciting and appealing your meals can be
- Lots of valuable information on shopping for best quality and getting the most for your money
- The book lies flat when open and every recipe is complete wherever the book opens. You'll never need to turn a page to finish a recipe.
- Complete extra chapters on how to plan formal dinners, medically approved diets of all kinds with weight and calorie charts—even a thoughtfully-written bonus chapter on getting the most out of your kitchen space and layout
- Over 300 casserole dishes and more than 100 exciting sauces
- All the recipes have been triple-tested in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL kitchens
- The book is completely cross-indexed, with tables of measurements, equivalents and temperatures for easier cooking

And for a limited time it's specially priced at only $4.95 for the regular edition—or $5.95 for the De Luxe edition, thumb-indexed for quicker reference. The price of each edition will go up $1.00 after this offer expires.

Use the handy coupon to place your order now. There's no need to send money with your order—we'll gladly bill you later. Examine the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COOKBOOK in your own home under the protection of our free 7-day home trial plan. But hurry—this offer is limited and the price will be going up soon.

P.S. Word to the wise: Christmas isn't far off—and the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COOKBOOK is ideal for gifts. Order extra copies for gifts now at this special price and save money!

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Dept. 1821, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

Please send me____copies of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COOKBOOK:

☐ Regular edition @ $4.95 ☐ De Luxe edition @ $5.95

My name_____

Street or R.D._____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

☐ Payment enclosed (Penna. residents please add 4% state sales tax)

☐ Bill me for the books I've chosen plus a few cents for postage.

Please send the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COOKBOOK as my gift to:

☐ Regular edition ☐ De Luxe edition

Name_____

Street or R.D._____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

Sign my gift card_____

Order now and save—prices go up $1 after this offer expires.

Order additional gifts on a separate sheet of paper.

just about any questions the police ask them. And I told the police what questions to ask. They're going to talk—and we're going to talk—and the police are going to make you talk. Now do you still want to be here when they get back? Or would you like to be in a plane on your way to Italy or some far-off country?"

Rocco was breathing hard. His body was writhing like a snake's, his muscles tensing and rippling as if his body of its own accord wanted to fling itself at Moresby. He controlled it. "How much?" He spat the words.

Moresby smiled, with his eyes, too, this time. "Everything I do I do legal," he said. . . . "How much has he robbed you and Henry Parsons of, Wally? . . . Nick, how much did he shake you down for? What did he make by selling protection to the caterer who fed all these extras? How much did he make by ordering the extras to featherbed and stall the shooting for a month?"

Waltham's mouth hung open and slack. Moresby went on. "You don't have to figure it out," he said. "I know because I had a talk with the manager of the bank before I came out. He's an old friend of mine. I know how much you've got stashed there, Rocco." He took a paper from his pocket. It was a bank draft made out to the American Athenian Bank. "This is for everything you've got except 20 per cent. I guess you earned that, so you can keep it. You want to sign?"

"This is blackmail!"

"Oh, no," said Moresby. "This is the price you have to pay for your freedom. Lots of men—for hundreds of years—have paid much higher prices than that for freedom."

With the speed of a leopard, Rocco sprang out of his chair. Another knife that must have been up his sleeve appeared in his hand. He leaped at Moresby. With one continuous motion Moresby, in spite of his wounded shoulder, rolled his chair over backward out of the way and rolled up on his feet. When he straightened, the snub-nosed pistol was in his hand.

"That's all, Rocco," he snapped. "There isn't anything in the world I'd rather do than shoot you dead in self-defense in front of witnesses. Drop that knife."

The knife glittered to the carpet.

"If you sign that paper, Nick here and the boys from the American Athenian who're posted outside will take care of you until your plane leaves. If you don't, they'll still take care of you—until the police send for you."

Like an old man, Rocco sat down at the table, picked up the pen and signed. Moresby sighed, suddenly weary throughout his whole body.

"Take him out to the car, Nick," he said. "I want to have a quiet drink with Wally. Then I'll pick up my things and ride into Candia with you."

"Yes, boss."

They left the tent. Waltham looked at Moresby in surprise. "You mean you're leaving? Just when ——"

Moresby nodded. "Wally," he said, "there isn't one single thing on this island now to make me want to stay here. There might have been, but —— Well, you know how it is."

"I'm learning," said Waltham.

He mixed drinks. Moresby took his, sprawled in his chair, his legs stretched full-length in front of him. A feeling of emptiness had come over him, of letdown and depression. He tried to pretend it wasn't because of Marianne, that it was because he'd found the temple of his goddess and that even the challenge of the excavation work had been taken away from him. Now all he had to do to start restoring the temple was drill a hole in the rocks and let the water of the lake run out. He didn't even need much financing for that.

Ah, well, he thought, *there'll be another temple to find or another city—maybe even* another *goddess*. He became aware that Waltham was speaking to him. "I beg your pardon?" he said.

"I was saying I know your job for the bank's finished," said Waltham. "Would you like a job as an honest-to-goodness technical director on this picture? I have an idea that we could use one."

Moresby gave him a tired smile. "Thanks," he said, "but I've come to the conclusion that moving-picture folks and I don't get along too well. It seems we don't have enough in common."

Waltham looked at him thoughtfully. "What's the matter—Milzner get under your skin? Don't let him bother you. He was only jealous of you because he's figuring to marry the French chick and thought you might get in his hair and spoil his act."

"Milzner's harmless," said Moresby.

"I'd really like to have you stick around," said Waltham.

Moresby laughed softly. "You don't need me. Rocco's not going to come anywhere near the Aegean for some time." He finished his drink, got to his feet and held out his hand. "Well, so long, Wally. It's all been very interesting."

"Thank you very much for what you've done," said Waltham. "Any time you're in Hollywood ——"

"Sure," said Moresby.

They shook hands. Moresby stepped out into the street. He started walking slowly toward his tent to pick up his duffel bag and his suitcase. He noticed the moon was out, shining high and bright in the sky. He stopped, turned to take a last look up the hill at the shimmering symmetry of Priam's Trojan Palace. He remembered the evening he'd arrived there and reined in at the side of the mountain road to watch the Trojan and Spartan soldiers streaming back down the hill for supper. He remembered his first sight of Marianne as she passed by in the transparent white robe, strands of pearls holding back her lovely hair, a tragic look in her eyes. He remembered thinking, *That could be very distracting. Watch yourself, Moresby!* Sudden tears smarted in his eyes. He walked briskly on. A figure appeared in the moonlight. He tensed, waiting. The figure, tall and lean, approached closer and became Niles Gregory.

"Congratulations, old boy," he said. "Was having a midnight snack at Romanoff's, and I heard the Italian occupation is ended. I rather thought it would be when you got here."

Moresby stared at him angrily. "I thought you were in Candia at the Nirvana keeping an eye on Marianne."

Niles Gregory shrugged expressively.

"Women and ships," he said; "they both get very elemental and whimsical at times. She refused to stay there. We had a bang-up dinner—*langouste*, artichokes, all the stuff we'd ordered the night of the disaster. After dinner, all of a sudden, she stood up and got off some nonsense about a woman's place being at the side of her man and made me drive her out here in the little bug."

Moresby felt the same surge of jealous rage he had known on the boat coming into Candia harbor when Marianne had told him that she had planned to marry Jerry Milzner.

"I couldn't care less where woman's place is," he said.

"Well," said Niles, "I think if she'd said you were probably going to get yourself shot up again and she thought that she'd better be on hand with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bandages, she'd have come closer to expressing what she really meant."

Moresby's heart was racing. He clutched Niles by the shoulder and shook him. "Where is she?" he snapped.

Niles pointed a finger in the direction of Moresby's tent. "Well, now," he said, "she went that-a-way."

Moresby strode down the street. Halfway to his tent he slowed, sensing that he was letting hope carry him away. It would be entirely typical of Marianne to feel her place should be at his side only because he was going into danger. He thought, *Watch yourself, Moresby!* By the time he reached the tent he was walking at a snail's pace, not wanting to reach it, not wanting to subject himself to the misery of fresh disappointment. He reached it and saw that a light was burning in the living-room section. He paused, took a deep breath like a man about to dive into cold water and stepped inside.

Marianne, still wearing the native costume, was sitting on the sofa. She rose to her feet, started toward him and checked herself.

"Niles told me you were here, Marianne."

She nodded. The lovely dark hair swirled forward and back with the motion. "Yes," she said. "I asked that he tell you."

"I'm very glad to see you again," said Moresby. "It's always nice to see ——"

He broke off, knowing he must sound like an idiot, yet afraid to say anything beyond trivia. Marianne lowered her eyes, sketched a circle on the floor with the toe of her sandal in the gesture of an embarrassed child.

"Moresby?"

"Yes, Marianne."

"I am afraid I have something to tell you. That is why I have come here."

"Yes, Marianne."

The tiny toe continued its circling. When she spoke, it was hesitantly, in a barely audible voice. "I told you this afternoon I was a Frenchwoman. And that Frenchwomen are first of all most practical."

His lips tightened to firmness. "I know," he said. "I remember it very well, thank you. In fact, I doubt if I'll ever forget it—your words, how you looked standing there in the bow of the boat against the sunset, the exact tone of your voice ——"

"Please, Moresby!" She looked up now and he saw that the huge gray eyes were brimming with tears. "I was making a terrible mistake. I am a Frenchwoman, and I am highly practical. Quite suddenly, at dinner with Niles, I saw as plain as if God himself had drawn a picture for me that any Frenchwoman stupid enough to think she could marry one man when she is heart and soul in love with another was not only most unpractical but a d—damn fool!"

She blinked, and the tears spilled over. Moresby stepped forward, and his arms enfolded her. A moment later she opened her eyes and saw that he was frowning. "Oh, my dear Paul," she cried. "What is the matter now?"

"I was trying to figure," he said. "I don't see how I can get back and start work on Hebe's temple until we come back from Hollywood, and that ——"

She held a finger to her lips, hushing him. "When we first found the goddess and were going back to tell Niles, you said—and I remember the words—you said, 'She's waited at least three thousand years for us to find her. I don't imagine she'd mind waiting a little longer.' Can she not wait a little longer?"

"As one goddess to another," said Moresby, "why don't you ask her?"

THE END

Few American institutions have suffered such severe criticism as our schools have been subjected to in the three years since Sputnik I beeped its ominous challenge to our future.

Many of these criticisms—and the rebuttals thereto—have puzzled thoughtful readers, since both critics and defenders of our schools have based their cases largely on personal observation and opinion. The controversy has been featured by a lamentable lack of factual information on both sides.

To try to bring the issue into somewhat clearer focus, The Post *commissioned Dr. George Gallup (founder of the Gallup Poll) and his foreign affiliates to conduct a* Post*-sponsored survey of ten- and fourteen-year-old school children in England, France, Norway, West Germany and the United States. The purpose of the survey was to measure objectively the educational attainments and the school and home habits of like-aged youngsters here and abroad.*

The survey findings are now in hand. They will be presented next week—in a bigger-than-normal Post *which combines the issues of December 24 and December 31.*

HOW GOOD IS YOUR CHILD'S EDUCATION?

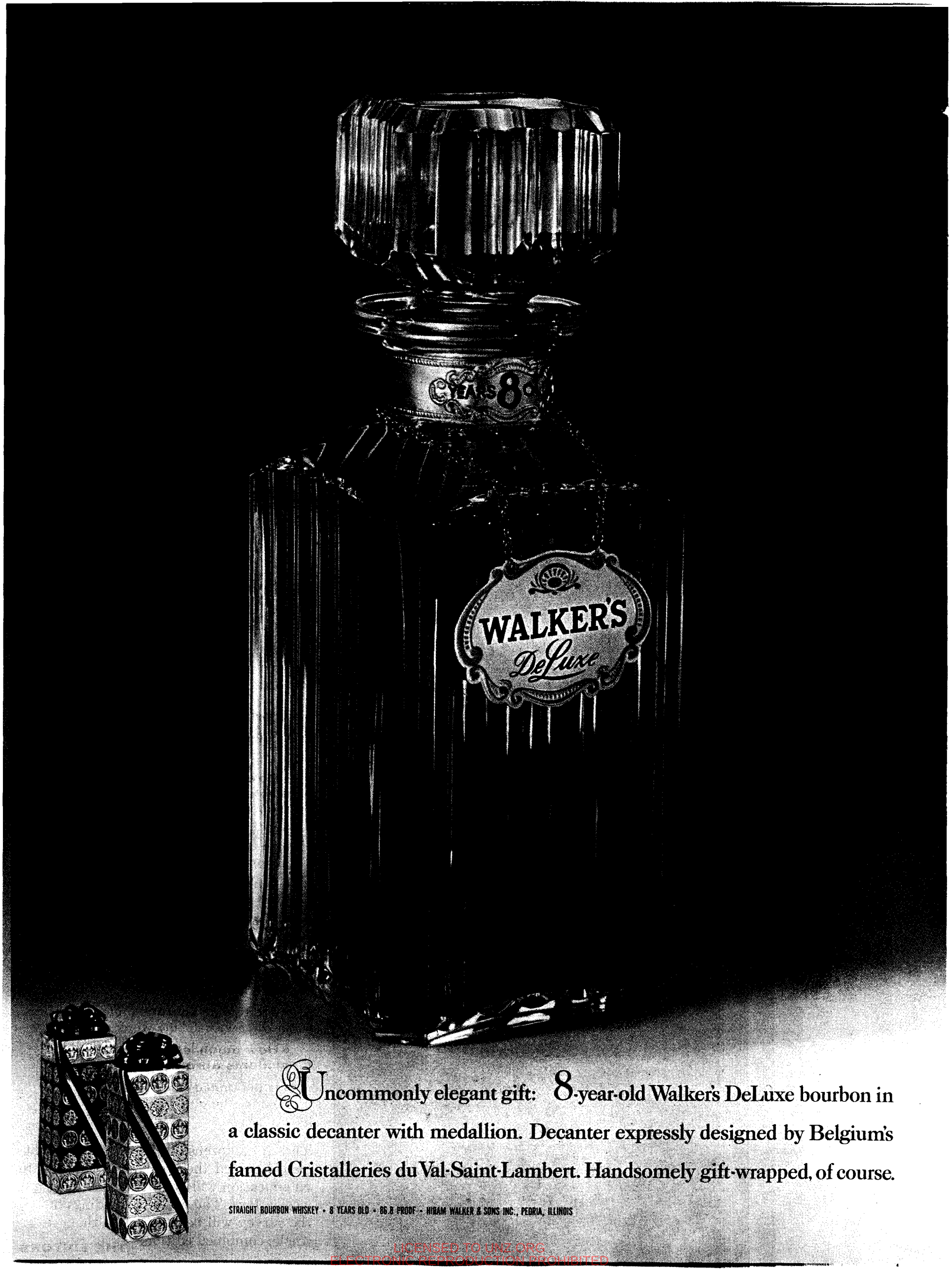
Now for the first time you can learn the answers to such questions as:

- **How do American children stack up when measured against their contemporaries abroad?**
- What country's children score best in knowledge of arithmetic? geography? famous men? science?
- **Who gets how much and what kind of physical exercise?**
- Does your child do as much homework as his foreign cousins?
- **How do foreign schools handle discipline? Does their system work better than ours?**
- Are foreign educators interested in what we call "the whole child"?
- **How much television are students abroad allowed to see?**
- Is the United States doing its best for the gifted child?

These and dozens of other questions that have featured the great American debate on education will be answered in next week's *Post*. The complete findings of the survey will be reported in that single, combined edition.

THE EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Uncommonly elegant gift: 8-year-old Walker's DeLuxe bourbon in a classic decanter with medallion. Decanter expressly designed by Belgium's famed Cristalleries du Val-Saint-Lambert. Handsomely gift-wrapped, of course.

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 8 YEARS OLD • 86.8 PROOF • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Delightful Eastern Shore (Continued from Page 15)

accumulating over the years, were a favorite road-building material.) I remember my surprise when I first saw sails which seemed to glide straight through the cornfields—you could see the sails before you saw the tidal waters which bore them.

I remember the superb and lavish meals and the appetite I had to tackle them. Broiled chickens, smoked country ham, crisply tender soft crabs—not disguised and smothered in batter, but dusted lightly with flour and fried gently in butter with a dash of bacon fat. And vegetables! Young Limas and sun-ripe tomatoes fresh from the garden, platters of steaming corn on the cob—young ears which, by Uncle Holly's express command, were not picked until the pot was on the boil.

I remember waiting on the dock on frosty mornings when the oyster boats came in, riding low with a fresh-tonged catch. Friendly crew members would shuck a few dozen for us and hand them up on the half shell. No condiments, forks or other nonsense—we would simply suck the oysters up from the shells. "You ain't really tasted an oyster unless you get the mud on your nose," the watermen would say. And then, as they swung into the rhythm of unloading, they would sing a strange song. The melody was in minor, with the haunting refrain:

"Oh, a hundred years
Ain't a very long time
On the Eastern Sho'. . . ."

I didn't quite know what the words meant, but they lingered agreeably in my mind, associated with the salty morning smells of the water front, with the wintry sun slanting over the cove and with the weather-beaten Shoremen singing as they worked. All through the subsequent years, as I have come to know better the unhurried individuality of the Eastern Shore, its smooth flow of time, its beguiling blend of past and present, the old refrain has come back to me with new shades of meaning.

During those years the changes have been gradual and generally beneficent. The bleached oyster-shell roads are gone, but the network of concrete and hardtop is mighty convenient. Modern farm machinery has replaced horses and oxen in the fields, as gasoline and diesel engines have replaced working sail on the watermen's boats. The bays and rivers of the Shore, however, are still bright with the sails of pleasure boats.

The horse, banished from plow and buggy, is still an important animal on the stud farms and at the races—flat, steeplechase or trotting. Horse racing has been a favorite sport on the Shore since colonial days. In Talbot County they still tell of the Rev. John Gordon of Miles River Parish in the latter eighteenth century. He was a "slow, croaking" preacher who reportedly drew large crowds because of his custom, after the services, of adjourning with the congregation to the race track back of the church.

The greatest recent change in the Shore has come from within. Back in the early 1920's broiler—or fryer—size chickens were a luxury item, selling at around sixty cents a pound live weight. Eastern Shore farmers pioneered what is now called the broiler industry. They put the raising of chickens on a mass-production basis, enabling one farm family to care for broods of thousands of chicks. Farmers in other states followed suit, but the Shoremen, with native ingenuity and sound scientific advice, have held their own—despite occasional ups and downs—against nationwide competition and gradually declining prices. Today they can make a profit at seventeen to twenty cents a pound live weight. Thus live broilers are one staple food which costs—allowing for the change in the value of the dollar—less than a fifth as much as it did thirty-five years ago.

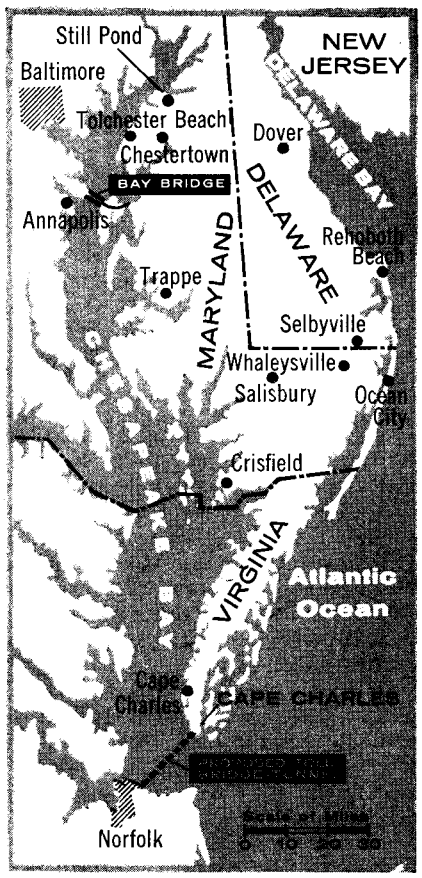
Last year the Shore raised 184,000,000 chickens, which brought $108,000,000. Most of these were sold through the Eastern Shore Poultry Growers' Exchange, a nonprofit organization with headquarters in the little town of Selbyville, in Delaware just north of the Maryland line. Here, on four auction days a week, chief auctioneer Carroll Long of Salisbury jovially sells off a million or so chickens in a matter of hours. The prices here tend to set poultry prices for the whole country.

Each summer, chicken growers, processors, gourmets and just plain eaters gather for three days at the annual Delmarva Chicken Festival. The grand excitement is provided by the chicken-cooking contests—junior, senior and men's barbecue. This year it drew cooks from twenty-seven states and one lady from India. The earnestly competing cooks, men as well as women, boys as well as girls, work in shifts at long batteries of gas and electric ranges, in full view of the admiring and hungrily sniffing crowds. Among the prizes this year were paid vacations to Europe, kitchen ranges and cash awards. Thus the Shore, known of old for "setting a fine table," still fosters and spreads afar the honorable ideal of good cooking.

For the last fifteen years my wife and I have been part-time residents of the Eastern Shore. During that period we have had an eyewitness view of one supposedly portentous threat to the serenity of the peninsula. Our beach cottage on the Atlantic coast, near the Delaware-Maryland line, used to be a five-hour drive from our house in Washington, allowing an hour or so for the ferry ride across the Chesapeake. In 1949 work was begun on the seven-mile bridge spanning the bay from near Annapolis to Queen Anne's County. To us this seemed a splendid idea—it would shorten our escape time from the humid heats and political fevers of Washington. One day I ventured to praise the project to an old Eastern Shore farmer-waterman. He looked at me reproachfully.

"I just hate it, friend," he said. "Think of the thousands of riffraff and fawners (foreigners) who will come a-scorching over that bridge and go depredating all up and down the Shore."

Among others on the Shore there was a wide variety of opinions, just as there is now about the much larger project of the Cape Charles-Norfolk bridge-tunnel. A majority viewed the coming Bay Bridge as a boon bringing closer the metropolitan areas of Baltimore and Washington as markets for garden truck, chickens and sea food. A minority saw it as a curse, the thin edge of the wedge for all the ills of urbanization. A few even suggested, only half-jokingly, that the nine Maryland counties secede from the mainland and form, with their neighbor counties in Delaware and Virginia, the sovereign state of Delmarva. (This move has been seriously urged in the past; back in the 1830's it barely missed legislative approval.)



The Eastern Shore of Chesapeake Bay includes parts of Maryland and Virginia and most of Delaware.

The beautiful bridge was completed in 1952. Today I think even my old farmer-waterman friend would admit that his predictions were harsh. Thousands of cars do pour over the bridge, especially on summer weekends. Most of them carry mom, pop and the kids; they have fishing rods tied on top or a boat on the trailer behind. They disperse and are lost to view along the Shore's incredibly long and varied water frontage.

Some depredators there may be, but there is not much to tempt them in the calm atmosphere of the Shore, nor do the law enforcers there take stock in the psychology of humoring hoodlums. It is true that the roads connecting with the bridge, even though widened and improved, are beginning to experience traffic jams on the big summer holidays; that old-timers at Rehoboth, Delaware, and Ocean City, Maryland, say their beaches are becoming intolerably crowded; that there is a little cloud—no bigger than a man's hand—of housing developments around the eastern end of the bridge. But in general, the great steel span—so far—has brought the benefits rather than the blemishes of progress.

Several months ago the editor of *The Post* asked me whether I would like to do an article about the Eastern Shore. Would a fish like to swim? Why, I had known the region since boyhood—I could write such an article off the top of my head. But as I began to re-explore the Shore on periodic furloughs from Washington I soon found out that I didn't know the half of it, or the hundredth. There is enough history and individuality to make a book about the peninsula, or indeed, about each of its thirteen counties—and the rivers: the Elk, the Chester and the Sassafras; the Pocomoke, the Choptank and the Nanticoke; the Chicamacomico, the Mispillion, the Big and Little Annemessex. Not all the names of rivers or places suggest happiness; there are Tedious Creek, Ornery Point, Crooked Intention (a manor house), Murderkill River and Slaughter Beach. But there are also Modest Town, Temperanceville, Little Heaven and Ending of Controversy.

In re-exploring the Shore, I decided to go first to Kent County, Maryland, which actor John Bernard found so delightful in 1798. Its county seat is mellow old Chestertown—population, 3600—overlooking the broad and tranquil Chester River. I dropped in to see William Usilton III, editor of the *Kent County News*. His family has been associated with the paper for generations. This is characteristic of

Engineer Leonard Ward and *Jumbo*, a real steam locomotive, have thrilled the kids at Tolchester Beach for over fifty years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EARN 4 1/2% CURRENT RATE PER ANNUM ON YOUR SAVINGS
WITH INSURED SAFETY
• Dividends paid quarterly • Withdrawals paid on demand since charter granted in 1937 • Accounts are legal investments for corporation and trust funds • Funds received by 10th of month earn from 1st • Over $16 million reserves • Assets over $183 million • All accounts insured up to $10,000 by F.S.L.I.C. • We pay postage both ways.
FIDELITY Federal
SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION DEPT. 129
225 E. Broadway • Glendale 5, California
R. M. RIGGLE, Asst. vice-president / DEPT. 129
Please send information about your association and latest statement . . .
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE

Protect YOUR HEART!
VIOBIN Wheat Germ Oil
Helps Heart Action —
Improves • Strength • Vigor
PROVED 9 years — 500 persons
University Experiments
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES —
only VioBin Oil PROVED helpful.
Send NOW—VioBin Story FREE Book #7
PROMETOL—8 to 1 vigor factor concentrate VioBin Oil. Same benefits—NO fat calories.
Liquid & Capsules
VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

FALSE TEETH Wearers . . . Use Improved, Softer EZO Dental Cushions!
improved formula EZO with new comfort ingredient
Grips Dentures Firmer, Quicker
Helps Keep Seeds Out
Helps Ease Pressure on Gums
Helps Plate Fit Snug
Helps Prevent Clicking
Need a thicker cushion for your lower plate? Ask for New EZO Heavy Gauge Cushions!
At Your Favorite Drug Counter 60c

PLEASE BUY ME LOLLI-PUPS® DOG CANDY FOR CHRISTMAS!
DOGS DROOL FOR LOLLI-PUPS

You have a use for KRYLON® SPRAY PAINT
No Muss! No Brush! No Fuss!
IF YOU PRIZE IT...KRYLON-IZE IT!

the Shore, where families dating back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are the rule rather than the exception.

Bill Usilton was apologetic about having no printed record of actor Bernard's visit—his paper was founded in 1793, but many of the earlier files are missing. He did show me a reproduction of the paper's first issue, March 26, 1793. On its front page, one George Byerly advertised that he had on hand many varieties of superior Madeiras, Malagas, ports, sherries, wine bitters, West Indian rums, and Cognac brandies; also hyson and souchong teas, loaf and muscovado sugar, coffees, pepper, allspice, nutmegs, mace, cloves, cinnamon, cayenne pepper and fine mustard, pearl barley, almonds, raisins, currants, anchovies, capers, olives and so on.

From this it is obvious that the Kent Countians—even in the 1790's—were lavishly provisioned for the hospitality which Bernard so much enjoyed. Bernard also spoke of how here prejudice subsided into brotherhood. And the lead editorial of that first issue begins: "Amidst the black cloud of vices which infest mankind, none more degrades the person, or is more detestable in its consequences, than prejudice. . . ."

In Maryland's Kent County, as in most of the Eastern Shore, you sense the blend of past and present. With families settled here so long, history comes down by word of mouth as much as by textbook. "We didn't have much trouble with the Indians. Around here they were a gentle people." Or, "We've always had a lot of Wickeses in Kent. Major Joe Wickes came here in the middle 1600's. One of the Wickes boys, Lambert, carried Ben Franklin on his mission to France, around 1776. Later Lambert took his ship, the *Reprisal*, into the Irish Sea. He captured prizes right under the noses of the British. He went down with his ship in a storm off Newfoundland in 1777. Ben Franklin said Lambert Wickes was a gallant officer, a worthy man." Or, "That was a terrible time, 'Sixty-one to 'Sixty-five. We fell out among ourselves, brother fought brother."

In front of the old courthouse in Chestertown there is a modest monument. On one side are the names of those who fought for the North, on the other those who fought for the South. The inscription reads as follows:

UNDER THE SOD, THE GRAY AND THE BLUE
EACH TO HIS CALL OF DUTY TRUE.

From Chestertown I drove over to Still Pond, a tiny village renowned in the history of Methodism and pugilism. Still Pond Church is the oldest continuous preaching place of Methodism on the Eastern Shore. Young Francis Asbury, who was later to be the first Methodist Episcopal bishop consecrated in America, preached here in 1772.

As for pugilism, one of the great bare-knuckle battles of the century—the nineteenth century, that is—was fought near Still Pond, on Worton Point by the bay. This was the Tom Hyer-Yankee Sullivan bout in 1849 for a purse of $10,000. Tom Hyer, having won in the sixteenth round, was duly arrested for the crime of prize fighting and tried in Chestertown. Lawyers of the Wickes family naturally participated. On Hyer's pathetic plea that he had fought only because Sullivan had insulted Hyer's sainted mother, he was let off with a fine of $1000—a small bite of his winnings compared with what is taken nowadays by fight managers and Uncle Sam.

Earl Kennard Jones, storekeeper and postmaster at Still Pond, could not tell me much about the fight. But he said his father-in-law, who had lived to age ninety-two, was quite an authority on the event. I asked Mr. Jones whether Tolchester Beach, mecca of my boyhood, was still in business. A little girl standing nearby spoke up enthusiastically, "Yes, and I've been there, and the railroad is wonderful!"

I took off eagerly for Tolchester. On the way I passed Caulk's Field, where sharpshooting Kent militiamen repulsed a British landing in 1814. Along the road were faded signs erected by the old-time religion: PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD and WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY? Then, in another couple of miles, I was yanked abruptly into the present by another sign: U.S. ARMY NIKE SITE—YOUR COMMUNITY ARMY AIR DEFENSE. Yes, there were the sharp missiles pointed skyward and the radar screens revolving ceaselessly in search of possible enemy planes headed westward, carrying man's new version of hell-fire and damnation.

A few minutes later, in Tolchester, I again slipped a half century into the past. The ancient resort looked to me just as it had in 1910—including its inviting sign, STEAMED CRABS AND BEER. I climbed the bluff to the plateau where the miniature railroad used to be. It was there! An elderly man was tinkering with the small, high-stacked locomotive. I introduced myself. He told me his name was Leonard Ward, aged seventy-one.

. . . . . .

Better or Worse?

What man has done,
Man can do
And these days so
Can woman too.

Archer T. Spring

. . . . . .

"Just getting up steam," he said. "The excursion boat won't be along for a while yet." I told him I used to come to Tolchester as a boy, fifty years and more ago. "Then we must have hauled you, *Jumbo* and me," he said.

"You mean to say this is the same *Jumbo?*" I asked.

"Sure is," said Mr. Ward. "Same *Jumbo*, same engineer—even if we're both getting a little creaky in the joints. Hop in, and we'll take a ride."

I climbed into one of the little open cars, right behind engineer Ward. *Jumbo*, after coughing up some rusty water from the stack, took off with a surprising jerk of power. Mr. Ward pulled harder on the throttle, and we gathered speed. I don't suppose we made more than twenty miles an hour, but it seemed like sixty. As we rocked along the narrow track, bell ringing and whistle tooting, over the bridge and through the tunnel, I held on tight with the same old thrill. And again the old refrain ran through my mind:

Oh, a hundred years
Ain't a very long time
On the Eastern Sho'. . . .

On the Shore, it is said, "everybody is everybody else's tenth cousin." The great tides of immigration of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, flowing into and through the big cities, bypassed the peninsula. Hence it is often assumed that the population of the Shore is of practically pure British stock. This overlooks the fact that the Shore, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was in itself a lively melting pot, ethnically and religiously.

It is true that the first man to explore the Eastern Shore, in 1608, the redoubtable Capt. John Smith, was an Englishman. So were the families who settled near Cape Charles and spread northward. The first permanent white resident was Thomas Savage, who had shipped to Jamestown as a cabin boy in 1608. In 1619 he settled on the lower Eastern Shore, on a generous acreage granted him by a friendly Indian chief called Debedeavon, "the Laughing King." (What other section of America can boast of an Indian chief with so cheerful a name? Maybe it's those salubrious "influences in its soil and sky" which Bernard noted.) Today descendants of Thomas Savage can be found throughout the Delmarva Peninsula.

As the Anglo-Virginians and Marylanders—such as the Tilghmans—moved northward and eastward on the Shore, they met and mingled with the Dutch and the Swedes (such as the Van Aukens and the Dericksons), moving southward and westward from their early settlements around Lewes at the foot of Delaware Bay.

Adventurous Irish and Scotch were among the early arrivals on both sides of the Shore (McCabe, Dennis, Mullikin). Soon came the French (Stephen Decatur was born at Sinepuxent) including Acadians exiled from Canada, and Huguenots seeking the religious freedom decreed by the Catholic Lords Baltimore. Augustine Hermann, the Austro-Bohemian *bon vivant* and cartographer, settled on the upper Eastern Shore in the 1660's. He won fame and grants of land by drawing the earliest accurate maps of the Maryland-Virginia-Delaware region. He is said to have been the first to propose the Chesapeake-Delaware Canal, generally considered to mark the northern boundary of the Shore.

No picture of the Eastern Shore should leave out the Negroes who have been here as long as the whites and have always played a significant part in the peninsula's life and economy. The Shore was slave territory until the Civil War, but even in those days it had a number of free Negroes and many gifted Negroes, slave or free. Frederick Douglass (1817-1895) was internationally famous for his eloquence as an antislavery orator. Harriet Tubman (1815-1913) is credited with guiding nearly 400 slaves to freedom via the Underground Railroad.

There's no use pretending the Shore is free of racial prejudice. The color line is still drawn; integration progresses slowly and sometimes painfully. Despite this, personal relations between white and colored seem closer and more friendly than in many Northern communities. The Shore's tradition of courtesy remains strong in both races.

In my recent travels the most remarkable Negro family I encountered was that of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Martin, who live on a farm near Salisbury. Mr. Martin, now seventy-one, was orphaned when he was ten years old; he was placed in a Philadelphia settlement house supported by the wise and benevolent William Frazier. The leading spirit there was Miss Frances Bartholomew, a young Main-Liner. She was a devoted teacher who inculcated in the children a love of learning and of nature. In winter she supervised their schooling; in summer she directed their work and play at Mr. Frazier's farm, called Happyland.

Under her inspiration Louis went on to Hampton Institute, Virginia, where he worked his way through and became an honor graduate in agriculture. He married another honor student, handsome Irene Polk from Maryland's Eastern Shore. He turned down better financial offers to go to the Shore as a county agent. There, until his retirement a few

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years ago, he persuasively spread the gospel of scientific agriculture among his initially suspicious or reluctant fellow farmers.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin had twelve children. The children have among them more than a dozen college degrees, including a couple of M.A.'s, with one Ph.D. on the way. Six of them are teachers in grammar schools, high schools or colleges. One son is a major in the Army Reserve; one daughter a captain of Army nurses, now stationed in Germany.

Among the twelve children and twenty-four grandchildren you will find recurring as given names those unforgotten benefactors, Frazier and Bartholomew. And the name of their small farm is Happyland. On my recent visit I asked Mr. Martin how he occupied himself now that he's retired. "I keep busy," he said. "Tending the garden, church work, lodge work, civic work—and (with a half sigh, half chuckle) baby sitting! When you've got twenty-four grandchildren, you learn a plenty about baby sitting."

There is space left only for glimpses of some of the other personalities on the Eastern Shore. There is United States Sen. John J. Williams of Sussex County, Delaware. When this highly successful chicken farmer came to the Senate in 1947 his unpretentious good manners were mistaken for naïveté. The error has been regretted, behind bars, by big-shot tax crooks. Williams's hard work and integrity have made him one of the most respected members of the Senate. Because of his shrewd and fearless investigations of skulduggery, whether in the bureaucracy or in Congress itself, he has been called "the conscience of Capitol Hill."

In Annapolis, across the bay, you will find two old boys from Crisfield, "seafood capital" of the Shore. They are Millard Tawes, governor of Maryland, and his second cousin Dr. H. C. (Curly) Byrd, chairman of Maryland's Tidewater Fisheries Commission. Doctor Byrd is the former all-round athlete, athletic coach and president of the University of Maryland. Now past seventy, he works eighteen hours a day on the problem of restoring the Chesapeake's sadly depleted oyster resources. The voice which once inspired Maryland's champion football teams now exhorts the rugged and warring watermen of Maryland and Virginia to team up in support of sane conservation measures.

For athletes I give you J. Franklin (Home Run) Baker, the old fence buster and game buster of Connie Mack's Athletics. He lives on his farm in his native Trappe, Maryland. He is a leading citizen of Talbot County, especially loved by the youngsters in the Little League which he sponsors and coaches. At seventy-four he is still lean, hale and hawk-eyed. I listened in awe as he reminisced about Ty, Tris, Hans, Christy and other baseball giants of forty-five years ago. He refused to be drawn out about his altercations with Ty Cobb.

"Ty is a fine man," he said. "Seems to me it's near about time to forget our squabbles."

Mr. Baker says his son Frank Jr. "had the makings of a great player, much better than I was. The big leagues were after him." I asked what had happened to deflect the son from such fame. Mr. Baker's reply was that of the true Eastern Shoreman. "Frank didn't care to spend so much time off the shore," he said.

When you ask a native Shoreman about a neighbor who has gone to the mainland, he is likely to say, "He's off." This means that the departed one is physically away. It also suggests subtly that a person may be "off" mentally to make such a move.

On the Shore, where the cold of winter and the heat of summer are tempered by the surrounding waters, people grow old gracefully. Consider John G. Townsend Jr. He came as a boy from a farm on the Maryland Shore to take a job in southern Delaware sawing timber at eighty cents a day. That was seventy-five years ago. Today he is a towering, easy-going, white-haired man whose rosy cheeks and clear blue eyes make it incredible that he is in his ninetieth year. His leisurely manner suggests that he has never known a moment of hurry or worry. Yet he has accomplished, and still accomplishes, considerable. A long time ago he got into lumbering, farming, building, banking and politics. He served in the Delaware legislature. He was governor for four years, United States senator for twelve years. He was an alternate delegate to the first U.N. Assembly in London in 1946.

Nowadays, among his many other farming and business interests, he raises and processes, from egg to market, 13,000,000 broiler chickens a year. His poultry operation is considered tops in efficiency and modernity. However, he told me recently, "I'm planning considerable improvements and expansion—now that I'm getting the hang of the business."

Not many native Shoremen have bothered to accumulate great wealth. (Mr. Townsend implies that he just sort of drifted into it.) Most of the big money is found in the grand old manor houses, dating from colonial and clipper-ship days, which overlook the Chesapeake and its tributaries. A few of these, such as Wye House, are still occupied by descendants of the original families. The majority have been bought and expensively restored by retired millionaires from the North and West.

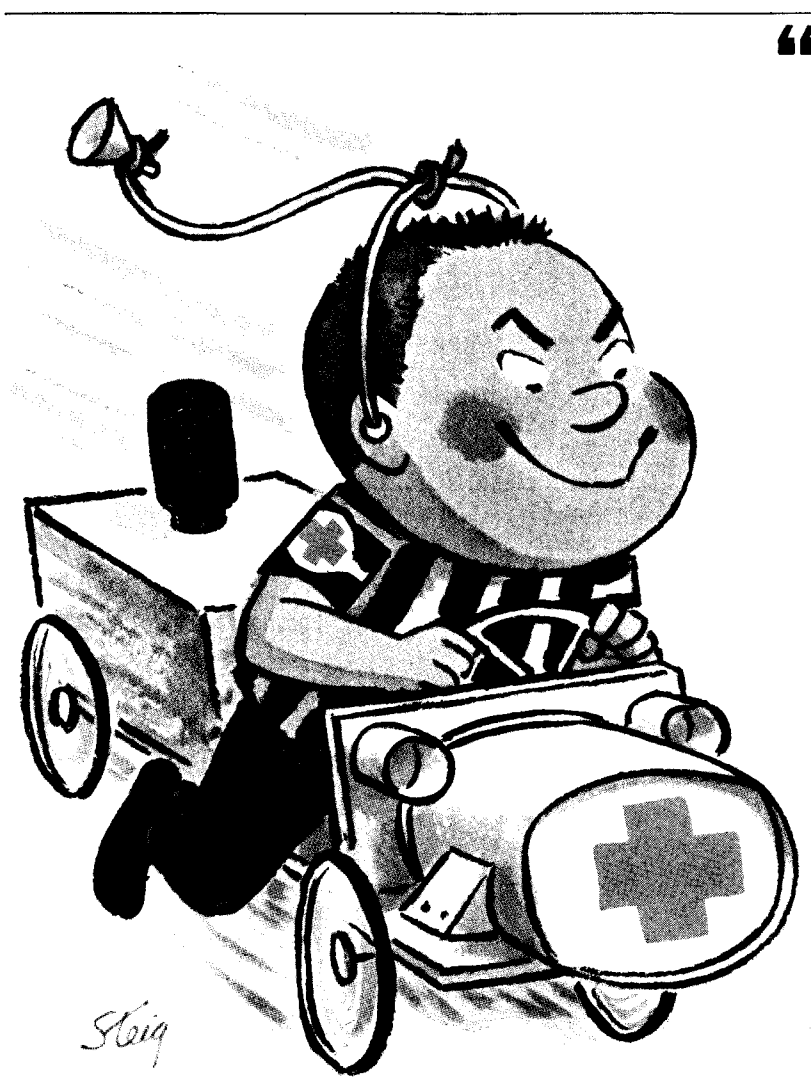
The work of restoration and of "re-restoration" if a new tycoon moves in with newly inspired architects, provides well-paid work for local builders, artisans, craftsmen, decorators, gardeners, landscapers and antiquarians. This source of revenue is discreetly referred to on the Shore as "the retirement industry." The second generation of this wealthy immigration often intermarries with the local families and "subsides into the brotherhood" of the Shore. Even the newcomers among the alien Maecenases are regarded with amiable tolerance. "Some of them are surprisingly nice people," I was assured.

The newspapers on the Shore are still mainly in the hands of the old families. The forebears of editor Bill Usilton in Chestertown and of Norman Harrington of the Easton *Star-Democrat* go way back. Ancestors of Oscar Morris, editor of the thriving Salisbury *Times*, came to the Virginia Shore in '33—1633, that is.

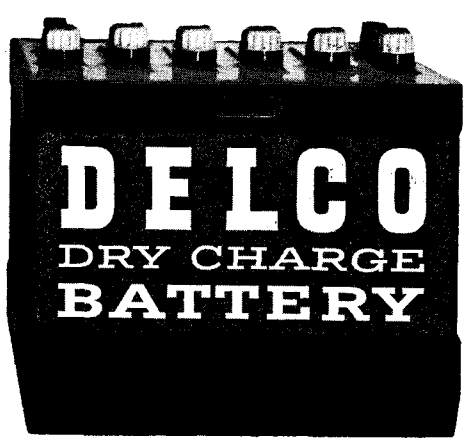
Though the lineage is old, these three editors are young men with young ideas. They want growth and progress for the Shore. But they are aware of the accompanying dangers and possible blights. They are campaigning for new plans, zoning and laws to channel progress into orderly development instead of crowded sprawl.

Can they and others of like mind preserve the essential character of the Shore? I don't know. On the west are the Bay Bridge and Nike sites; on the north, urbanization pushing down from Wilmington; on the east, at Wallops Island, the giant tracking towers and satellite launching pads of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. And on the south construction already rumbles ominously on the great Cape Charles-Norfolk bridge-tunnel.

"Oh, a hundred years ain't a very long time"—up to now. But the next ten years may see an entire era of change "on the Eastern Sho'." THE END



"MUST-START" FOLKS NEED 100% FRESH DELCO



Doctor, lawyer, merchant chief . . . whatever we do for a living, most of us are "must-start" folks. We just can't afford to miss appointments or be late for work because of a "sick" battery. That's why Delco DC-12 Batteries are so popular with drivers who have to depend on sure starts . . . they know they'll get 'em from a dependable Delco DC Battery. You can be sure that Delco is 100% fresh when you buy it, certain to deliver all the power you pay for. You see, Delco is dry charge . . . can't lose any "zing" on the shelf . . . and you actually *see* the dealer add the fluid which begins its long life of dependable power. Be sure you get all the power you pay for. Ask your Delco dealer for Delco DC-12, the 100% fresh replacement battery!

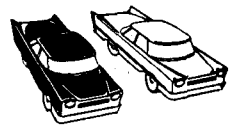
SEE TWO NEW TV SHOWS FOR DELCO
"Stagecoach West" and
"The Islanders" on ABC-TV.

DELCO DC-12 . . . Best to START with . . . Best to STAY with. / *Another reliable General Motors product, distributed nationally through* GM U·M·S

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONLY MERITPLAN offers...

40% Savings for Owners of Two Cars



California Motorists

who own two (or more) automobiles, and who have good driving records, can receive a *40% discount* on Automobile Insurance on their second car with Meritplan Insurance Company.

Meritplan Insurance Company

is the ONLY insurance company that offers a *discount of 40%* on second car insurance. Whether one or several cars are owned by you, *it pays* to be insured with Meritplan Insurance Company. For example: On one car, rates are well below those of most other insurance companies—savings of $20, $30, $40 each year are common. Good drivers insured with Meritplan have always saved substantially—4 out of 5 drivers qualify.

Meritplan Automobile Insurance can be purchased on convenient budget payments.

Meritplan Insurance Company is a member of the prominent Pacific Employers Group of Insurance Companies, with a record of 37 years' service to California policyholders. Meritplan gives immediate and courteous *nationwide claims service.*

Meritplan will gladly tell you what your savings will be on any number of cars — simply mail the coupon below.

Meritplan Insurance Company
P.O. Box 75115, Sanford Station
Los Angeles 5, Calif.

TELL ME MORE about Meritplan's money-saving 40% discount on Automobile Insurance for my second car — no obligation, of course.

NAME_____
(Please print)

STREET_____

CITY_____ PHONE_____

My present policy expires:

Month:_____ Day:_____ Year:_____

SAFE DRIVING MERITS SAVINGS WITH MERITPLAN

MERITPLAN INSURANCE COMPANY

A CALIFORNIA INSURANCE COMPANY

Meritplan is sold only through local independent insurance agents and brokers. See your Yellow Pages.

"MERITPLAN Is One Word – – There's Only One MERITPLAN"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hockey's Masked Marvel (Continued from Page 25)

a better goalkeeper now because I can laugh at getting hit in the face. You can't be a goalkeeper and be afraid to get hit in the face. But you can't be a human being and not think about it—not when you've had one hundred and fifty stitches in your face. It is nice to laugh and say, 'No more stitches.'" So far the mask has saved Plante at least three nasty facial injuries.

It is probable that nobody in sports undergoes such constant strain as a goalkeeper during the National Hockey League's seventy-game schedule and the even more wearing Stanley Cup play-offs that follow. The cumulative pressure has caused several of the league's goalies to have nervous breakdowns and has affected nearly all of them to some extent. Jacques Plante, who will be thirty-two on January seventeenth, is no exception. However, this six-foot, 172-pound goalie seems to have won his war of nerves. He has done it largely by being different.

Some goalkeepers get sick at their stomachs before games; Plante eases his tension by telling jokes. Some lie awake all night replaying defeats; Plante sleeps as much as fourteen hours. Where others may indulge in a drink to relax themselves off duty, he paints oil landscapes. On the ice, others perform like automatons, but Plante goes in for showboating. Some goalkeepers stay glued to the net; he ventures far away from it in clearing the puck.

The prize example of his nonconformity, however, was his adoption of the face mask. Ice hockey originated in Canada in the second half of the last century, but not until Plante took the plunge last season did a goalkeeper's mask become an accepted piece of game equipment.

Although old-school hockey men were horrified at the innovation, the fans in general were quick to endorse it as a sensible move. Most of Plante's fellow goalies in the six-team National Hockey League have since followed him, at least part of the way. Don Simmons of the Boston Bruins, who recently announced his retirement after being sent down to the minors, occasionally wore a similar mask, Terry Sawchuk of the Detroit Red Wings, Glenn Hall of the Chicago Black Hawks, and Johnny Bower of the Toronto Maple Leafs sometimes wear masks in practice, although they use a welder's Plexiglas type that is considered unsuitable for games.

The most stubborn holdout has been Lorne (Gump) Worsley of the New York Rangers. He refuses to try a mask, even in practice. Worsley contends, "If you wear it in practice, you get to depend on it, and then you have to wear it all the time. I've tried 'em on and you just can't see as well. Another thing—any guy who wears a mask is scared."

Worsley speaks for those who want no watering down of the tough-guy traditions of the game. It is like the situation that prevailed in baseball when the batting helmet was introduced. Some veterans felt that to put on the helmet constituted a shameful admission of fear of getting beaned.

Similarly, not long after Plante began using his mask in league competition, a questioner in Toronto demanded, "Doesn't your mask prove that you're afraid?"

"If you jumped out of a plane without a parachute," Plante replied, "would that make you brave?"

This season, when the Canadiens got off to a rather slow start—for them—the Montreal fans beseeched Plante to take off his mask. They believed it was responsible for his unusually poor goals-against record. Plante held firm. In mid-November, both he and the team appeared to be getting back in their championship stride.

Many of the teen-age goalkeepers in Canada and the northern rim of the United States have copied him, utilizing everything from baseball catchers' masks to the welders' type.

"You'll never get the masks off those kids," predicts Kenny Reardon, a former all-star defenseman with Montreal and now the club's vice president. "Their mothers won't let them take the masks off. Inside ten years all the pro goalkeepers will have them, because they grew up wearing them."

Jacques Plante grew up as a goalkeeper the hard way. He did not get the idea of trying to protect his face from flying pucks until after he had advanced to the major league with the Canadiens. During his early years with the team he suffered two of his worst injuries. Ironically, each occurred in a routine workout. "In a game you are ready," Plante explains, "but in practice you relax a bit."

In the first of these practice accidents, which took place in 1954, his right cheekbone was smashed. The next year his left cheekbone and nose were fractured. Soon after this second injury a Canadiens' fan sent him a welder's mask.

"I don't even remember his name," Plante says, "but I'll always be thankful to him. I tried that mask in practice. Once it was hot, and the mask was getting heavy. I was going to take it off, Next thing I knew—wham, a puck hit the mask right in front of my eyes. After that, I kept the mask on in practice all the time, and I kept trying to figure out what kind of a mask to get to wear in a game."

During the 1958 Stanley Cup play-offs a puck clipped Plante on the forehead. Among the spectators was Bill Burchmore, a thirty-five-year-old sales-promotion man for Fiberglas Canada Ltd. in Montreal. "I can still see the blood spurting," Burchmore recalls. "The next day I wrote Jacques a letter. I told him that if he was interested in getting a game mask, I thought we could help him."

Burchmore had a solid hockey background. Growing up in Montreal, he had been a goalkeeper briefly, but later switched to center. As the teen-age coach of an age eight-to-ten-year-old team, he had helped develop Dickie Moore, now the Canadiens' left-wing star, who holds the N.H.L. single-season scoring record of ninety-six points. Burchmore later played college hockey.

"Before I wrote Jacques," he says, "I had been thinking about a goalkeeper's mask for about a year. We had to find some way of making a light, unbreakable mask that would be skin-tight."

One day Burchmore glanced across his office desk at a sample Fiberglas mannequin. "That's it," he said aloud, startling his co-workers. "Make a Fiberglas mask molded to the face, just like that mannequin's face."

Plante was skeptical at first. More than a year later, in August, 1959, he finally agreed to have a facial plaster cast taken at Montreal General Hospital under the supervision of Dr. Ian Milne, one of the Canadiens' club physicians, and club physiotherapist Bill Head.

Then Burchmore went to work. "We made the mask out of Fiberglas-woven roving saturated in polyester resin," he explains. "It was only one eighth of an inch thick, but it had tremendous impact resistance. We padded it with thin strips of sponge rubber at the forehead, cheekbones and chin to cushion the impact. But I didn't really like the mask. It was too grotesque."

Despite the ghoulish appearance of the mask—a flesh-colored affair with two eye holes and another for the nostrils and mouth—Plante was eager to test it during the Canadiens' preseason training in September, 1959. He wore it in a few exhibition games, but failed to impress coach Hector (Toe) Blake.

Blake says now, "My original objection was that I thought Jacques was losing sight of the puck when it was at his feet." Others close to the situation, however, declare that Blake privately feared Plante was coming down with "rubberitis"—trade slang for the battle fatigue that often afflicts goalies.

At any rate, Blake tactfully persuaded Plante to forgo the mask experiment. "Do me a favor, Jacques," he said. "Don't wear the mask when the season starts. If you have a bad game, the fans will blame the mask and they'll get on you."

Plante agreed, but continued to wear his mask in pregame practice, as well as during off-day practice sessions. Then came a game in New York on November 1, 1959. Andy Bathgate, a hard-shooting right wing, swooped in on Plante. From fifteen feet, Bathgate swatted a quick, rising backhand shot. Caught with his hands down, Plante was hit on the left side of the nose.

The impact momentarily stiffened Plante. Then he toppled face down on the milk-white ice at the right side of the net. He lay motionless for some fifteen seconds. With a blood-smeared towel stuffed against his face, he was helped to his feet and guided off the ice by teammates. Two Madison Square Garden policemen led him to the emergency first-aid room.

"When he came in," relates Dr. Kazuo Yanagisawa, the Rangers' physician, "he went over to the mirror and said, 'I want to see how bad this is!'"

The sharp-edged puck had sliced a three-inch gash from the left side of Plante's nose down to his upper lip. Doctor Yanagisawa used seven stitches to close the wound. In hockey, a game may be held up if a goalkeeper requires temporary medical attention. It was twenty minutes before Plante was ready to return to the ice. Coach Blake inspected his goalkeeper's face, then told him, "You can wear your mask if you want to."

"Good, because I'm not going back without it," Plante said.

The accident had occurred at the 3:06 mark of the first period in a scoreless game. On the official N.H.L. score sheet, it went down simply as Plante's third save, Bathgate's shot having bounced off the goalkeeper's face into the corner of the rink when time was called. Plante made twenty-four more saves after resuming play with his mask on, and the Canadiens won, 3-1.

However, his coach was not convinced. After the game he said only, "Jacques can keep wearing the mask until his face heals, and maybe after that—if he's going good."

Plante's case was strengthened when the Canadiens went unbeaten in his first eleven games with the mask. They won ten and tied one—as a total of only thirteen goals were scored on Plante. This was during an early-season streak which helped the Canadiens skate away with first place for the fourth time in five seasons—they won the Stanley Cup play-offs all five years.

Meanwhile, Burchmore was busy perfecting an improved model. "We made the second mask out of five hundred and forty ends of glass yarn," he says. "Instead of being a solid piece of Fiberglas, it was constructed of Fiberglas bars. This made it lighter—only 10.3 ounces, compared to the original fourteen-ounce mask. With the bars there was more air circulation. And it looked more like a piece of sports equipment—something like a baseball catcher's mask."

Plante began wearing the new protector last January. Blake remained skeptical. Late in the season he asked Plante to skip the mask for a game. "You're not sharp lately," Blake said. "Try it with the mask off. Maybe it will help you."

Plante complied, but, if anything, his performance was worse. The Canadiens lost, 3-0, in Detroit. Nobody could accuse Plante of letting down on purpose, for he was involved in a duel with Glenn Hall of Chicago for a goalkeeper's most prized award—the Georges Vezina Trophy.

Strictly speaking, this award is based on team performance. It is given to the goalkeeper who has played the most games for the team with the fewest goals scored against it. Nevertheless, the goalkeeper has his name engraved on the sterling-silver trophy and printed on a league bonus check for $1000.

Plante had won the award the four previous seasons, matching the record of Bill Durnan, a onetime Montreal goalie who is rated by many experts as the best in hockey history. "This time," Plante said last season, "it is not the money. It is the honor. Five in a row will be a record."

Entering the final night of the regular season Plante and Hall were tied, a total of 175 goals having been scored against each of their teams. Plante allowed three more in a losing game in New York, but the out-of-town results on the scoreboard showed that Hall had fared even worse, with Chicago playing a 5-5 tie with Boston. When Plante's own game ended, he sank to his padded knees on the ice.

In Next Week's Bigger-Than-Normal Issue:

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

In Color:

THE FRANCISCANS • ICEBOATING

Many other articles and stories

PLUS AN IMPORTANT EDUCATION SURVEY

(See page 53)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No brush.
No lather.
No blades.
No blood.
No push.
No pull.
No bull.

All you get is the shave that's rated best.

A blade shaves skin; a Ronson CFL shaves beard (shaves it closer than any other electric shaver). $20 buys you blades, razor, shaving creams, powders, brush and styptic pencils for a year's use. $20 buys you a Ronson CFL for a lifetime. Ronson, of course, is the quickest of the electric shavers; far faster than blade and soap. ("I had a beard and I had a Ronson. In 2 minutes I had only a Ronson.") If you shave with a blade, test shave a Ronson. Within a week, you won't use anything else. And you will know why Ronson is rated best* for closeness. Best for speed. Best for comfort. *RATINGS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

"I was saying a prayer of thanks," he explained later.

Such extroverted behavior is typical of Plante. In celebrating other important occasions, such as winning the Stanley Cup, he has kissed the ice. It is routine for him to throw his arms high above his head when the final buzzer—in Montreal, they use a siren—signals a victory for the Canadiens.

His home fans seem to resent these demonstrative displays of emotion. So does the Montreal front office. "Most of our French-Canadian players are the retiring, shy type," says Frank Selke, the shrewd sixty-seven-year-old managing director of the Canadiens. "But Jacques is just the reverse. He has changed goaltending for the better, but I'm sure he could be an even better goalkeeper himself if he didn't let his showmanship get the best of him."

Until Plante arrived on the N.H.L. scene, it was customary for a goalkeeper never to leave his net. Plante created a sensation by sometimes skating as far as sixty feet to the blue line—the average N.H.L. rink measures 195 feet by eighty-five feet—to smother a loose puck or pass it to one of his teammates. The critics howled, but the late Dick Irvin, then the wise, white-haired coach of the Canadiens, defended Plante. Irvin stated prophetically, "Mark my words, this fellow is going to revolutionize goalkeeping." Plante's strategy since has been imitated to some extent by nearly every professional goalkeeper.

Plante says he began wandering from the net when he was playing for the Quebec City Citadels of the Quebec Junior Hockey League. "One of our defensemen couldn't pass the puck up to the blue line and another couldn't skate backwards," Plante relates. "The other two on the squad could turn only one way. Somebody had to clear the puck, so I started to do it myself. The defensemen liked it, and I've been doing it ever since."

Toe Blake, who succeeded Irvin as coach after Plante's first full season at Montreal, has never tampered with his goalie's tactics. "Once in a while," Blake says, "if I think he's going out of the net to an extreme, I'll mention it to him. Or I'll tell him to stay on his feet more. But usually I leave him alone. Goalkeepers are different from other hockey players."

Goalkeeping is the rarest specialty in big-league sports. Normally there are only six such jobs available in the entire National Hockey League, although in recent years some N.H.L. teams occasionally have used a two-man system. In the modern history of the league only one ex-goalkeeper has ever served as a coach—Hugh Lehman, who guided the Chicago Black Hawks for the final twelve games of the 1927-28 season. The reason, of course, is that a goalkeeper lacks the over-all hockey knowledge necessary to direct a team. By the same token, a coach who was a forward or defenseman knows virtually nothing about the intricacies of goalkeeping.

"Nobody ever taught me to play goal," says Jacques Plante. "I learned by myself and from watching other goalkeepers."

Contributing to the boldness with which he plays the position is the fact that he is perhaps the swiftest skater among the N.H.L. goalkeepers. Two years ago, the Canadien players had a speed-skating race—while keeping the puck on their sticks— around the Montreal Forum ice. Henri Richard and Tom Johnson each circled the rink in sixteen seconds flat. The agile Plante, despite his thirty-seven pounds of clumsy equipment, was timed in a surprising nineteen seconds.

One night early in the 1958-59 season Plante's daring backfired at the Forum. He skated out to the sideboards for the puck, and then, as he attempted to pass it, his stick handle caught in his loose-fitting uniform jersey. The puck went out of control, eventually bouncing off the side bar of the net onto the stick of Earl Balfour of the Chicago Black Hawks. Balfour easily flicked it into the unprotected goal as Plante—thirty feet away—watched helplessly.

This incident started a wave of catcalling that, after a few games, had Plante on the brink of a nervous breakdown. He recalls, "It was so bad one night, I said to myself, 'I'm going to skate off the ice and quit right now.' Then I thought how they used to boo a great goalkeeper like Bill Durnan, and I stayed out there.

"It was my wife who really suffered. At the game, some of the guys sitting near her would boo me so she would hear it. She heard them dare each other to boo me with her sitting there."

This hostile experience with the Montreal fans has left psychological scars on Plante. "Some of the people," he says with a smirk, "they think I'm lucky. They still don't admit my style. I don't make as many saves as the other goalkeepers because I get the puck first, away from the net. After seven years, all they see are my saves in the paper, not my work. I play pro hockey. I know what it is like. But most of them, they played school hockey. Some not even that. What do they know?"

Undeserved criticism is among the many pressures which chip away at a goalkeeper's nervous system. One of Plante's antidotes is to get a great deal of sleep. When there is no game, he goes to bed at eight P.M. "Maybe I watch television for a while, maybe not," Jacques says, "but by ten I am always asleep." He usually rises at eight in the morning, but in the afternoon he'll put a stack of soft music on his hi-fi record player and take a two-hour nap.

Plante's dining habits also are unusual. He eats five meals on a nongame day. He begins with a breakfast of cheese, toast and coffee—"I hate eggs," he says. For lunch he'll have ground steak, mashed potatoes and ice cream. Then comes a sandwich at four and a steak dinner at six-thirty. Before he goes to bed he has another snack.

"To be a good goalkeeper," Plante sums up, "you must have your rest. Your eyes must be sharp. You must keep your weight, because you can lose maybe ten pounds in a game. But it is an easy job—if you can stand the tension."

Recent N.H.L. history is dotted with the names of goalkeepers who cracked under the strain. There was the case of Terry Sawchuk, for instance. Early in December of 1956, when he was with the Boston Bruins, Sawchuk was hospitalized by infectious mononucleosis. Two weeks later he suddenly appeared back in uniform. A month after that he disappeared—just as suddenly—at the end of a practice session.

"My nerves are shot," he announced the following week at his Detroit home. "I'm through with hockey."

The next spring Jack Adams, general manager of the Detroit Red Wings, discovered that Sawchuk would play again—but only for Detroit. Adams, who had swapped Sawchuk to Boston in a nine-man deal in 1955, made a trade to get him back. Since then, Sawchuk, who will be thirty-one on December twenty-eighth, has performed brilliantly at times for the Red Wings. He has however, required occasional rest periods. Last season he missed a few games because of a neuritis condition in his legs. This season the Red Wings are using Sawchuk and Hank Bassen on a two-platoon basis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Usually when a goalkeeper suffers a nervous breakdown there is no thought of a big-league comeback. It was that way with Bill Durnan, a six-time league all-star goalie for Montreal. In the midst of the 1950 Stanley Cup play-offs Durnan retired. He was then thirty-five. His successor, Gerry McNeil, starred for four seasons, then abruptly quit at twenty-eight, saying, "I just decided to stop playing while I still have my health."

Comments Plante, "Durnan was getting old, and he couldn't see the puck clearly. He was seeing shadows. No wonder he was nervous. I think McNeil quit because of the pressure that comes when somebody is pushing you for your job"—Plante was pushing him. "He took a year off, and he's been O.K. since."

McNeil returned not to Montreal but to the minor leagues. "I played nine games for the Canadiens when Plante was hurt a few years ago," says McNeil, now a thirty-four-year-old masked goalkeeper for Quebec City in the American Hockey League. "But I'd only do it in an emergency. I'm happy in the minors. You get more shots to block, but the pressure isn't as tough. I can sleep nights."

Ever since a 1928 episode in which forty-four-year-old Lester Patrick, the manager-coach of the New York Rangers, had to substitute himself for an injured goalie in the middle of a Stanley Cup game, all N.H.L. clubs have been required to have a spare goalkeeper available for the play-offs. During the regular season, however, it is customary to carry only the No. 1 goalkeeper to road games. In case of a disabling injury, the visitors must use an emergency goalkeeper provided by the home team—sometimes an out-of-shape amateur or the club trainer.

To avoid this, the Canadiens last season carried their own stand-by replacement for Plante on the road—Jacques Beauchamp, thirty-one, a former amateur goalkeeper who travels with the club anyway, as a sports writer for the French-language daily Montreal *Matin*.

"When my eyes go in a few years," Plante says, "that will be my ambition—to be the sub goalkeeper. I bet I can do it until forty-five. Then I'll be a twenty-year man, and my league pension will be $300 a month."

Plante's financial future looks promising even without the pension. His hockey salary, which is estimated at close to $20,000, is "tops in the league for a goalkeeper," according to managing director Selke. During the summer off season he works as a good-will ambassador for the Molson's Brewery in Montreal. In addition, he shares in the patent on his face mask with inventor Bill Burchmore. The masks are now in mass production, and Burchmore confidently predicts that Plante's share of the royalties will bring him more than $100,000 over the next few years.

Jacques owns three four-unit apartment houses in Montreal. He and his family—he has sons of nine and seven—live in suburban Laval des Rapides. Their handsome six-room, white-stone bungalow is quite a contrast to the wooden farmhouse in Mont Carmel, Quebec, where Jacques Plante was born on January 17, 1929.

Shortly after his birth, Xavier and Palma Plante moved to Shawinigan Falls, now an industrial area of more than 50,000, where Jacques's father became a machinist for the Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd.

"There were five brothers and five sisters after me," Plante recalls. "I washed and scrubbed the floors. I did some of the cooking. I changed the diapers. My mother didn't have time to knit for all of us, so she taught us how. I still knit the white woolen T shirts I wear next to my skin under my equipment."

Plante believes he was about three when he started skating on the St. Maurice River ice. At the age of five he fell off the ladder of a playground slide and broke his left wrist. The bone did not heal properly. As a result, he was unable to turn his left palm outward.

Despite this handicap, he became a good enough prospect as a goaltender to be signed by the Canadiens ten years later. He advanced steadily in organized hockey, reaching the Montreal Royals of the Quebec Senior Hockey League at the age of twenty-two.

"I knew I'd never make the N.H.L. unless I had the wrist fixed," Plante says. "I couldn't catch the puck with my left hand. I couldn't even block it or knock it down. I had to use my thigh to block it, and that meant a rebound. I asked the Canadiens for an operation. One doctor told me that ninety-nine chances out of a hundred the wrist would get worse. Another doctor said it was fifty-fifty it would get better, but it wouldn't be worse. I took the chance."

The operation, of course, was a success. In the 1952-53 season Plante got his first chance to fill in at the nets for the Canadiens. By 1954 the job was his for keeps.

Going into the current season Plante had the best career statistics of any active N.H.L. goalkeeper—an average of only 2.11 goals allowed per regular-season game, compared with 2.34 for Terry Sawchuk of Detroit and 2.53 for Glenn Hall of Chicago, his two closest rivals. In Stanley Cup competition the past five years he has done even better, with a 1.93 average for forty-nine games. Plante and his Montreal teammates now aspire to win an unprecedented sixth consecutive Stanley Cup victory this season.

There is much debate over whether Plante's success has been due primarily to his own ability or to the fact that he has a great team playing in front of him, with stars such as Jean Beliveau, Henri Richard, Bernie (Boom-Boom) Geoffrion, Dickie Moore, Doug Harvey and Tom Johnson. In the annual league all-star selections, the sports writers and broadcasters who cast the ballots have chosen Plante for the first team only twice in the last five seasons. The other three times Chicago's Glenn Hall was the top choice.

"It's ridiculous," snaps Plante's coach, Toe Blake. "The goalkeeper has got to be the key man in the organization when you win five straight Stanley Cups. He should be the all-star every season. I guess nobody will realize how great he is until he's through."

The respected Frank (King) Clancy, assistant general manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs, takes a similar view. He says, "Plante is sixty-five per cent of the Canadiens." However, many observers still feel that Hall or Sawchuk or almost any other N.H.L. goalkeeper would do as well with the powerful Canadiens as Plante does, if not better.

A rival goalie, Lorne Worsley of the Rangers, once cracked sarcastically, "Plante doesn't have a job, he has a *position*."

To this Jacques Plante retorted characteristically, "If I play with any team, we win."

THE END

A bride quickly learns that domestic differences are easier to iron out when dampened with tears.

IVERN BOYETT

We don't roll.
We don't adjust.
We don't flip.
We don't float.
We don't lo-speed.
We don't raise.
We don't lower.

All we do is give you the shave that's rated best.

Many shavers claim a lot. Ronson claims nothing; we let an honored testing panel speak for us.* It rates the Ronson CFL best for closeness. (Ronson's shaving head is .0018" thin; gets the cutting edges to the base of the beard.) It rates Ronson best for speed. (32 cutting edges get the job done. Quick.) It rates Ronson best for comfort. (Ronson's round head fits the curves of your face; the weight of the shaver is all the pressure you need.) Consider this too: Ronson has Super-Trim. It trims like a barber. If you have a beard and you have a Ronson, in 2 minutes you have only a Ronson. *RATINGS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Mother Laurette (Continued from Page 27)

But my great-grandmother, once she understood the reason for mother's obstinacy, looped a sheet around one of the bed posts and, handing the ends to mother, like a pair of reins, exhorted her to hang on for dear life. What the doctor thought of all this I don't know but, according to my father, at precisely twelve o'clock, when the sound of tin horns and wooden rattles started to rise from the street below, "I shot out like a cork," and my great-grandmother was more convinced than ever that the poor, bewildered doctor had been nothing but an expensive interloper.

My being born on the very portals of the New Year made a powerful impression on mother, with the consequence that in later life my birthdays took on for her an almost sacred character. Wherever I might be and no matter how much land or water lay between, at midnight the telephone would ring or she would be there, in tearful excitement, wishing me well and reiterating, regardless of expense, the story of that first birthday when all her world had seemed so black.

I remember one birthday in particular—my twenty-third—when her determination to be with me at midnight led to a situation which contained all those ingredients of hair-raising suspense which had animated the melodramas of my father. She was acting in the French pantomime, *Pierrot the Prodigal*, at the Palace Theatre in Manhattan, and, according to the custom of that old and honored playhouse, they were giving a midnight performance in addition to the regular evening show. I was supporting myself then as a caricaturist for newspapers and magazines and was forced to work late at my studio on West 19th Street, just off Tenth Avenue, some thirty blocks away. A moment before the clock struck twelve my doorbell rang, and there was mother, dressed in her Pierrot costume, silk coat and pantaloons, a ruff at her neck, that unforgettable smile shining through the white make-up, a bottle of champagne under one arm and a ship's clock under the other!

"Here"—she exclaimed, shoving the clock at me—"to tell time by! Set it at midnight—open the champagne—I have to go to the bathroom!"

She had paid a taxi driver to stand by at the Palace stage door and, through some miracle, had managed to get through the seething New Year's mob of the Times Square district in time to be with me at my little apartment. We drank a toast—to the future, as always—and she vanished again like a creature out of some fairy tale, returning to the theater just in time to make her first entrance.

I would not trade the memory of her standing there in my doorway, dressed in such a fantastic and charming costume, with the champagne under her arm, for all the mothers in history.

My father was not content, like the average amateur photographer of the period, to take simple snapshots of his loved ones scowling into the sun. He approached each photograph as if it were a theatrical production, adopting all manner of props to enhance its interest. There is one of mother, clad in a long, white robe, with a garland of daisies in her hair, seated on a badly painted stone wall, while I, as Cupid, am aiming an arrow straight for her heart. The remarkable thing about this classical tableau is that although I am stark naked, because of my long hair and the placing of the quiver, it is impossible to determine my sex.

The long hair, the bane of my early years, was due to the impact made by a popular book of the period, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, and illustrated by Reginald Birch. In these pictures, the wretched youngster is shown wearing a velvet suit with knee breeches, a white-lace collar and golden hair hanging well below his shoulders.

Millions of American mothers, including my own, apparently came to the conclusion that if they dressed their male offspring in this unlikely attire and let his hair grow, he might be mistaken for the offshoot of a royal house. On comparing notes with fellow sufferers in later years, I have come to the conclusion that all Lord Fauntleroys were forced to fight their way to school and fight their way home again. My father put an end to this one day by taking me to the barber and having my golden tresses shorn. I shall never forget mother's cry of anguish on our return. Father, who was not an unsentimental man, produced from his pocket a single curl, wrapped in brown paper, and silently handed it to her. After my mother's death on December 7, 1946, I was rummaging through an old trunk and found among a cluster of costume jewelry this very same curl, still wrapped in its brown paper.

As I grew older I became more conscious of the strange life into which I had been born. My parents took me "on the road." During many of these train journeys, while my father would often start writing a new play, mother entertained me with games or fairy stories of her own invention. She taught me to read the names on the boxcars, and these beautiful names, with their promise of adventure and distant places, have stayed with me still—the "other" place, the place where one is not. Sometimes we would arrive at our destination well after midnight, when I would be bundled, sleeping, off the train to awake in a strange bedroom, wondering where I was this time. How mother managed to take care of me, learn her lines and give her performances, I will never know—but she was hardy and barely eighteen.

After my sister Marguerite was born in August, 1904, my father established a stock company in Seattle with mother as the star, and for the first time our life took on some semblance of stability. As a playwright my father was prolific and, during the heyday of melodramas in the early 1900's, very successful. All his plays had one thing in common: mother was in almost constant mortal danger from the time the curtain rose until it fell. I saw her pursued by Indians, cowboys, Chinamen and, above all, by a man with a black mustache. In my youthful mind this relentless pursuit of my mother was a mystery to me; I could only assume that she had done something dreadfully wrong off stage and was trying to do the right thing now, but nobody would let her. The titles of these plays will give some indication of their nature: *The White Tigress of Japan*, *Through Fire and Water*, *Queen of the White Slaves*, *Escaped From the Harem*, *The Derby Mascot*, *Queen of the Highway*, *The Female Detectives*, *King of the Opium Ring*, and *From Rags to Riches*. This latter, written in three weeks, was one of the biggest money-makers of the day and my father's *chef d'oeuvre*. In the last act mother was entombed in a dungeon by a mad Chinese doctor, there to be set upon by wild dogs.

With such a background, made up as it was of reality and fantasy, it is difficult for a child to keep a proper orientation. It was not the least of my mother's virtues that, sensing the psychological hazards which such a childhood was likely to engender, she attempted—without a formal education or outside help—to ameliorate them as far as she was able. But as my father was the dream maker and she was part of the dream, it was an uphill fight.

I had no sooner recovered from my fear of Chinamen, by being sent to fetch my father's shirts from the laundry, than he created an artificial elephant for his play *Escaped From the Harem*, which soon became a fresh cause for terror. What the elephant was made of I have no idea, but I can still remember its corrugated skin and the wicked gleam in its eye.

When the play was in rehearsal, I happened to be brought to the theater by a nurse. The company was prospering then, and my mother was able to afford somebody who could take me out for an occasional whiff of fresh air. As we walked onto the darkened stage, I suddenly saw the elephant cavorting around in a fearsome manner. I fled through the stage door and headed down the alley for the street. My mother, still in her costume, came running after me, clasped me to her pearl-covered bosom, endeavoring to reassure me and quiet my sobs. Then she led me back into the theater, where she insisted that the men get out of the elephant to show me that this horror was simply a man-made thing.

Early in 1912, when she was playing in *The Bird of Paradise* at Daly's Theatre in New York, my life was overcast with an aura of melancholy, because of the story of the play. It concerned a Hawaiian princess who is "prayed to death" by the members of her tribe because she has left them for a white man. In the second act she is seated at a table with her lover, dressed in unaccustomed finery, when she hears the "death song" chanted by her people. She reaches out for a candle on the table and sticks her finger in the flame. I will never forget her large eyes widening in horror as she realizes that the finger is no longer sensitive to pain.

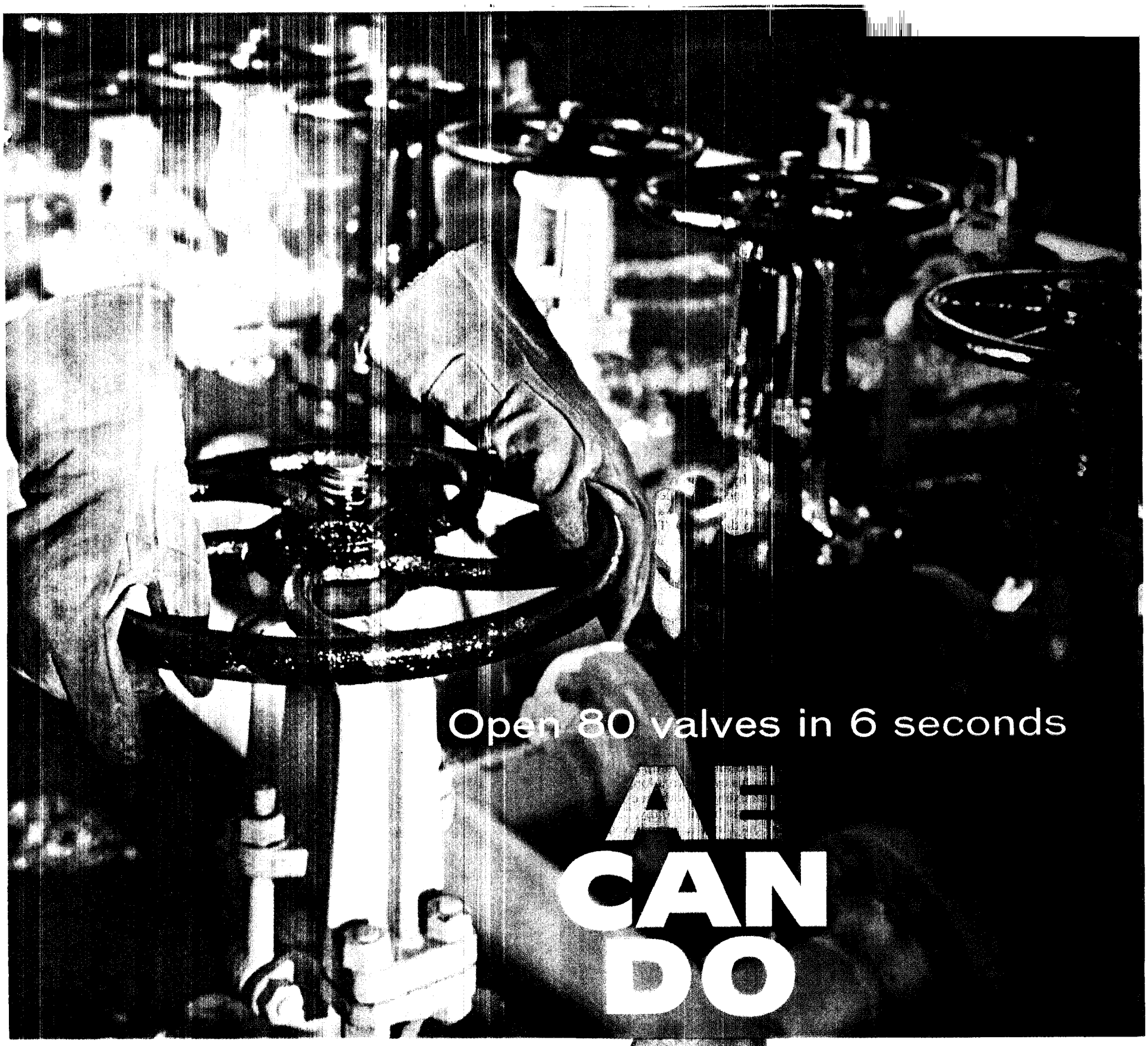
It always seemed to me that my mother really *was* going to die. Although she allowed my sister and me to play with the artificial finger in the dressing room immediately after the curtain had fallen, it was the expression in her eyes which continued to supersede the evidence of our senses. Nightly I used to examine the interior of the volcano into which she leaped—an ingenious contraption of colored paper flames, animated by electric fans. Still, when the procession of natives crossed the stage with mother in the lead, singing their melancholy song, my sister and I would stand frozen in distress in the wings, watching them approach. The moment mother was off stage she would start prancing about like a circus pony and making funny faces to show that she was not really going to die at all; but the emotional transition was so abrupt, and our relief so great, that it was precisely these reassuring gestures which always released the floodgate of our tears.

At about this time a great change came into our lives. A few years earlier my parents had separated and were later divorced. Mother had gone East to establish herself on Broadway. There she met J. Hartley Manners, an English playwright of the drawing-room school of drama, when she acted in one of his plays, *The Great John Ganton*. They fell in love and were married late in 1912.

Over the next few years I was away at boarding schools a considerable part of the time. I would not hear from my mother for many weeks on end. Then one day I would receive a great, fat letter, crammed with newspaper clippings and a running account of the vicissitudes of the out-of-town tryouts, written in a breathless, excited style that was so like her way of talking that I could almost hear her voice beside me. An actress in those days was still considered a fairly mysterious creature—at least in the schools to which I was sent. My fellow students would plague me with questions as to why she didn't come to visit, as their own mothers did. In vain would I protest that she was "on the road"; this professional phrase, which sprang so naturally to my lips, only lent further color to their conviction that all actresses led immoral lives.

Whenever she returned to New York from the road, I would write and ask her to visit me (*Continued on Page 64*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Imagine "walking" a 1500-mile pipeline in a matter of seconds! Imagine taking the pulse of many pumps—dispatching thousands of gallons of oil—at the touch of a button! It *has* been done, with an assist from Automatic Electric!

Supervisory signals are sent out over an electronic system that has both brains *and* brawn. Automatically, they measure pressure, temperature and flow rate—open and close valves—start pumping stations working. They even type out a report of what they've done and "hand it in" at a central control station!

Individual automatic controls have been used for years to operate regulators, valves, governors, and the like. And now AE has the capabilities to combine communications and supervisory controls into one completely integrated system for the oil and gas industries.

Whether you're looking for basic components or an entire ready-to-go "turn-key" system, the odds are AE has the answer. Just direct your questions to the Director, Industrial Products Engineering, Automatic Electric, Northlake, Illinois.

MAKING
IDEAS
WORK
AUTOMATICALLY

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

Subsidiary of

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

GENERAL SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 62*) over a weekend. She would promise to do so, setting the date in advance. Alas! The great day would come and go. I would try to explain that some unexpected trouble had developed with the play and that the promised visit had had to be postponed, but this excuse was always met with skepticism.

Then, unexpectedly, the expressman would appear with a packing case, for which I would have to sign, containing all manner of toys and games jumbled one on top of the other. It was characteristic of her, throughout her life, to neglect some friend or loved one for long periods, and then suddenly shower him with a flood of love and generosity.

The giving of presents seemed to hold for her a tremendous, almost portentous, significance, as it does with children. She was an unusually inarticulate person when it came to trying to express her love directly. Her gifts were often a form of hieroglyphics, whereby the presents, together with the times when they were delivered, were supposed to impart a message which she was unable to convey in any other way.

When my stepfather died in 1928, my mother retired from the stage. Yielding to despair she drank heavily for ten years, and during this period, when both her bank account and her spirits were at a low ebb, even the sacrosanct holiday of Christmas was ignored. But in 1938, when she at last conquered this demon of inertia and went back to the stage to make her triumphant reappearance as Mrs. Midget, a cockney scrubwoman in *Outward Bound*, I received one day at my house in Hollywood an enormous packing case, of the kind that used to turn up at school. In it was the same indiscriminate jumble of gifts—toys for *my* children this time—and the inevitable clock for myself to remind me of the narrow squeak we had had on New Year's Eve.

As I approached adolescence, I started to shoot up like a bean pole. After the long, hard years in my father's melodramas, mother had at last reached stardom as the young Irish girl in Hartley Manners's *Peg o' My Heart*, and she must have found something disheartening about a son approaching manhood while she was still in her theatrical prime. It had always been her contention that a leading lady without children was of much greater interest to the public, and that if she did have children, it was better for them to remain little and picturesque. But I continued to grow and by the time I was twelve easily reached her shoulder.

It was at about this time that my sister, Marguerite, and I first came to England, where mother was repeating her New York success of *Peg o' My Heart*. [The play ran in New York from December, 1912, to the spring of 1914, after which it went to London for another 700 performances. —ED.] We were invited to spend Christmas at the house of Sir George Alexander, a popular matinee idol of the '90's. Mother had evidently failed to inform Lady Alexander of our ages, for I was horrified, on taking my place at the dinner table, to find beside my plate a toy chicken coop containing a rooster which emitted a plaintive wail when one opened the door. I did my best to show some interest in this but I'm afraid my efforts were only halfhearted. Sir George later attempted to make amends by sending the butler to my room to inquire whether I preferred the London *Times* or the *Daily Mail* on my breakfast tray.

One day my mother called my sister and me together and suggested that it might be better in the future if we referred to ourselves as cousins. I received this suggestion as halfheartedly as I had accepted the chicken coop, but when it was pointed out that it might be better for business I regretfully agreed. I don't think anyone ever took this cousin subterfuge very seriously except mother.

I remember one day, while taking a walk around the deck of the *Aquitania*, seeing her approaching with a British officer on each arm. I decided to keep right on going, without even glancing in her direction, thinking that this bit of play acting might amuse her. But something in her maternal nature was touched by my stoical tread or—which is much more likely—her awareness that no young man ever passes a pretty woman without at least a tentative glance. She called out gaily, "Hel-*lo*, there!"

This greeting was delivered with such conviction and airy detachment that it must have induced in me what psychiatrists call a trauma. For years afterward I was haunted by a recurring dream in which I found myself standing on a wharf gazing after a departing liner on which I was supposed to have sailed. I plunged into the ocean and swam valiantly in pursuit. As I drew alongside, I was spotted by an observant sailor, who threw me a line and hauled me up onto the deck, from whence I was immediately rushed off to the purser. This man, who was invariably a snob, asked me my name. I gave it, explaining that I had missed the boat and decided to swim. As I stood before him, dripping and miserable, he ran his eye down a long piece of paper. Then fixing me with an expression of frank distaste he said coldly, "I'm very sorry, sir, but I'm afraid we haven't got you on our list."

Nowadays a teen-age boy would rather pass his classmates on the highway than in school.

CY N. PEACE

I always awoke at this point with a feeling of indescribable dismay and have often wondered, if the dream had continued, whether I would have been thrown back into the water, like a fish out of season.

The relationship between my mother and myself—at least in my more cognizant years—was not really like that of a mother and son at all. I think this was partly due to her reluctance, perhaps even inability, to sustain the responsibilities of the conventional relationship and at the same time fulfill the demands of her profession. Also I think she felt that early independence of maternal ties was good for a boy, and I'm not sure that she wasn't right. My mother demanded wit rather than obedience. Needless to say, this was sometimes more difficult to produce. When I was going to Europe at the age of nineteen, she adjured me solemnly to stay away from "cheap" women. "One false step," she warned, "and you can be ruined for life—just as surely as if you had stepped off the edge of a roof."

I knew she was telling me this out of a conventional sense of duty, and that the interview was probably as embarrassing to her as it was to me.

"But, mother," I protested, "nobody *wants* to walk around the edge of a roof!"

At this she burst into laughter, and any further attempts at moralizing were abandoned.

Dullness and fat were her mortal enemies. Nature had made her in such a way that unless she was constantly on guard she would take on extra pounds as a baggage car takes on mail sacks. Yet, like most people with the same problem, she craved the very dishes which were her undoing.

Occasionally she would break down and ask the cook to make us a macaroni pie for dinner, with creamed chicken and mushrooms concealed within. To see her pick up a large spoon and break through the crust of this creation was to see the very countenance of Eve reaching for the first apple. A subtle combination of guilt and pleasure suffused her lovely face, and after the first mouthful she would invariably exclaim, "This is going to be the death of me!"

During the seven-year interval between *Outward Bound* and her great triumph in Tennessee Williams's *The Glass Menagerie* she allowed herself, because of disappointments and despair, to get as big as a house. During this period, there had been some communication with Hollywood in regard to the possibility of her playing Cary Grant's mother in *None But the Lonely Heart*. With this possibility in mind, as well as a sudden desire to see her grandchildren, she took a train from New York.

When I met her at the station I could barely recognize her. She was as round as a butterball, but through some innate sense of the appropriate she wore a round, stiff-brimmed hat, not unlike an Amish elder's, which made her look like the most jolly and amusing person possible. When the studio got a look at her, the producer called me and said that they had reluctantly decided to withdraw their offer. They did not want to break it to her directly, but asked me to act as intermediary. This would not have been an easy thing to do, save for her own examples of directness in which I had been well-schooled.

"They can't use you," I said to my mother on returning from the phone. "They think you're too fat."

"What do they mean, I'm too fat?" she exploded. "Does one have to be *thin* to be Cary Grant's mother? There are plenty of fat mothers—and a lot of them can't act, either!"

"She's a poor woman," I continued. "She runs a secondhand store—they're practically starving."

This subdued her. A proper appeal to artistic verity never failed to win its point with her. The play was always the thing. She dropped her eyes and her lower lip protruded. In children this often presages tears, but I never knew her to cry except at my stepfather's death.

"I *am* too fat," she said at last in a low voice. "I know it." Then suddenly she raised her eyes and looked directly into mine. "It wasn't the drinking?"

"No," I could answer truthfully. "They're convinced you've given that up. It's the fat alone."

The producer happened to be a sympathetic and intelligent man. He told me he was convinced that her obesity was glandular in origin, and he recommended a doctor in New York who had had great success with such cases. I informed my mother.

"I'll foot the bills," I said, "if you promise to follow the doctor's instructions faithfully. I don't want to see you again until you can play the lead in *National Velvet* and can make the weights."

A few months later I received a telegram which simply said: I CAN MAKE THE WEIGHTS. But it was not *National Velvet* for which she was ready, but *The Glass Menagerie*.

I did not see the opening in Chicago on Christmas Eve in 1944. Only fading newspaper clippings now preserve the shadow of that triumph. Travelers, drifting back to the West Coast, told me of the indefinable magic which she brought to her performance.

"She makes the play!" they invariably said.

I telephoned her in Chicago: "I hear you have a good play!" I said.

"It's a perfectly darling play!" she exclaimed, with that wonderful combination of happiness and excitement which I remembered from the past. "This Tennessee Williams is really something! He's a real genius! He'll go a long way!"

"I hear you're good too!" I added.

"Everybody's good," she said. "And Jo Mielziner's set is so imaginative and Paul Bowles's music—I can't wait for you to see it."

"Some people say you make the play," I added.

"Who on earth said that?" she exploded. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear—and this is a silk purse already!"

I think her innate modesty—feeling of inferiority, even—was the most unusual and important factor in my mother's success as an actress; and I think it was her childlike purity of vision and her unerring sense of values which made her performances so moving to an audience.

When I went on to see her in New York and came backstage after the final act, she turned to me from the dressing table, her eyes shining. "Isn't it a wonderful play?" she said.

I nodded. I was still too filled with the beauty of her performance to be articulate. My ability to adjust to her sudden emotional transitions was no better than it had been when I was a child.

"And isn't everybody wonderful in it?" she babbled on.

"It's sure fire," I said, at last. "When the gentleman caller dances with the lame girl in the last act, it's in the bag!"

She laughed. "Even your father, or David Wark Griffith, would have known *that*," she said. "Some people call Tennessee a highbrow, but he writes the kind of solid plays they used to write, with big situations, which an actress can get her teeth into!"

We went out to supper afterward, and I remember the respect with which people looked at her when she passed. No longer was her coat collar pulled up and the hat pulled down. Her head was held erect, and her eyes were alive and curious, as when she was a girl.

I have never grown accustomed to the emptiness of a theater when the lights are out, the audience departed and the actress gone. It seems to me at these times that there has been some other presence which remains unaccounted for, a spirit generated by all these factors when they were together which must continue to exist somewhere still. But where has it gone? I can close my eyes and see Maud Adams in *Peter Pan*, in her ragged suit exhorting an audience of children to wave their handkerchiefs or clap hands if they believed in fairies; I can see Ethel Barrymore, dying on the couch in the last act of *Déclassée*, murmuring in that husky and unforgettable voice, "One more dance, one more glass of champagne"; I can see Wendy Hiller sticking her head in at the door of Leslie Howard's study in *Pygmalion* and asking, "May I come in? My hands and my face are quite clean"; and I can see my mother kneeling behind the lighted candles in *The Glass Menagerie* as the shadowy figure of her son at the left of the stage says, "Blow out your candles, Laura!" At this command, the stage is in darkness, like all stages when the show is over. These images vanish. But where do they go?

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Soldier (Continued from Page 36)

Fran liked to think of herself as a sculptress of living people. It turned out, of course, that she had selected unworkable material in him. That was too bad. Fran could have done well with the right material. He was not sure exactly when she had given up on him. Perhaps it had been in the summer of 1939, when her millionaire father asked Fran how she would like going to London as wife of the military attaché in the embassy. Fran said she would love it.

It was unfortunate that Fran and her father arranged things almost completely before they remembered to outline their plans to an unresponsive block of material named William A. Farralon.

He tore open the envelope and read her letter.

Dear Bill: I have just been reading so, so happily about the tremendous things you have just done in the Pacific. The news in the papers has not been good this summer, and they simply went all out with stories about you.

Perhaps I no longer have any right to be proud of you, but I am. And I am so, so happy for you, because I know this is what you always wanted and the way you wanted it.

Life in Washington has been dull, and I won't bore you with tales of rationing and shortages and lines of people waiting for everything. I was wondering if it might be possible for you to get back here, at least on a short leave. Please don't tell me, the way everybody tells everybody, that there's a war on. The very fact that there's a war on would be a good reason for you to come back for at least a visit. Real heroes are very scarce, and I'm sure it would give people a lift to see one. Morale on the home front can be important too, you know.

If you came back, you would not have to worry about hotel reservations, which are simply impossible to get now in Washington. As you know, Dad's house here is enormous. By the way, Dad sends his best. He keeps telling me I made a great mistake. Did I, Bill? Affectionately,
Fran

He read the letter over again. Was there a pleasant way to answer a letter like that, without answering its final question? He didn't think so. Slowly, deliberately, he tore it into bits. When he didn't reply, Fran would know the answer.

He opened the V-mail and read its brief sentences.

Dear William: I am not entirely out of touch with old friends, in spite of being stuck here in this confounded procurement district, and early this evening Spike took the trouble to telephone me from the War Dept. with the news about Moon Island.

If you can find time, I would appreciate a report from you on this operation.

Sincerely,
Father

That was a letter he wanted to keep. And it was one to answer at once. He moved to the table and drew out a V-mail blank. "Dear Father," he began. "In regard to Moon Island. . . ."

Five weeks after Farralon took over as acting chief of staff, he allowed himself to hope that he was getting the job under control. During much of that period he had felt as if he were drowning in a whirlpool of paperwork, feebly clutching at the latest red-bordered immediate action document.

Early in that period the War Department approved McGuire's designation of Farralon as acting chief of staff. More slowly, and after many official letters and radiograms, the activation of the Southern Cross Division was authorized. The incorporation of the 484th Infantry into the division was approved in principle, but no date could be obtained for transfer of operational control to the Lower Pacific Command. The 484th would be hitting the beaches of Rotai soon, along with the 33rd Marines, with the whole task force under Navy command.

As soon as the new division was authorized, McGuire recommended Baylor as acting division commander. Farralon prepared the messages to the War Department and Army Ground Forces. The War Department approved the recommendation and reported that Baylor's promotion to the rank of brigadier general would be submitted to the United States Senate.

Baylor came to see Farralon after the news arrived from Washington. Farralon asked him to sit down; it seemed strange to have their roles reversed, especially when Baylor outranked him and would outrank him even more when Senate confirmation came through. Baylor sat down and looked at him like a boxer nervously studying an opponent before the bell.

"McGuire tells me I have you to thank," Baylor said. "I hardly know what to say."

"I don't know what's on your mind," Farralon said, "but I know what's on mine. I'd like to offer congratulations—not only to you but also to the Southern Cross Division. It's going to have a fine commander."

"That's what I came to ask about. Who's going to run the division, me or you?"

"Let's put it this way, Reb. If I try to run your division, I hope McGuire will relieve me as acting chief of staff. If you don't run your division, I'll ask McGuire to relieve you as its commander."

"Fair enough," Baylor said. He got up and held out his hand. "Thanks, Bill."

They shook hands, and Farralon watched him leave the office. It had not been a hearty handshake. Baylor was still worried—and with good reason. The Lower Pacific Command would have only one division; it would be easy and tempting for G.H.Q. to start acting as the division's staff. Farralon knew he would have to guard against that. It was important to build up Baylor's self-confidence. If anybody began making Baylor's decisions for him, Baylor would be a dead pigeon. Perhaps the quickest way to ruin an officer was to make him unsure of himself.

He put a lot of time into working with the staff on plans for future operations on Zoanga. All he could do at the moment, however, was to set the stage. Now that the two new battalions had taken over the perimeter, the Japs south of the mountains were in trouble. The mountain trails didn't allow the Japs to bring in enough supplies for the number of troops needed to hold off two fresh battalions.

A series of small attacks forced the enemy back through the rain forest and up the southern slopes of the Karl Blitzens. Farralon set the final objective as the crest. He was not going to be lured into carrying the attack down the northern slopes and meeting the same supply problems the Japs had met. When it came time to hit East Harbor, he was not going to attack over those man-eating mountains. The battalion that had held the Port Solo perimeter was also getting back to full strength. By the end of October the LPC would have a combat-ready regiment. If he could get another regiment somewhere, they could plan seriously to hit East Harbor.

He also recommended the setting up of a replacement depot in the Port Solo area, to which men could be shipped

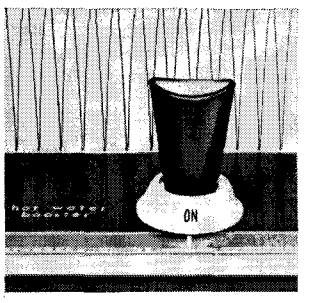
NO INSTALLATION! WESTINGHOUSE ROLL ABOUT DISHWASHER PLUGS IN ANY APPLIANCE OUTLET... SNAPS ON YOUR FAUCET... YET LETS YOU DRAW TAP WATER WHILE IT WASHES!

ONLY WESTINGHOUSE HAS A HOT WATER BOOSTER! IT'S THE ONLY PORTABLE THAT HEATS WATER TO 140° BEFORE DISHWASHING BEGINS... AND THE HOTTER THE WATER THE CLEANER THE DISHES!

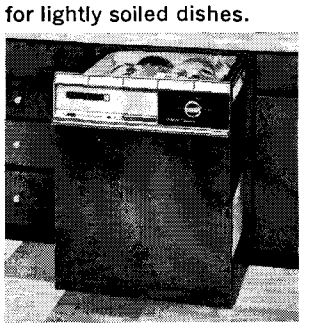
Every dishwasher needs a Hot Water Booster—but only Westinghouse has one! Dishes cool the hottest tap water, and lukewarm water just can't do the washing job you want. In the ROLL ABOUT, water is heated to 140°—the ideal temperature for thorough, safe washing.

Be sure the dishwasher you buy has these features: Multi-Use Faucet Connector with push-button aerator faucet that lets you draw hot or cold tap water while ROLL ABOUT operates . . . dishes dried by fan-forced hot air to prevent streaking . . . Automatic Reel Cord that rewinds into storage compartment . . . your choice of 5 Micarta lid colors. You can be sure . . . if it's

Westinghouse



HOT WATER BOOSTER CONTROL Turn "ON" to remove problem food soils with guaranteed 140° hot water; "OFF" for lightly soiled dishes.



THE WESTINGHOUSE BUILT-IN heats its own water, too! ROLL OUT model offers 8 Choose-N-Change front panels.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

directly from the States. McGuire approved the recommendations, and Farralon put them into effect.

During September and early October he had little time to see Claire Patrick. Staff meetings and deskwork often kept him working too late to stop by the WAC quarters. Now and then he got away for walks with her. Nothing happened on any of these occasions. Their relationship was still in the process of crystallizing into a new pattern, and he did not want to put it to any sudden stress that might shatter it.

On October fifteenth the 33rd Marines and the 484th Infantry made their assault landing on Rotai. The Lower Pacific Command had no responsibility in this, but Farralon followed it closely because Rotai was part of the LPC area, the 484th Infantry was theoretically part of their new division and, of course, its colonel, Ben Hetherington, had been his roommate at S.M.I. He hoped Ben would do well.

The landing went off nicely. A lot of Jap air and naval power had been pulled off to the west by the campaign in the Solomons. So the Rotai landing did not have to face air and naval attacks. There were, however, some very tough Japs on land. After the assault forces won their beachhead, twenty miles south of where the Japs were building their airfield, things began moving very slowly. The marine regiment and Army regiment were in line on a three-mile front, trying to drive up the coast toward the airfield. One day they would gain four hundred yards. The next, nothing. The next, only a hundred yards.

The Lower Pacific Command received information copies of reports that Brig. Gen. John O. Stock, the marine officer commanding the land forces, sent to the Central Pacific Area. General Stock was getting unhappy. With each report his attitude became clearer. General Stock believed that the 484th Infantry was not doing its job.

One morning a week after the Rotai landing McGuire called Farralon into his office and said, "What are we gonna do about this mess on Rotai?"

This was not, Farralon thought, a matter that called for a snap answer. "Well, sir," he said, "I'd like to bring up two questions before trying to answer yours. First, what responsibility do we have for trying to straighten things out on Rotai? Next, what authority do we have?"

"Hell, if I could answer your questions, maybe I'd have the answer to mine. In one way we have no responsibility or authority. The Navy's running the show. We can sit back and say it's none of our business. But it is our regiment, at least on paper. And if we can do anything to head off a nasty squabble between the Army and the marines, we ought to do it."

"Maybe somebody ought to go to Rotai and find out what is wrong."

"Who do you suggest?"

"General," Farralon said, "I think you've already made up your mind who ought to go."

"Not quite," McGuire said. "It all depends on whether this guy I have in mind thinks he ought to go too."

"Are we both nominating me, sir?"

"Looks as if. Remember, I didn't force you into this."

"I understand, sir. What authority will I have?"

McGuire lay back in his chair and peered at a distant horizon. "You can have whatever authority you want to take and are able to take. Maybe that's hardly fair, but you know the complications. This is dynamite."

"I'll try to handle it with respect, sir."

"One thing more. You had only Japs to worry about on Moon Island. On Rotai you got the marines. That's all. I'll send some written orders to you in ten minutes."

Farralon went back to his office, called in his exec and told him to line up a PBY for the flight to Rotai. "And, Eddie," he said, "get Sergeant Kowalski."

"Any idea where Kowalski might be, sir? Since he was promoted, he roams all over the area."

"I have no idea, Eddie. I'm depending on you to locate him in time. You can do it if anybody can."

He felt guilty about that. There was hell to pay on Rotai, and he was turning the Lower Pacific Command inside out to find one B.A.R. man. He didn't know whether he expected Kowalski to bring him luck or not. All he knew was that he wanted him along.

Two hours later he climbed aboard a PBY at the seaplane ramp in the harbor and found Kowalski lounging in the cabin. "Hello, Kowalski," he said. "Where did they find you?"

"Up in the hills," Kowalski said. "They dug up another war for us, huh?"

"Could be."

"I brung your stuff, colonel."

"What stuff?"

Kowalski opened a knapsack and displayed a collection of hand grenades. "Got a couple Jap grenades in there too, colonel. You rap them on a rock or something to arm the things."

"Thanks," Farralon said. Perhaps, he thought, he could save trouble by lobbing one at Brig. Gen. John O. Stock, U.S. M.C., as soon as he got within range.

Three hours later he was on Rotai, talking to General Stock, and couldn't help thinking of the hand-grenade idea again. Stock was one of the fullback types that the Marine Corps often developed. He had steel-gray hair that stood at attention, a battered face and shoulders like a tank. General Stock was not glad to see him. Stock seemed to feel that the Army had been going downhill steadily since the time of Gen. George Washington.

General Stock sat in his tent headquarters and glared at Farralon and said, "I got the word you were coming. Do you Army guys drop in without being invited?"

"Just a friendly visit, general," Farralon said.

"The last thing I want is friendly visitors from the Army. All I want the Army to send me is guys who can fight. And they haven't done that."

"So I understand, sir. General McGuire hoped you might let me look into things, to try to see what's wrong."

"What the hell right you got to look around? I'm in command here, not General McGuire."

"It's not a question of rights, general. We're simply interested in the 484th because it's part of our command—although, of course, under your orders in this operation. We merely want to offer our help, if you think it might be useful."

"Why should your help be useful?"

Farralon said carefully, "General, I'm sure you've thought of the unpleasant results if a marine general has to shake up an Army regiment."

Stock poked out his jaw as if it were a bulldozer blade. "I don't back away from things just because they're unpleasant."

"I'm sure you don't, sir. But the marines and the Army have to work together in the Pacific, and the less trouble between them, the better. I suspect you've thought of that. I might also guess that, if the 484th had been a marine regiment, you would have taken some action already."

"If Hetherington were a marine, I'd have relieved him three days ago."

"You see, general? The fact that it would cause interservice trouble has held you back. General McGuire's thought was that, if anything needs to be done, it would look better if the Army did it."

"Huh," Stock said. "Maybe you got something there. What kind of orders did General McGuire give you?"

Farralon brought out his orders. They were stamped SECRET and signed personally by General McGuire. They said: "You will proceed at once to Rotai and take whatever action seems necessary in regard to anything affecting the Lower Pacific Command, acting with my full authority."

Stock glanced at the orders. "Gave you a blank check, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir. And as I say, all we want to do is help if we can."

Stock had calmed down a little. "All right," he said, "let me show you what's been happening." He brought out a situation map and put a transparent overlay on it and picked up a blue pencil. "Things weren't bad on D-day," he said, sketching in the landing area. "On D plus one we made a quarter-mile advance, to here, and that wasn't too bad either—although the 484th kinda lagged. By D plus two the Japs had brought up a lot of troops. The Thirty-third Marines were on the left here—see? They made a nice drive of about half a mile, up to this line. The 484th was supposed to keep pace on the right, but they didn't get anywhere. That left the right flank of the marines up in the air, and the Japs hit them in that flank, and they had to pull back. And that's the way it's gone ever since. The 484th won't press home an attack. At best, they do fifty, a hundred yards a day. That always leaves the flank of the marines hanging in the air, and they have to hold up. That's the problem."

"With your permission, sir, I'd like to look into it."

"I'll give you twenty-four hours. It's 1700 now. You come up with something by, let's say, 1800 tomorrow, or I'll step in and swing the ax, and to hell with the trouble it will cause. I wouldn't go that far with you, except I hear you're one Army guy who can fight. O.K.?"

"Yes, sir," Farralon said.

He left the tent and picked up Kowalski and hiked the mile and a half to headquarters of the 484th Infantry. Along the way he thought how good it would be to see Ben Hetherington again. Ben was the only close friend he had ever had.

When he reached regimental headquarters, Ben jumped up from his field desk and hurried to greet him. "Good old Bill!" he cried. "Man, am I glad to see you! Been a long time."

"Too long," Farralon said. Ben hadn't changed much. There were a couple of new, fretful wrinkles on Ben's forehead, though. "Sorry it took this problem of yours with General Stock to get us together again."

"That guy!" Ben said.

"What's the basic trouble, Ben?"

"Oh, hell, we don't have to get down to business right away, do we? When we haven't seen each other for so long? Let's eat and talk about old times first. Who's the sergeant with you? He's not from my regiment."

"I brought him along to get him a little action," Farralon said. "Name's Kowalski."

"Oh-h-h," Ben chortled. "I've heard of him. You and your pet killer. Things get around, don't they? Is he caddying your grenades for you?"

"Matter of fact," Farralon said a bit stiffly, "he is. But it was his idea, not mine."

Ben slapped him on the back. "I'm just kidding, Bill. It's a great idea anyway. It catches attention. Who'd have thought, back at Saratoga, that you'd turn into a guy everybody talks about? I'll get your sergeant taken care of, and then we'll eat and cut up a few old times."

It was a pleasant meal. Ben's tent was equipped with mosquito netting, and they sat inside without worrying about bugs getting into the food. Ben talked on and on, happily, about the old days at Saratoga.

At first Farralon enjoyed the talk, but he began to feel uneasy as Ben went on and on. It had been fun, of course, but it was kid stuff and long ago. To Ben, however, the years at Saratoga had been the best of his life. Apparently, when you had been one of the most popular guys at college, with people cheering you on in whatever you did, the world outside could become a bleak place in which people were always letting you down.

Farralon stirred restlessly and said, "This has all been swell, Ben, but maybe we ought to get down to business."

"About General Stock, you mean?"

"Yes."

"The guy really had me worried. But once I heard you were coming, I said to myself, good old Bill, he'll get that character off my back. You were always handy at things like that, even at Saratoga."

"This may be tougher than anything we ran into at school. Tell me, what's on the fire for tomorrow?"

Ben said, "We have orders to attack at 0700. I have the First and Second Battalions in line and the Third in reserve. Able and Baker Companies of the First Battalion and Easy and Fox Companies of the Second Battalion will make the attack. Charlie and George Companies are in reserve. We have a battalion of 105-millimeter howitzers to provide supporting fire, along with the heavy-weapons companies. And we have four General Grant tanks to throw in somewhere. Our objective is a low ridge about half a mile up the coast."

"And the Thirty-third Marines are attacking along their front?"

"Yeah. They're supposed to advance about half a mile too."

"Ben, are you going to reach the objective tomorrow?"

The new worry wrinkles on Ben's face deepened. He scrubbed his knuckles into the (*Continued on Page 68*)

The Sea Witch and the Wizards

By Sarah Bridge Graves

From deep-down, unsuspected
hidey-holes
Old witcherwoman Sea claws
loose,
Yanks out, wads up and mashes
apart
Kelp, shells, lobster traps,
boats, trees,
Roils them in the surf
And junks them on shore.
Little boys and boys grown big
Grope about in bone-cold brine
Retrieving the treasures—
Glad of shells for the mantel,
Clams to cook,
Rope to unsnarl and save,
Wood for a fire,
Pulp logs for a fence,
Kelp for the garden
And storm talk to last a
generation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the world weighs heavily on your shoulders, have a cup of tea; most cheerful stuff in the world. Try drinking tea with your evening meal for a week; see if the world doesn't look a little brighter. Tea psyches you up.

TAKE TEA AND SEE

To get the most out of tea—make it hefty, hot and hearty. Use one teaspoon or one tea bag per cup. Add bubbly, boiling water and brew 3 to 5 minutes. For instant tea, follow directions on the package.

TEA COUNCIL OF THE U.S.A., INC., A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for your living room, den or bedroom . . .

A FULL-COLOR POST COVER ON CANVAS AND FRAMED...ONLY $9.95!

Have you ever wished you could have one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST's warm and memorable covers framed for hanging on your walls? ■ Now you can enjoy in your own home a reproduction of *any* of the beautiful POST cover paintings illustrated—works by such famous painters as Norman Rockwell, John Falter and John Clymer. ■ By the unique Transichrome process, the actual inks are carefully lifted from the covers and the rich, true colors of the original paintings are transferred to artist's canvas, then permanently bonded under a deep, glossy, protective finish. The distinctive texture of the canvas becomes an actual part of the picture, giving it that rare quality so highly prized in oil paintings. Each canvas is then carefully hand-mounted on artist's stretchers for lasting beauty. ■ And the mounted picture will come to you already framed in smart, attractive limed oak, today's most popular style. Here, truly, is a conversation piece which will give you lasting satisfaction. And it's yours for the amazingly low price of only $9.95! ■ To order your framed POST cover reproduction, simply check your choice on the coupon, fill in the blanks and mail it today. There's no need to send payment now—we'll gladly bill you later.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Dept. 1820, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

Please send me a reproduction of the POST cover painting(s) checked below, on canvas, stretched, mounted and framed in limed oak:

☐ A. **BASEBALL** by Earl Mayan
☐ B. **THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE** by Norman Rockwell
☐ C. **STARTING SCHOOL** by Thornton Utz
☐ D. **DUCKS IN FLIGHT** by John Clymer
☐ E. **THE DENTIST'S OFFICE** by Kurt Ard
☐ F. **TV COWBOY** by John Falter
☐ G. **THANKSGIVING DINNER** by Norman Rockwell

Note: Covers A through F measure 10½"x11½". Cover G measures 8⅞"x9⅜"

Name.....

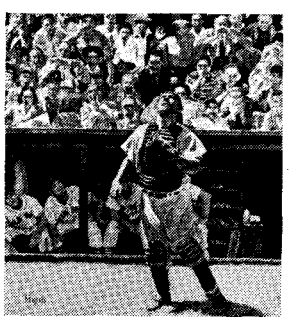
Street or R.D.....

Town.....Zone.....State.....

☐ Payment of $_____ is enclosed ($9.95 per picture.)
☐ Please bill me $9.95 per picture plus a few cents for postage and handling.
Penna. residents please add 4% state sales tax.

Offer good only in U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada.

GUARANTEE—If you are not completely satisfied with your POST cover painting reproduction, return it within 10 days and pay nothing—or receive a full refund if you have paid in advance.



(*Continued from Page 66*) thinning blond hair over his temples. "Bill, I don't know what to say."

"Do you want me to say it for you?" Farralon asked gently.

"Oh, damn it, I can say it!" Ben cried. "We won't make it—not unless there's a miracle."

"Why won't you, Ben?"

"You never went through this business of training an infantry regiment, did you? Brother, you should try it!" Ben got up and began pacing up and down the tent, talking about his troubles—the lousy cadre of men that another regiment supplied when the 484th was activated; the long waits for equipment; the constant calls, after they began getting into shape, to supply cadres for other regiments, with each call siphoning off experienced men; the sudden alert for overseas movement and the deluge of untrained recruits arriving to bring the 484th up to strength. "So you get overseas with almost a rabble," he said bitterly, "and in two months you're supposed to whip them into a regiment that will knock tough, battle-hardened Japs out of the damnedest defenses anybody ever saw. That's why they won't advance half a mile tomorrow!"

Farralon said mildly, "You know, Ben, maybe the Thirty-third Marines have some of those same problems. But they seem to be able to advance."

"Are you nuts?" Ben cried. "Don't you know the score?"

"Maybe not. What is it?"

"You know what the average age of enlisted personnel in the Thirty-third Marines is? Less than twenty-one. You know what the average age of my enlisted men is? Twenty-six. Their guys average five feet ten inches. Mine average five feet seven and three-quarter inches. The average marine outweighs my guys by more than ten pounds. They have guys with some brains, while forty-three point six per cent of my men rated Grade Four or Five in the Army General Classification Test. I want to tell you, Bill, it's dangerous to give a guy in Grade Five a lethal weapon! The marines have young, husky alert guys just boiling with steam and vinegar. Sure they can advance. Who couldn't, with troops like them? I got the scrapings of the barrel. That's what the score is!"

"I see," Farralon said. No doubt it was all true, and it explained why the 33rd Marines could advance and the 484th Infantry couldn't. But it was curious that Ben had all those figures down so pat. It sounded as if he had been rehearsing that story over and over in his mind. You might think he had been rehearsing a defense that could be used at a court-martial. Why hadn't he put the same effort into trying to figure out some way to trick or coax or bully the 484th into advancing? Of course, maybe he had, and maybe there was no way. "Well, Ben," he said, "how about us inspecting your forward units and dropping in on some battalion and company C.P.'s?"

"You mean now? Tonight?"

Farralon smiled wryly. "Would it be better tomorrow, in the middle of an attack?"

"Well, no, it's just that—O.K., let's take a tour. But gosh, Bill, now and then you start sounding like some guy from the inspector general's office, looking for things to raise hell about. Don't go forgetting you're on my side, not on Stock's."

"Don't worry," Farralon said. "I'm not on his side."

For the next three hours they visited C.P.'s and positions along the main line of resistance. Farralon noted that Ben was just as popular with his officers as he had been with fellow cadets at Saratoga. Ben seemed to know all about their girls or wives and children, and asked the right questions to make his officers feel that he had a deep interest in their personal affairs. Farralon had no interest in their personal affairs and kept breaking in with questions about the way the marines dug in as compared to the 484th, the ways in which a marine attack differed from those made by the Army regiment and the amount of support the soldiers had been trained to expect from artillery and planes. Ben's officers answered his questions fully, giving him the courtesy due to a friend of Ben's, but obviously they were glad whenever they finished with him and could get back to Ben.

He studied their situation maps and questioned them on the combat records of their units since the landing. They were all proud of one exploit. On D plus two, after their own attack failed, the Japs counterattacked in strength. The 484th held its lines and blasted hell out of the Japs.

They finished the inspection trip and returned to regimental headquarters. Ben had ordered another cot put in his tent for Farralon, and now Ben yawned and said, "Well, it's nearly midnight. You ready to turn in?"

"Not quite," Farralon said. "Let's look at your map again."

"You're a bear for punishment, aren't you? Well, here it is. Getting any ideas?"

There was nothing that could be called an idea in the mass of facts jumbled in his head. "No," he said. "Not yet." He studied the map and asked, "What's down here along the coast?"

"Why, nothing, Bill. Just a bunch of cliffs. They average about a hundred feet high and drop almost straight down to the water."

"What's the beach like at the base of the cliffs?"

"Beach? There isn't any. At best there's ten feet of sand between the cliffs and the water. Lots of places the surf comes right up to the base of the cliffs."

"How can there be surf?" Farralon asked. "The coral reef goes out for about a mile, and the surf breaks on the outer edge of the reef."

"Oh, well, I didn't pick the right word. The water comes up to the base of the cliffs a lot of places."

"Looks like you can get down to the beach here and there."

"I suppose you could if you wanted to. But what's the advantage?"

"Up here about three miles behind the Jap lines there's a little cove and a pass leading in through the reef."

Ben glanced at the map. "Oh, yes. There was talk once about making the landing there, but the cove is too small to hold many landing craft, and it's a brutal climb up through a ravine to the top of the cliffs. So that was ruled out as the beachhead."

"I want to ask a favor," Farralon said. "I'd like to send a small patrol, four or five good men, up along the base of the cliffs to that little cove."

"What on earth for, Bill?"

"Oh, just to see what they'll find."

"Well." Ben glanced at his watch and smothered a yawn. "I suppose you mean right now too."

"Sure. Anyway it has to be at night. They could never make it in daylight."

"O.K., Bill. Four guys enough?"

"Four of yours. Dig up my sergeant for me, and I'll send him along too."

In a little while Kowalski and four other men reported to Farralon, and he gave them detailed instructions—find out if it was possible for a patrol to get through, along the base of the cliffs, to the little cove three miles up the coast. If they got through, reconnoiter the cove.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Make every effort to avoid drawing fire from the enemy. Leave no signs that a patrol had been made. Return before daylight and report to him.

After the patrol left, Ben said he guessed he would turn in. Farralon said he'd study the map some more if that wouldn't disturb Ben. Ben said nothing disturbed him when he was sleepy. He dropped onto his cot and went to sleep immediately.

Farralon sat at the field desk, shielding the gas lantern so it wouldn't shine in Ben's face, and studied the map and thought about the problem. He still didn't know why he had sent out the patrol, except that it was always worth while to scout behind the enemy's lines as thoroughly as possible. Now and then he got the impression that an idea had started forming in his head, flickering through his thoughts like a minnow in murky water; but whenever he tried to net the thing, it darted away.

He went over the facts he had learned. The problem wasn't simply that the marines were younger and stronger and smarter than the soldiers of the 484th. There were big differences in the tactics of the marines and soldiers too. The marines were shock troops, trained to take a beachhead fast. Whenever they couldn't reduce a strong point quickly, they bypassed it and drove on. They kept constant pressure on the enemy. They advanced until dark, then dug a close-knit series of two-man foxholes. That made it hard for the Japs to infiltrate at night. On the other hand, the marines put most of their strength up front, and in case of a breakthrough by the enemy—as when the Japs caught a marine flank up in the air—there wasn't much behind the lines to stop the attack.

The soldiers had learned different tactics. They had been trained to wait for artillery and planes to knock out enemy strong points, but on Rotai there was little air support and not enough artillery. They had been taught to pause and mop up enemy centers of resistance before moving on. Their procedure was to halt at least an hour before dark and set up well-organized strong points and a defense in depth. Japs could infiltrate rather easily around the strong points, but had a tough job trying to score a breakthrough.

So there the situation was—a wide difference in tactics and quality between the marines and soldiers. General Stock was trying to make the 484th fight like marines. They simply weren't capable of doing it.

There was, of course, one other element in the problem. Farralon glanced at the cot where Ben was sleeping, blond hair matted with sweat and one arm thrown over his face as if to protect it. He looked very defenseless. Farralon sighed. He was not going to think about that other element. Maybe he could bypass it as he would an enemy strong point.

When he finished going over the problem, it was close to 0200. The patrol wasn't likely to get back for two or three hours, so he hit the sack.

It was nearly dawn when the officer of the guard roused him with news that the patrol was back. He questioned them closely. They had managed to reach the cove. At times they had waded through knee-deep water, but there were no deep pools under the cliffs. They hadn't run into opposition. The little beach around the cove was unguarded, but there was a sentry at the head of the ravine that slashed up through the cliffs. Nobody had bothered the sentry, although Kowalski had crawled up close and had been tempted to knife him.

The minnow of an idea was out in clear water now, and he sat down and examined it. There was no use trying to make the 484th fight like marines. There was also no use expecting the regiment to make any real progress with its own style of attack, because the necessary air strikes and heavy concentration of artillery couldn't be provided. Retraining the regiment to get along with less air and artillery support would take weeks, and something had to be done right away. The 484th would, however, fight and fight well under one set of conditions—if the Japs attacked. It had proved that. The key to the whole problem, therefore, was to force the enemy to attack.

The situation reminded him of Wolfe's campaign against Quebec in 1759. Wolfe's army of British and Colonials, supported by a strong fleet, sailed up the St. Lawrence and landed downriver from Quebec. Wolfe took a bad beating trying to break Montcalm's lines along the Montmorency River, and realized that he couldn't win unless he forced Montcalm to attack. So Wolfe used sea power to move most of his army past Quebec, landed troops secretly at night at the base of the upriver cliffs on the Quebec side of the river, scaled the cliffs and deployed his army on the Plains of Abraham. That cut Montcalm's lines of communication, which was the most upsetting thing you could do to an enemy. Montcalm marched out of the fortress of Quebec, attacked Wolfe and lost.

If you turned muskets into Garands, the St. Lawrence into the waters fringing the Rotai reef, and wooden barges into Higgins boats and LCI's, you had almost the same situation here. The Jap lines of communication to their base on Rotai ran along the coastal cliffs past that cove.

He went to Ben's cot and shook him awake. "I think I have an answer," he said.

Ben got up, grumbling and rubbing his eyes, and looked at the map while Farralon explained the plan.

"The idea is to take your Third Battalion out of reserve," Farralon said. "March them back to the beachhead today. Embark them at dark in Higgins boats and LCI's. Sneak them into that little cove without any shore bombardment to alert the Japs. Move them quietly up that ravine to the top of the cliffs. By dawn tomorrow they can be dug in across the Jap line of communications. The Japs won't hold still for that. They'll pull units out of the front lines to attack your battalion. They'll weaken their front so much that your other two battalions can bust through."

"Well—now wait, Bill. The landing craft could never get in without being spotted. The Japs would blast them out of the water. And nobody who did get ashore could make it up that ravine against machine-gun and mortar fire."

"Now, you wait, Ben. The moon sets at 2200 tonight, and then it'll be pretty dark. Our patrol last night didn't find any Jap posts except one at the head of the ravine. They could have taken it out. Well, tonight we send a combat patrol along the shore to take out that post and secure the ground at the head of the ravine. The chances are good that the landing craft won't be spotted and that the battalion will get into position without firing a shot."

Ben said, "I think you're assuming an awful lot. And I don't go for the idea of asking one battalion to take the weight of a terrific Jap counterattack. My men would be slaughtered!"

"No, they wouldn't, Ben. They're good at defense. And they'll have artillery support. Your howitzers can lay a barrage around their perimeter. They won't be out there alone forever. Your other two battalions will be able to break through."

"I doubt it, Bill. It's an interesting idea, but—well, I just can't see it."

Something was starting to tie knots in Farralon's stomach. He said earnestly, "Ben, this is the way to get your regiment to fight. It lets them fight on their own terms, not in terms of marine tactics."

"General Stock would never go for it."

"I'll go over now and work on him."

"I just don't get the picture," Ben said in an aggrieved tone. "I thought you came here to get Stock off my back. But instead you dream up a stunt that could put me in a worse spot than ever."

"This is the only way to get him off your back."

"You mean if it worked. Well, I don't think it would. I'm sorry, Bill. I know you put a lot of thought into this. But you can do better. Get that old S.M.I. brain working, huh?"

"Well, we'll see," Farralon muttered.

Ben slapped him on the back. "Good old Bill," he said. "I'd better shave, and we'll eat and see how the attack goes. Maybe this is the day for a miracle."

As things turned out, it was not a day for miracles. The assault units jumped off at 0700 and almost at once were pinned down by fire from the interlocking Jap defenses. At 0900 Ben threw in the four General Grant tanks on Easy Company's front. At 1030 Easy Company reported that one tank had burned with the loss of its crew, the tracks of another had been knocked off, and the other two had halted after a short advance.

Ben ordered his battalion of 105-mm. howitzers to support an attack by Baker Company. Farralon went up to the artillery O.P. to watch. A field of kunai grass lay in front of Baker Company, with jungle beyond the field. The Jap lines began at the edge of the jungle. The howitzers put down a solid barrage. Baker Company did not follow the barrage closely. That was understandable; troops hated to take casualties from their own artillery fire, and only after bitter experience would they learn that it paid off. Baker Company waited to attack until the barrage lifted. At that point other things lifted too—Jap heads. The kunai grass shivered in a horizontal rain of bullets. Baker Company stopped.

At 1700 Farralon was back at regimental headquarters, watching Ben shrug as the reports came in. Able Company had advanced eighty yards; Baker Company, zero; Fox Company, fifty yards; Easy Company, with the aid of the tanks, two hundred yards. Now it was about an hour until sunset, and the 484th was digging in for the night.

There was a blistering phone call from General Stock. The 33rd Marines had advanced half a mile. Rather than leave their right flank in the air, the marines were bending it back to join the lines of the 484th, even though that created a dangerous salient. After working on Ben, General Stock asked to speak to Farralon. He made only one remark. "I gave you until 1800 today, and you have half an hour left," he said.

"Yes, sir," Farralon said. "I'll ——"

The receiver clicked in his ear.

"What did he say?" Ben asked.

Farralon didn't answer. All day a sick feeling had been piling up inside him. It was hard to breathe. The air seemed to be too sticky to pull into his lungs.

"Come on," Ben said, grinning at him in the old way. "It isn't as bad as all that."

"Ben," he said heavily, "I have bad news for you."

"What's that? Don't look so grim."

"Ben, I'm relieving you from command of the regiment."

Ben stared at him. "You're what?"

"You are relieved from command as of this moment."

"Who the hell gave you authority to relieve me?"

"I have all the authority I need. You can listen in when I telephone General Stock."

"But, Bill! Now wait a minute, kid. You can't do this to old Ben."

"You needn't think I like doing it. But General Stock gave me until 1800 today to straighten things out over here, or else he'd swing the ax on you. There were only two things I could do, either get the 484th moving today or relieve you. The 484th didn't move today. Now tell me what choice I have left."

Ben's face got red. "You mean you took that lying down? From a damned marine?"

"He happens to be in command."

"You're an Army officer, aren't you? You're McGuire's chief of staff, aren't you? Are you gonna tell me you couldn't have pulled wires and raised hell with that marine? On top of that, aren't you supposed to be my friend?"

"Ben, I'd rather do anything in the world than this."

"I guess we look on friendship differently."

"I guess we do," Farralon said. Perhaps, as Ben was probably thinking, he had no real capacity for friendship. All the same, something warm and bright was going out of his life.

"All right," Ben said coldly. "You asked me what choice you had left. You

"I'm afraid you're setting a bad example for the children, dear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

still have a choice. Let Stock relieve me, instead of you. That isn't asking much of a guy who used to be my best friend."

"Why Stock instead of me?"

"Because it won't be just me who Stock will be calling incompetent. He'll be calling the whole Army system of recruiting and training incompetent. The Army won't take that. They'll have to back me up. I'll come out of it all right."

Farralon nodded. Last night he had thought it curious that Ben was so completely prepared with facts and figures that proved why the marines could advance and his regiment couldn't. It had sounded like a defense that could be used at a court-martial. Well, that's what it was. Ben had known what was coming. "I get it," he said. "If I relieve you, it's the Army relieving an Army officer—the marines aren't involved, and you're in trouble."

"That's right. So let Stock do it."

"I'm sorry, Ben."

"But—but I can't see why."

"I'll give it to you straight," Farralon said. "I'm not interested in fighting the marines. All I want to fight are the Japs. Sounds stuffy, doesn't it? And I'll tell you something else. If Stock relieved you, every officer in your regiment would take it as a personal insult. They'd go around nursing hurt feelings instead of trying to do a better job. With me relieving you, they'll be shocked and scared. They'll start being better and tougher officers. I'm going to get some final use out of you, Ben. The way you leave this regiment is going to help train it."

Ben fumbled for words and couldn't seem to find enough breath to push them out.

Finally he gasped, "I never heard anything so cold-blooded in my life! Anything goes, to build up your reputation. Farralon the hatchet man."

Farralon said in an even tone, "You will report at once to General Stock's headquarters, where you will await transportation to Port Solo and General McGuire's headquarters. I will notify Generals Stock and McGuire immediately. My written report will follow. That's all, colonel."

Ben breathed heavily. "Just one question," he said. "Just one."

"Go ahead."

"Who are you putting in command?"

Farralon paused before answering. Up to this exact moment he had not put himself in a tough spot. In fact, as far as his reputation was concerned, he had done all right. Many people would give him credit for not allowing friendship to interfere with duty. He had taken an action that would help nail down the 484th as part of the Lower Pacific Command. He had been a good hatchet man. Now the smart thing was to get out without giving anyone a chance to use a hatchet on him. He allowed himself those thoughts because he knew what he was going to answer.

"For the time being," he said, "I am assuming command."

Ben stared at him incredulously and then began to laugh. "You!" he cried. "Brother! If I thought all the rest of my life, I couldn't figure a better way to get back at you."

Farralon said curtly, "I'm going to the message center for fifteen minutes. Have your personal belongings out of here before I get back."

He walked out of the tent with a machine-gun rattle of laughter in his ears.

TO BE CONCLUDED

The Riders of Saint Nicholas (Continued from Page 17)

prospect of Christmas Eve festivities at the headquarters of the Triple Seven, for which folks were gathering from an even wider radius?

"You know," said Monte, morose. "I been thinking. That bag game wasn't exactly fair. First pickers had best chances, what with more white beans still in there. I'll bet Cal had that figured."

"Sure," said Chet. "But you can't squawk much. You were one of the first."

Monte gnawed on a knuckle. "That just goes to show," he said. "Luck and me ain't even acquainted. Someday I'm agoing to ——" He stopped. Skimpy Eagens had left his horse and was calling to him. "Come along, Monte," said Skimpy. "Something to show you." He led toward the cookhouse.

Inside, on the plank shelf near the big wood stove, limp, well-washed flour sacks were tucked down over two humped objects. Skimpy removed one with a flourish, disclosing the plump carcass of a wild turkey in a battered roasting pan. "Cal brought that in two days ago," he said. "It's stuffed. All you got to do is get a good fire going and put it in. About two hours. A little basting'd help."

"Basting?" said Monte, somewhat brightened.

"Just scoop up hot juice and dribble it over," said Skimpy. He lifted the second covering, disclosing a squat, dark ball of pudding in another pan. "Course those plums ain't fresh, only canned. But there's a snitch of brandy in it. Just warm it up some."

"What do you know," said Monte, brightening more.

"Not till tomorrow," said Skimpy. "That's what they're for. And maybe I'll show you something else. Cal figured to let you just find it when you started rooting for food, but maybe he's hoping you'd just miss it." Skimpy pulled open a bulging potato bag under the shelf and took out an unopened bottle of whisky.

"That," said Monte, beaming, "is the best yet. I'll just take charge of that right now."

"You can read, can't you?" said Skimpy, holding the bottle up. A small piece of paper was flattened around it with a tag end of string. On the paper was written in Cal Brennan's crabbed scrawl, NOT TO BE OPENED TILL CHRISTMAS.

"All right," said Monte. "But put that thing back quick."

"Too late," said Sunfish Perkins from the doorway. "I got a good look."

The sun was an hour and a half up, warming the air, reaching for the rim of frost left by the night chill around the inside of the corral water trough. Monte Walsh and Chet Rollins and Sunfish Perkins sat on the same top rail, watching the dust of the ten white-bean winners fade off northward.

"Hope that horse of Powder's stumbles and breaks a leg," said Monte. "The leg being Powder's."

Silence along the rail.

"Know what I'm agoing to do?" said Monte. "Soon as it warms up more, I'm agoing over to the house and bring that leather chair of Cal's out on the porch and sit in the sun. I'm agoing to catch up some on the sitting I ain't done in a long time. I'm agoing to sit there thinking of how Hat's been working us these last weeks. I'm agoing to sit there thinking up ways of talking you two into bringing me food so I don't even have to move none. Then I'm agoing to sit there some more, trying to make up my mind should I slip into town tonight or just take over that bed of Cal's and catch up on all that sleep I missed last month riding line extra for Dobe 'cause of that bad ankle of his."

> One advantage a bachelor has is that he can change his mind without going home to consult it.
>
> PEP MEALIFFE

Silence along the rail.

"Yep," said Monte. "That's it. And tomorrow if I feel up to it, maybe I'll show you two how easy I can beat you at horseshoes. That seems kind of strenuous right about now, but maybe I'll do it just to work up the right kind of appetite for that turkey and pudding and the other fixings you two'll fix."

"Sounds turrible exciting," said Sunfish. "Then what'll you do?"

"Why, shucks," said Monte. "Then I'll just sit some more and see how much mileage I can get out of my third of that bottle."

Silence along the rail.

"Well, now," said Chet, staring down solemnly at his hands on his knees. "Hat mentioned something about rehanging those crooked barn doors. Also something about working over the harness gear."

Monte shifted sideways some to stare at Chet.

"And also again and likewise," said Chet, "something about putting a new gate on that other corral."

Monte stared at Chet, horrified. "You mean," he said, "you're athinking of us killing ourselves working while the rest of 'em are off having fun?"

"Why, no," said Chet. "Did I say I was? But Hat mentioned those things, so I figured I ought at least do the same."

"Right," said Monte. "You've mentioned 'em. Now what's it really you're athinking of doing?"

"Sitting on that porch in the sun," said Chet. "Maybe playing a little euchre with you two so's to settle who cooks when. But mostly just sitting."

"Me too," said Sunfish Perkins.

The sun was well past noon, the sunlight warm and reassuring. Monte Walsh sat on the ranchhouse porch, limp and lazy, in the mouse-chewed remnants of a once-imposing leather-covered armchair. A few feet away Chet Rollins leaned back, equally limp and lazy, in a rocker padded with the remains of old saddle blankets. Both chairs were placed at precise angles for maximum sunlight benefit. A few more feet away Sunfish Perkins sat cross-legged on the porch floor, leaning forward to play solitaire with an old, worn deck of cards.

"My, oh, my," murmured Monte. "It tires me just to hear him. Where's he get the energy to slap those cards so loud? How's he doing it with all that fat around his middle?"

"No fat," said Sunfish without looking up. "Muscle."

"Oh, my, yes," murmured Monte. "The kind of muscle they pack into lard pails."

Silence on the porch—a companionable silence broken only by the soft plop of old cards on old cards.

Over in the first corral a horse whinnied. On the porch three heads lifted some and looked into the distances of the big land. A darkish speck moved against the seemingly endless reaches of plain to the southeast.

"He got a late start," said Monte. "That is, if he's aiming at the doings up north."

"What's he doing heading over here then?" said Chet.

Silence on the porch. Sunfish gathered up the cards and leaned back against the porch post. The speck became larger and was a man on a horse.

"Simple," said Monte. "The horse's lame."

"G'wan," said Sunfish. "You can't tell this far."

"Want to bet?" said Monte. "It's favoring the off forefoot."

Silence on the porch. The man and the horse came closer and were Sonny Jacobs of the Diamond Six and a smallish neat sorrel definitely favoring its off forefoot. They stopped by the porch, and Sonny surveyed its occupants. A wide smile creased his broad young face. "I never thought to see the day," he said. "Damned if you don't look like three old ladies sitting around at a sewing circle."

"That's better'n you look," said Monte. "Which is plain foolish, expecting to get anywheres on one of those bat-brained horses you raise down your way. What'd it do, step in a badger hole?"

"Hell, no," said Sonny. "Shied at a rabbit and into some damned cactus. I worked on that pastern maybe half a hour, but must be some spines still in it. You got anything particular to say about which one of yours I take?"

"Shucks, no," said Monte. "Any one you want in the corral there, long as it's the gray."

Three heads turned slightly to watch Sonny ride to the corral, dismount, open the gate, lead the sorrel in. His saddle rose into view from inside, heaved up to rest on a top rail. Dust rose over the corral, and a rope flashed through it. The saddle disappeared down inside, and Sonny came out leading a biggish mean-looking gray. He swung up and rocked in the saddle as the horse plunged forward, bucking. Four lively minutes later he sat serene in saddle by the porch as the horse stood quivering under him. "You sure can pick 'em, Monte boy," he said. "He'll be right interesting."

"And go the distance," said Monte. "You sure you ain't afraid of him?"

"Plumb scared to death," said Sonny. He reared the gray spinning on hind legs and started away fast and swung back in a short circle. "Almost forgot to tell you. I came up your east range. Following the drift fence. There's a stretch of it down." He swung again and was gone.

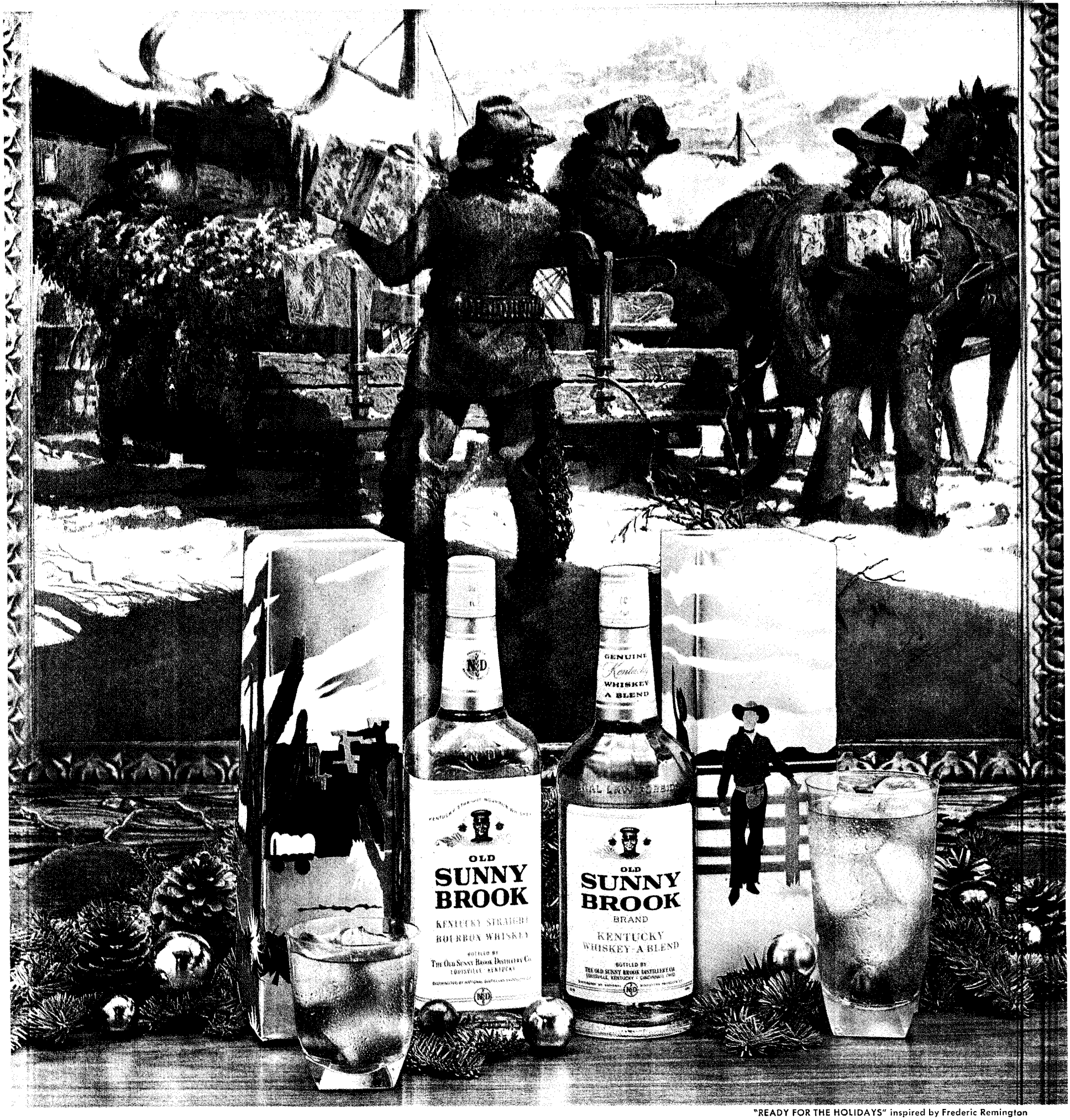
Silence on the porch. Three men sat still, very still, looking at one another and away. "Damn," said Sunfish.

"No, sir," said Monte. "I aint agoing to move. Let it stay down awhile. When the others get back'll be time enough."

Chet sighed. "Yes-s-s-s," he said. "Yes, I guess maybe it will."

The sun was well into the afternoon, the sunlight full on the porch. Monte Walsh reclined in the remnants of an armchair, eyes closed. Chet Rollins reclined in the old (*Continued on Page 72*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"READY FOR THE HOLIDAYS" inspired by Frederic Remington

The Great Whiskey of the Old West ...one of America's Favorites Today!

To the pioneers and settlers of the Old West, no whiskey was more welcome or proudly served than Kentucky's great Sunny Brook. Today Sunny Brook's goodness, its rich, sunny taste, is enjoyed more than ever. Give, serve and enjoy it this holiday season.

SUNNY BROOK

Kentucky Straight Bourbon or Kentucky Blend
Beautifully gift-wrapped for the holidays

THE OLD SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

LICENSED DIGITAL REPRODUCTION
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

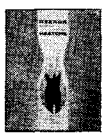
BUYING HEATERS

for factory, store, office?

SAVE THROUGH THE YEARS WITH REZNOR DIRECT-FIRED HEATERS

Reznor makes heaters for long-run economy. Every unit is *flame-tested* before it leaves the factory—so you know it's going to operate dependably—at lowest cost—for a long time.

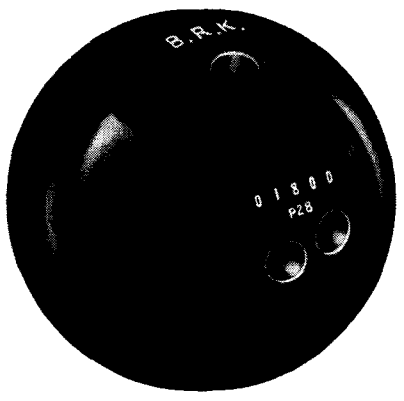
Call your Reznor representative. Or write for literature, Dept. 35-M, Reznor Manufacturing Co., Mercer, Pa.



REZNOR HEATERS

"World's largest selling direct-fired heaters"

WIN YOUR OWN BOWLING BALL



YOU can easily earn within a single week one of these nationally advertised Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand.

Just send us four 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each and we'll rush your bowling ball to you. All subscriptions must be sold to persons outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name, address and full remittance. As soon as your order has been processed, we will send you the bowling ball of your choice. Be sure to specify weight desired.

This offer is good in the U.S. only, until April 30, 1961. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
820 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

LISTO writes on storage boxes ®

(and everything else!)

It's the miracle marking pencil—big, bright, bold! Refills in look-alive colors, too! Pencil 27¢, Refill 15¢.

AT VARIETY, DRUG AND STATIONERY COUNTERS.

(*Continued from Page 70*) rocker, head dropped sideways, breath coming in sighs not quite strong enough to be called snores. Sunfish Perkins lay full length on a doubled-over old quilt, definitely snoring in long, slow rhythm.

Monte opened his eyes, blinking into the sunlight. "Funny," he murmured. "Sun's right up there right on the job, but I feel kind of chilly around the edges." He closed his eyes again.

Slowly, then with increasing swiftness, the sunlight faded. Over by the other buildings a loose piece of roofing tin rattled. A gust of wind, whirling, picking up dust, swept past the porch. Monte opened his eyes and raised his head some. He sat up straighter. His eyes focused into distance to the west. "Chet," he said, voice low and urgent. "Take a look."

Chet snapped out of sleep and straightened, looking. Off to the west the mountains were gone, erased in a great drab grayness that filled the horizon and obscured the sun. Another gust swept past, and in the following stillness, suddenly heavy and ominous, Sunfish Perkins grunted and pushed up from the porch floor and stood looking too.

"Coming this way," said Sunfish, shivering. "And colder by the minute. Must be snow in it."

"That ain't good," said Monte. "It ain't good at all."

"Sure not," said Chet. "If this turns into something and any cows get through that fence, they'll drift with it clean over into Texas."

"Aw, hell," said Sunfish. "And I was dreaming so nice."

"Finish it later," said Chet. "What've we got in the corral?"

"Two apiece," said Monte. "That is, we did have before Sonny stole one. Come along."

Ten minutes later the three of them, in heavy jackets, gloved, hats pulled well down, led three horses, saddled, out of the near corral. Over the saddle horn of Monte's rat-tailed roan hung a coil of light baling wire. The wind came in long sweeps now, and the sky steadily darkened.

"Sunfish," said Chet. "This gets bad like it looks it could, we'll be needing plenty of relays the next day or two. You swing out and bring in some more of the saddle stock. Six or eight anyway. Then you can get a fire going in the house where likely we'll hole up and get something hot cooking. Monte and me, we'll get that fence."

"Got you," said Sunfish. He swung up and left at a lope around the corner of the corral.

"Shucks," said Monte. "Looks like his bean wasn't as brown as mine. Yours too. Bring in a few horses. Cook a meal. And we got five, six miles just to get there, then there's ten miles of fence."

"Sonny rode it," said Chet. "Mentioned one stretch down. One. Could be in the first mile." He swung up and started off.

"With my luck," said Monte, mounting, "it'll be the last mile."

Under the darkening sky, wind moved over the big land, whipping the short winter-cured grasses. The first flurries of snow skittered with it, big-flaked, hardening as the temperature dropped. Like a long blurred pencil-marking across the bigness, the drift fence came out of distance and went into distance, not so much a discernible fence as a line of tumbleweed banked against the poles and wires. Where some violent freak of wind, likely an oversize dust devil, had smashed sometime recently against massed tumbleweed and used this as a battering ram to rip the wires loose from the posts, a rat-tailed roan and a chunky bay stood, heads drooping, rumps hunched into the wind. Not far away two men worked rapidly, alternating at posts, wire cutters in hand, tugging to lift the sagging barbed-wire strands and snipping short lengths of baling wire with which to lash each strand back into place on the posts.

The wind rose, and the snow increased, small-flaked now and hard and stinging, and two tough little cow ponies waited, and two men, fingers numbing, worked steadily on down the line. And across the darkening miles, back by the ranch buildings, another man, big barrel body swinging in saddle, raced on a sweat-streaked mottled roan to pocket a batch of skittery horses in an angle of fence; push them through a gate into the big holding corral, follow them in and close the gate, open another at the other end and work them on into the smaller, regular horse corral.

Swirling snow, wind-driven, filled the darkness of early night, making a grayness in which vision died at fifteen feet. A rat-tailed roan and a chunky bay, sleet-crusted, pushed through the grayness at a steady jog. The men in the saddles were hunched low, jacket collars up, hats pulled down with short lengths of baling wire over the crowns and holding the brims down over their ears, and ends twisted together under their chins.

The roan raised its head and looked to the right, snorting snow out of its nostrils and whinnying.

"Look there," said Monte Walsh, drawing rein. "What now?"

"What say?" shouted Chet Rollins, stopping beside him.

Off to the right, lost in the swirling grayness, a horse whinnied. They swerved right and advanced slowly, peering ahead. They stopped. Directly in front of them stood a small, scrawny horse, showing pinto through the patches of snow gathering on it.

"Ain't that one of Gonzales's?" said Monte.

"And saddled," said Chet. "What's holding him?"

The horse sidled around to face more toward them and raised its head. One rein hung limp. The other drew taut, fastened to some object on the ground rapidly becoming indistinguishable under a mantle of snow.

In one swift motion Monte was down and striding forward. In one swift matching motion Chet had swung down in the saddle and scooped up the reins of Monte's horse. He watched as Monte bent low, following the taut rein of the other horse down, fumbling to untie it from around a man's wrist. He watched as Monte brushed snow aside and heaved, rolling the object over so that the whiteness of a face under an old cap looked up into the swirling snow.

"José?" said Chet.

"Who else?" said Monte, dropping to his knees and bending lower.

"Alive?" said Chet.

"Yeah," said Monte. "And drunk. Smells like a damned saloon."

"Sober enough to hang onto the horse," said Chet. "Maybe the cold caught him too. That ain't much of a coat he's got."

"Yeah," said Monte. "Be stiffer'n a poker in another hour like this." Moving swiftly, Monte stepped to the roan and, with fumbling gloved fingers, began to unloosen the cinch. "What d'you figure he's been doing out here?"

"Been into town," said Chet. "Stayed too long. Too many primos and too much vino. Likely he was getting some things for the kids. Tomorrow's Christmas, or have you forgot?"

"I been trying to forget," said Monte, pulling the saddle blanket from under his saddle. He spread the blanket on the snow-covered ground and rolled the limp body of José Gonzales onto it. "Funny, ain't it," he said, "the fool things people'll do for kids." He wrapped the blanket around tight. "That'll help some around the middle anyways," he said and picked up the wrapped body and laid it, belly down, over the saddle on the pinto. A half-full burlap bag hanging from the saddle horn was in the way. He unlooped this and handed it to Chet.

The central room of the old adobe ranchhouse was warm and cheerful in the light of two kerosene lamps and a fire in the huge stone fireplace. Three straw mattresses and a pile of blankets from the bunkhouse were ranged on the floor along the wall. A fair-sized iron kettle and a wide flat pan and a big coffeepot sat on the raised hearth. One whole front corner of the room was filled with fragrant piñon firewood.

Monte Walsh sat in the mouse-chewed remnants of armchair on one side of the fireplace, working on his seventh biscuit, his third cup of coffee, his second bowl of the Sunfish specialty—stewed beef swimming in a sauce of mashed beans. Sunfish Perkins himself sat in the old rocker on the other side of the fireplace, watching with considerable interest the activity near the closed front door. There, well away from the fire, the meager body of José Gonzales, stripped naked, lay on the floor. His worn clothing, patched long underwear and ragged jeans and shirt and thin coat, was draped over a ladder-back chair before the fire. His half-full burlap bag sagged against the front wall by the door. Beside him knelt Chet Rollins, rubbing his bare arms and legs with melting snow from a nearby pail.

"Gosh," said Sunfish. "There ain't much of him, is there?"

"I've been finger painting."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Not exactly in your overweight class," said Monte. "But there's enough of him to have more'n any of us's got—a wife and two kids."

"And a sister," said Sunfish. "Dobe'd never let you forget that."

José moaned and kicked feebly with one foot. "Go ahead—kick," said Chet. "I know it hurts like hell thawing out."

"And he eats prodigious," said Monte. "Looks like we got another boarder till this thing lets up."

"I ain't hauling in no other mattress," said Sunfish. "He can have yours. We'll just take you up on that talk about Cal's bed. You'll freeze your gizzard in that little room with no fire, but you'll freeze fancy."

José's head raised a bit and thumped back on the floor, and he began to thrash about in aimless motion. "Well, well," said Chet. "So you're wiggling all of them now." He picked up a piece of toweling and began rubbing with it.

"Shucks, Chet," said Monte, ambling over. "You got to eat too. I'll wrassle with him some."

Sunfish heaved to his feet and began to serve up stew and biscuits and coffee. "What's he got in that bag?" he said.

"A little food," said Chet, settling into the armchair to start on his first bowl of the Sunfish special. "A few things for the kids."

"It ain't much," said Monte suddenly, sharply, looking up from his rubbing. The other two stared at him. "Aw, shucks," he said, returning to work. "Tomorrow's Christmas, ain't it?"

Silence in the big old room.

"It's sure doing things outside," said Sunfish. "Must of been four inches already when you came in. Maybe it'll be like that one two years ago."

"Colder," said Chet. "That ought to mean less snow."

José opened his eyes and stared unaware at the ceiling. He turned away on his side, muttering bitterly in Spanish.

"No cussing," said Monte. "That ain't polite. Reckon you're about ready to try navigating some." He slipped an arm under the thin shoulders and rose, bringing José up with him. José wobbled on bare feet and reached out instinctively to brace himself against the front wall.

"Exercise," said Monte. "That's what you need. Walking'll do it." He began propelling him across the floor, back and forth.

"Easy," said Chet around a mouthful of stew. "Slow down. He ain't made of cast iron like you."

Moving his feet mechanically, José looked up vacantly at Monte.

"Aw, come on," said Monte cheerfully. "You're doing fine. Stepping out like a trooper." He propelled José over by the ladder-back chair and released the arm holding him, ready to grab again.

José stood steady enough, staring down at the clothes on the chair as if unaware of what they were.

"Quit it now," said Monte sternly. "Don't you go being stupid on me. It's plumb indecent the way you're parading around here. Put those things on."

Mechanically, moving out of old habit, José began dressing.

"Well, lookathere," said Sunfish. "Monte, you get too old to straddle a hoss, you can hire out as a nursemaid."

José had on the patched underwear, the ragged pants and shirt. He picked up one of the boots and sat down on the chair as if to put it on and simply sat there, holding the boot, staring into the fire.

"Still being stupid, eh?" said Monte. "I ought to bat you one. Want to roast yourself?" He took hold of the chair and pulled it and José in it back to a safe distance, and José simply sat there, holding the boot, staring into the fire.

"All I got to say," said Sunfish, "is he's going to be mighty exciting company if he stays that way."

"He'll snap out of it," said Chet. "Shock, I guess."

On the ladder-back chair José stirred, and the boot fell to the floor. His head rose higher. "*Gracias—muchas gracias,*" he said, and he was José Gonzales again, the quiet little man whose ancestors had come into the big land with the early conquistadors and who clung now in this Yankee-invasion time to his one remaining piece of small sparse valley on the western edge of the Slash Y range and there scratched out a living for his family with a few chickens and a garden and a few goats and a rare willingness to haul firewood the long way into town on his one old burro. "I theenk there was snow," he said. "I theenk I fall from the horse." He smiled a small, apologetic smile. "I be dead, no?"

"Not no," said Monte. "Yes. Oh, my, yes—yes. . . . Sunfish, I reckon he's ready to eat. That is, if Chet left him anything."

Silence in the big old room, warm and cheerful, as three men watched the fourth finish the last of the stew, the last biscuit and his third cup of coffee. José leaned down to set his cup on the floor and pick up one of the boots. "*Gracias,*" he said. "I theenk I go now."

"Whoa there, José," said Monte. "You ain't going nowheres. It's colder'n an icehouse outside. Snowing to beat hell."

José, bent over, boot in hand, looked at Monte.

"Damn it!" said Monte sharply. "I ain't agoing to cart you in a second time."

José let the boot drop and sat very still, looking into the fire.

"You're beat up, and that horse of yours ain't got much," said Monte. "Tell you what. When this thing lets up, I'll ride over with you."

José sat very still, looking into the fire. "*Los niños,*" said José. "I theenk I go." He picked up the boot.

"Two women," said Chet softly. "And a couple of kids. José, have they got food and firewood?"

"*Un poco,*" said José. He picked up the other boot.

"The hell with him," said Monte, rising and striding to the window to look out into the swirling grayness.

"Can't let him go like that," said Sunfish. "Hey, Chet, ain't Cal's bearskin somewhere around?"

"Must be," said Chet, pushing up from the armchair and heading for the closed door of the left side room. "And he sure could use some socks."

"Give the fool one of our horses," said Monte savagely without turning from the window. "But I ain't having a thing to do with it."

Five minutes later José stood in the center of the room, a shapeless small bulk in a long old bearskin coat that came down to his ankles, an old pair of Cal Brennan's gloves, cap on head with the piece of toweling down over it and his ears and tied under his chin.

"Ain't he something?" said Sunfish. "Looks like a mangy he-bear with mumps."

"I nevair forget," said José. He started toward his burlap bag by the door, and Monte Walsh, leaving the window in long strides, was in the way.

"You damned little gamecock," said Monte bitterly. "You really set on it?"

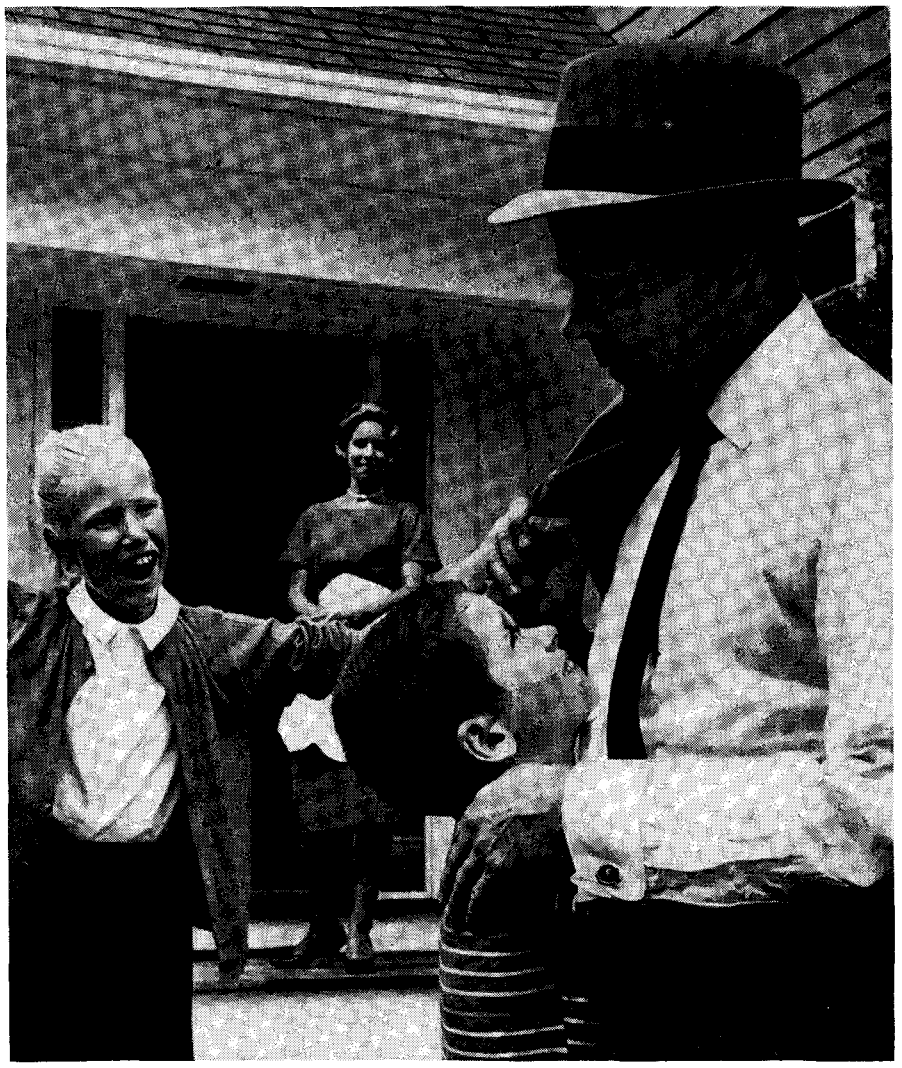
"*Sí,*" said José simply. "*Los niños.*" He shrugged. "Ees Chreestmas." He started around Monte, but was stopped by a lean, hard-muscled arm clamped over his shoulders. Monte drew a deep breath and looked across the room at Chet.

"All right, Monte," said Chet. He sighed. "Looks like it's us again."

(*Continued on Page 75*)

When you're weary with

DAY-END FATIGUE



take

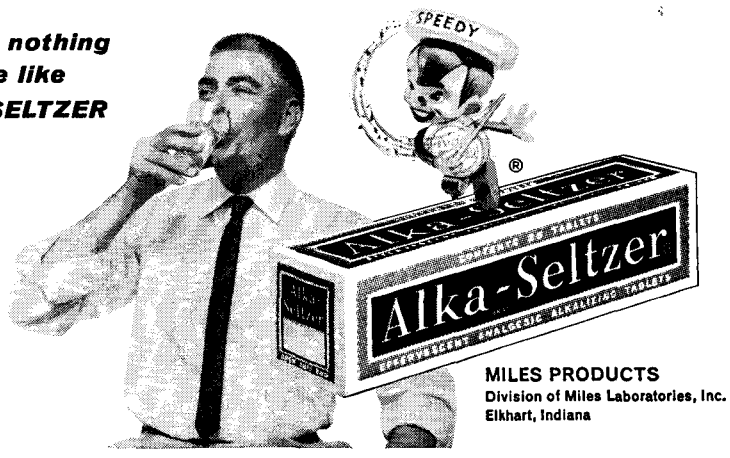
Alka-Seltzer®

BRAND

for that upset, headachy, tired-all-over feeling

When the end of a day finds you with that upset, headachy, tired-all-over feeling, take ALKA-SELTZER. Instantly it soothes and settles upset stomach . . . speeds through the system where it "reaches out" to relieve areas of pain and fatigue. When you have "day-end fatigue," ALKA-SELTZER can help you freshen up and feel better fast!

There's nothing quite like ALKA-SELTZER



MILES PRODUCTS
Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc.
Elkhart, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE ADVERTISING MAN WHO WANTS TO KNOW

PAUL GERHOLD, VICE PRESIDENT & NATIONAL DIRECTOR OF MEDIA & RESEARCH FOOTE, CONE & BELDING, INC.

"Ad Page Exposure is a revolutionary advance in media research. It measures something we really want to know, and has proved immediately and significantly helpful in our media decision making."

SEYMOUR BANKS VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF MEDIA RESEARCH LEO BURNETT COMPANY, INC.

"The Saturday Evening Post studies on Advertising Page Exposure give us, for the first time, the power to go within a magazine's audience and determine how many opportunities for exposure the average advertising page has and against whom. Equally significant was their contribution in developing and validating a sound measurement technique."

DR. E. L. DECKINGER, VICE PRESIDENT & DIRECTOR OF MEDIA GREY ADVERTISING AGENCY, INC.

"APX is a milestone in magazine research. The measurement will take time to develop acceptance in our industry. All technical advancements need time to develop acceptance. But it will certainly come."

WILLIAM ORTHMAN, VICE PRESIDENT MEDIA & MARKETING DIRECTOR BOTSFORD, CONSTANTINE & GARDNER, INC.

"APX goes a long way toward closing the gap between the known circulation of a publication and the estimated number of persons who are actually confronted with an individual ad."

B. BLAIR VEDDER, JR. VICE PRESIDENT & DIRECTOR OF MEDIA NEEDHAM, LOUIS AND BRORBY, INC.

"The concept of APX is a logical and necessary step in more clearly defining print media audiences. The current studies are of great value to the media planner."

NEWMAN F. McEVOY SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT DIRECTOR OF MEDIA CUNNINGHAM & WALSH, INC.

"We think that Ad Page Exposure is a useful dimension in evaluating a magazine—one which the media planner can measure in his quest for precise evaluation. The new study adds data most helpful in giving us better perspective on the magazine medium."

FRED OLSEN, VICE PRESIDENT & MEDIA DIRECTOR HIXSON & JORGENSEN, INC.

"The new APX study demonstrates the effectiveness of magazines in exposing ad pages to consumers. It also proves that some magazines can deliver repeat exposures to the same ad page in the same issue at no additional cost."

WATTS WACKER, VICE PRESIDENT & MEDIA DIRECTOR D. P. BROTHER & COMPANY

"All in all the entire study is a most useful tool in media analysis and selection."

A. C. DePIERRO, VICE PRESIDENT CHARGE OF MEDIA, GEYER, MOREY, MADDEN & BALLARD, INC.

"APX for the first time furnishes an added dimension to audience measurement. An important breakthrough!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 73*) "And me," said Sunfish Perkins. "Maybe you two can take care of José. But somebody's got to take care of you."

Out through the gate, from the partial protection of the high-railed first corral into the swirling snow and wrenching wind, four men, bundled thick against the cold, led four saddled horses.

"Shucks," said Monte Walsh, hefting the half-full burlap bag. "This thing's mighty puny. Rest of you wait a minute." He strode off, carrying the bag with him to the bunkhouse. Inside he lighted the lantern on the old kitchen table.

"What do you think you're doing?" said Chet Rollins from the doorway.

"I got two pair of socks I ain't ever wore," said Monte, heading for his bunk and squatting to reach under. "And a deck of cards that's almost new."

"Whatever for?" said Chet.

"For this bag," said Monte. "Ees Chreestmas."

"Darned if it ain't," said Chet, watching Monte pull a box of checker men from under Dally Johnson's bunk and a mouth organ from under Powder Kent's pillow. "I got a pair of spurs I ain't used yet," Chet said, heading for his own bunk. "And some tobacco I been hiding from you."

Two minutes later the bag was two thirds full. "What they really need is food," said Chet, picking up the lantern and leading out and over to the cookhouse. Inside he took an empty burlap bag off a chopping block in a corner and, with Monte helping, began to stuff it with cans from the cupboard nearly filling one end of the room. He stopped. He was looking at two humped objects under limp, well-washed floursacks on the shelf by the stove.

"Now wait a minute," said Monte. "Don't go getting foolish complete."

"Ees Chreestmas," said Chet, taking the larger of the two objects out of its pan and wrapping its floursack around under it.

"Aw, hell," said Monte. "You going to be so smart, do it right." He picked up the other object.

Far out in the storm-clogged darkness of night four men on four tough cow ponies, sleet-crusted beyond recognition, slugged through snow up the side slope of a long ridge. Monte Walsh in the lead on a leggy dun peered from under the rim of his pulled-down hat, picking the way. Behind him Chet Rollins on a thick-necked black rode close beside José Gonzales, shrunken down inside the old bearskin coat on a short, sturdy roan. And behind them came Sunfish Perkins, a big, solid shape on a rangy bay.

As they came out on the bare-swept crest, the wind beat at them, and they dropped down the other side. The wind was less brutal here, rushing past overhead, and Monte stopped, and the others pulled up with him to breathe the horses.

"How's he making it?" said Monte.

"He's doing it on nerve alone," said Chet. "But he's doing it."

They pushed on, and José dropped his reins and took hold of the saddle horn with both hands and clung to it, head down. Chet leaned over and grabbed the trailing reins, leading the roan close in beside him, and Sunfish Perkins closed in on the other side, and they pushed steadily on, following Monte's lead.

The swirling snow slackened some, and vision lengthened, and out of banked snow ahead rose the top rails of a rickety corral with an open-end shed at one end and a burro a dim shape in it, and beyond that a low, three-room adobe house.

They stopped by the corral, and Chet pulled José out of the saddle and set him on his feet. Chet took one arm and Sunfish the other, and they moved toward the house. Monte unlooped two burlap bags from saddle horns and followed.

"Hello, in there!" shouted Chet. He began stomping and shaking to get rid of crusted snow. "Hello, in there!" he shouted again, and the door opened, and in the doorway stood a woman with a blanket wrapped around her and up over her head, eyes peering out bright and frightened at them. Behind her they could see in the light from a small fire another woman, standing by the fireplace, wrapped in a shawl, an old single-shot rifle in her hands.

The first woman backed away as they pushed forward. "*Madre mía!*" she said. "José!"

"He's all right, ma'am," said Chet quickly. "Just wore out mucho trying to get home. Some rest is all he needs. That your bedroom over there?" With the woman leading, he and Sunfish took José through the inner door to the right.

The other woman had set the rifle somewhere. She had looked at each of them in turn and now looked past Monte out the open front door. "Dobe?" she said.

"Shucks, no, ma'am," said Monte, reaching back with one foot to close the door behind him. "But if he'd known about this storm, he'd of sure been here. Now, where'll I put these things?"

She pointed to the left inner doorway. Bags cradled in his arms, Monte strode over to the doorway, into it and stopped. Dimly he could make out a mattress on the floor, close to a wood stove in which the remains of a fire still glowed. On the mattress, from under the edge of a ragged quilt, two small heads, stocking-capped, peered up at him. "*San* Nicholas," said one in an awed whisper, and both of them ducked down under the quilt.

Monte looked down at the old quilt and the tiny quiverings that marked two small shapes beneath it. Carefully he stepped over a corner of the mattress and set the two bags against the wall. Carefully he stepped back, still looking down. He began to back out through the doorway and whirled, startled. The other woman had been close behind him.

In the faint light from the fireplace he saw her face, tired and sagging in the relief of long waiting over, smiling at him. "*San* Nicholas," she said softly.

"Aw, shucks, ma'am," said Monte, embarrassed. "Kids say the silliest things." He fidgeted. "I got to go unsaddle that horse José rode," he said quickly. "José can swap him back for his pinto first good chance he gets." Monte fled to the door and out.

The snow had stopped now, and high overhead the wind sighed long and seemingly mournful. Monte strode to the corral and led the roan in to the open-end shed and the low nickering welcome of the old burro. He removed the saddle and looked around in the near darkness. "Where's the hay?" he said. "Ain't he got any?"

Something tickled his nose, and he looked up. A few wisps showed sticking through the cracks between the poles of the roof. He strode outside and reached up and pulled from the conical pile covering the roof poles a plentiful supply and a cascade of snow. He scooped up a double armful and took it in. He stood watching the horse and the burro start on the hay, feeling weariness creep along his muscles in the absence of motion. "My, oh, my," he murmured. "Kids sure are crazy sometimes."

From over by the house came a new sound, and he hurried toward it. In the lee of the end wall, where the snow was thin, Sunfish Perkins had scraped a bare spot and pulled there a batch of dead piñon trunks from a pile nearby and was working on them with an old rusty ax. "They ain't got much in there," he said. "Grab yourself a load."

Monte bent over, picking up stove lengths, and moved toward the house and met Chet coming out for more of the same.

Ten double trips later they stood in the central room surveying a shoulder-high stack ranked along the wall between the fireplace and the corner. "That ought to hold 'em for a spell," said Sunfish.

Scuffling sounds came from the room to the right. José Gonzales, thin and meager and indomitable in patched long underwear and a pair of Cal Brennan's socks, struggled into the doorway with two women trying to hold him back. He pulled free and braced one hand against the doorjamb and stood straight, and his head rose, erect and somehow dignified. "*Señores*," he said. "Thees ees your house."

"That's mighty kindly of you, José," said Chet quickly. "Sometime maybe. But we got a ranch to think of. We got a break in this storm too."

"Get back in that bed," said Monte. "Ain't you been fool enough for one night?" He turned. "Come on, let's scat."

Out by the corral three men swung up on three tough cow ponies and headed for the horizon. And back at the house a woman with a blanket wrapped around her stood in the doorway and watched them go. "*Vayan con Dios*," she said softly.

"You figured that a little close, didn't you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Far out beyond the ridge wind whistled in long, fierce sweeps, blowing the brittle snow into drifts belly-deep on the three horses slugging patiently through them, needing no guidance, driving straight for the home corral. The bay led, and the black followed, and the leggy dun moved in sturdy stride behind. No more snow fell, but the cold was steadily deepening.

Monte Walsh caught himself toppling slowly forward in the saddle. He shook himself vigorously. "Watch it," he muttered. "That's bad." He tried to wriggle his toes inside his boots. There seemed to be no feeling in them.

He looked ahead and saw Chet Rollins swaying some, catching balance in jerky movement. He slapped spurs to the dun and came alongside Chet. "Wake up!" he shouted. "Get down and walk!" He looked ahead. The big body of Sunfish Perkins, hunched down, was rocking slowly forward, jerking back, rocking forward again.

"You too," muttered Monte. He slapped spurs again and he was alongside Sunfish. "Snap out of it!" he shouted.

Sunfish's head turned slowly. "What's eating you?" said Sunfish drowsily.

"Damn it!" said Monte, reining in the dun, forcing his reluctant body to swoop down so he could take the reins of the bay close by the bit and yank the horse to a stop. "Tired and cold," he said. "Hell of a combination. Get down and walk!"

"Yeah," said Sunfish. "Reckon you're right." He climbed down and started to shuffle forward, leading the bay.

Monte turned back. The black had stopped. Chet sagged in the saddle, blinking at him. "What you stopping for?" he said drowsily.

"Good gosh!" said Monte. He dismounted and in one furious heave yanked Chet out of the saddle. "Give out on me now," he said grimly, "and I'll bust you one you'll remember." He yanked Chet up to his feet.

"Ain't you got ears?" said Monte. "I said get walking!" He took the reins of the black and put them in Chet's hand. He turned Chet forward and gave him a push that sent him stumbling ten feet through the snow, the black jerking on the reins and stepping out to follow.

"Keep moving," said Monte. He took the reins of the dun and moved up by Chet and reached out to push him again. He moved up and pushed once more.

"Quit that," said Chet, standing straighter and moving under his own power. "Keep it up, and I'll try kicking your teeth in."

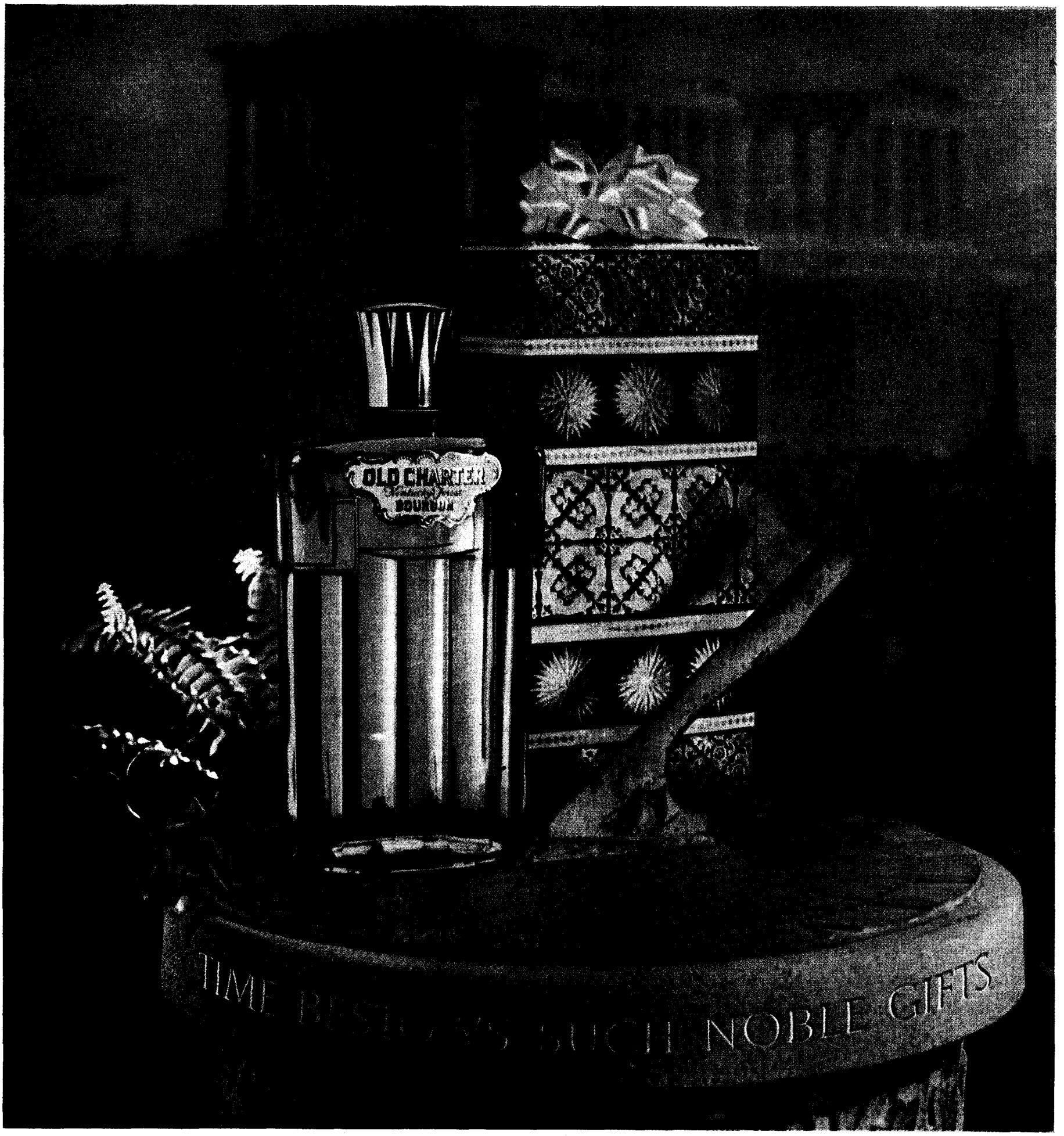
"That's the talk," said Monte. "But just keep moving."

Silent in the great white cold of distance fading away across the long miles into distance, three men leading three horses in single file pushed forward, intent on the effort of driving one foot ahead of the other through the resistant snow.

Monte Walsh felt the blood moving in his legs, lean energy building again in hard muscles of his body. He looked ahead and saw that the same was happening to the others. He saw the big barrel body of Sunfish Perkins smashing steadily through the drifts, breaking trail. "My, oh, my," he murmured. "I'd never tell him, but that sure ain't lard he's packing on that carcass of his."

Cold had crept into the main room of the old ranchhouse. The fire in the fireplace had dwindled to a few faint embers. Sunfish Perkins, still bundled, knelt in front of it, whittling shavings over the embers from a piece of piñon with clumsy stiffened fingers on the knife. Monte Walsh was lighting one of the lamps. Chet Rollins, finishing shedding his jacket and hat and the bandanna that had been tied over head (*Continued on Page 77*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE ACROPOLIS OF ANCIENT ATHENS, GREECE—A FITTING SYMBOL FOR RARE OLD CHARTER IN ITS GRECIAN DECANTER

Give the present enriched by the past—a full fifth of rare seven-year-old Kentucky Straight Bourbon in the classically beautiful Grecian Decanter. Festively pre-wrapped (all at no extra cost) in royal red, ermine white and glittering gold — Old Charter greets the season grandly!

OLD CHARTER

KENTUCKY'S FINEST BOURBON

THE BOURBON INSTITUTE
FOUNDER MEMBER

The Bourbon that didn't watch the clock for Seven long years!

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY — 86 PROOF — 7 YEARS OLD — OLD CHARTER DIST. CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 75*) and ears under it, was starting to unfold blankets and lay them on the mattresses.

Chet stopped, then straightened. Slowly he picked up his jacket and started to put it on.

"Hey," said Monte. "You locoed?"

"We ain't fed the horses," said Chet.

"Think I'd forget that?" said Monte. "Why'd you think I ain't stripped down? Just thawing out a little first. You get busy with those beds."

He pulled up his jacket collar, slipped on his gloves and went out the door. Down by the first corral he looked through the rails at the dark shapes crowding close, expectant, and began counting. "Six and Sonny took one and left his," he muttered, "and Sunfish brought in seven, and José swapped even." He nodded and went to the barn and pushed open one of the protesting doors. "That thing ain't agoing to be fixed soon," he said and went on in, reaching with experienced hands in the dark to pull down a bale of hay. He carried it out by the rails, slipped off the twin cords and heaved it over, a half at a time.

He leaned on the rails, looking through at the horses jostling one another to get at the hay. Suddenly he pushed out and returned to the barn and took two battered pails from nails on a beam and lifted the lid of a big, tin-lined wooden bin and dipped the pails in. One weighing heavy in each hand, he went out and to the corral and in through the gate and to a trough along one side and emptied the pails into it, scattering the contents along the full length. "Come and get it," he said. "You're too stupid to know, but it's a Christmas present." He watched the horses catch the meaning of the rattle of the pails; they drifted over, crowding one another. He saw the pinto, coming late and wary, ease in between two others. He saw the smallish neat sorrel approach cautiously and slide in too. "When I wake up," he said, "if I ever do, maybe there'll be some more." He left the corral, dragging his legs, and moved up to the house.

Inside, Sunfish Perkins sat on the hearth out of range of a now-healthy fire, slumped back against the fireplace, head dropped sideways, snoring in steady rhythm. Chet Rollins sat in the remnants of an armchair, head nodding, but still awake, waiting.

"I thought maybe you'd bring that bottle," said Chet.

"Shucks," said Monte. "I'm too tired even to drink. Likely it's froze solid anyways, and the bottle broke, and we'd have to get a pail and thaw it. Come on, let's tuck him away. Take the head. There ain't much in that part of him."

Together they lifted Sunfish and carried him to one of the mattresses and laid him down and spread a blanket over him. "If he dies in his sleep," said Monte, "at least he'll have his boots on."

There was silence in the big old room, except for slight rustlings as two men pulled off each other's boots and one blew out the lamp and both lay down on mattresses and reached to draw blankets up over them. Then there was silence in the big old room except for the outside sound of wind hunting along the eaves and finding no entrance.

Monte lay flat, looking up at the old beamed ceiling. "Know what we'll be doing when we get up?" he said. "We'll be eating beef and beans and riding out to thaw windmills; and if that crust that's starting already on the snow out there gets bad, we'll be hauling feed to a lot of hungry cows."

"Yeah," said Chet drowsily. "That's about it."

Monte raised on one elbow to look over at Chet stretched out flat. "You think I don't know," he said, "you fixed it someway for that brown bean just 'cause I already had one. Well, it's kind of got you a bellyful."

"It ain't been so bad," said Chet drowsily. "Somehow, wherever you are, things are always happening."

"Shucks," said Monte. "That just goes to show. That's what I keep telling you. Luck and me, we ——" He stopped. Chet was asleep.

Monte lay back and stared up at the shadows flickering between the beams. "*Santo* Nicholas," he murmured. "That's me."

Christmas Day dawned cold and clear over the frozen white wonder of the big land. The first light of the morning sun touched the capped peaks of the mountains to the west and moved down them, pink-flushed, and moved over the badlands at their base and a small valley where a three-room house sent smoke drifting up from chimney and stovepipe and moved on over the long ridge that screened this and other valleys and on across the wide white miles where the blurred tracks of three men and three horses showed in the snow and moved on to glow softly on the drifted flat roof of an old ranchhouse where three men slept the deep dreamless sleep of tired muscles and the simple uncomplicated assurance that they had done and would do whatever needed to be done.

Back From the Big House (Continued from Page 28)

than I had thought. I had no particular place to go either. Where would I go?

"Have you come back to stay?" she asked me.

"Only to get my clothes," I said. "Then out again. No one in Birch Run wants me around—and maybe I don't want to be around anyway."

She started walking off the weathered platform, so I fell in beside her and added my own footsteps to hers. She was wearing a sweater and a flared skirt and low-heeled slippers, but every time her foot went out for a step her ankle arched the way a graceful girl's ankle always arches whether she's wearing heels or bedroom slippers. Looking at her and walking beside her made me lonesome for the time when we had both been young and in high school.

"What makes you think people don't want you in Birch Run?" she asked.

I just laughed at that. Now we were on the crushed-rock walk that stretches out to the sidewalk. Daffodils were yellow in the flower beds beside us. "Maybe I'm not the only one they don't want," I said. "If I remember right, you went with Jim Bassett once upon a time, and Mrs. Bassett made it a point to ask you to leave town—stopped you on the street, she did."

Shelley didn't look at me. At first she was pale, and she said, "That's why I'm leaving tomorrow. A lot has happened since you left. That's why I'm going away."

"Why?"

"Jim's dead. He was killed."

"How?"

"He was a jet pilot."

"So?"

"His mother says it's my fault. If he hadn't kept going with me, he'd have gone to college and not to the Air Force."

"So she asked you to leave?"

"No, not this time." She turned and looked like the Shelley I'd known before. She was a sensitive girl, always ready to get mad at you. "Anyway," she said, "if I go, it won't be handcuffed to a policeman."

I lighted a cigarette and watched her and smiled a little. "Go jump in the lake," I told her.

In the distance along the street two men had stopped to pass the time of day. They took out their watches and then turned to crane their necks to see the town clock high in its white tower above them.

"So what's happened besides Jim Bassett's dying that you want to leave?" I asked. "What else?"

"Oh—things."

"What things?"

"Well—like Mrs. Sherman died."

"You still have a place to live, though, don't you?"

"It's not the same as before. There's a new Mrs. Sherman."

"You and her don't get along together, eh?"

"Oh, we get along all right," Shelley said quickly. "Still ——"

"Still what?"

"It's not the same. And I have no real people in Birch Run, no relatives at all. There's no reason for me to stay any longer."

We had reached the street. She stopped, and so did I. I guess she was no more eager to go home to pack her clothes than I was to go home and get mine. I hadn't written to my parents all the time I was in prison, so I'd never had to listen to any lectures, even by mail. If I went home now, I expected them to throw my clothes at me and tell me to scram. Maybe Shelley expected the same treatment. As she had said, she had no real kin in the town.

"Shall we have a drink somewhere?" I asked. "Or are you afraid to drink with a hardened criminal?"

"It's Sunday and you can't buy drinks," she reminded me. "And anyway I don't drink."

"Then come and have a soft drink with me somewhere."

She was willing, and we went down along the sidewalk to the drugstore on the corner. It was like old times. When we sat at the counter and I looked into the mirror at her reflection there, I realized suddenly that she had been crying as we walked down the street. That was the way she was, taking everything alone, grief, pain—all of it alone after her parents died when she was three.

There was nobody in the drugstore to see her, though, nobody but the kid standing behind the counter and wishing he didn't have to work on Sunday. He was reading a comic book when we came in, but he put it down and came over to us when we climbed up on the old wire-backed stools.

"What'll you have?" he asked us.

Shelley noticed in the mirror how red her eyes were, so when she told me she'd have a lemon soda, she slipped down from the stool and went back toward the ladies' room in the rear. I saw the kid watch her and how nice she walked.

"You're young, aren't you?" I said. I don't know why it made me mad. Maybe it was because I knew she was on my side. And this kid was the kind who would make it tough on her or any girl who had no one to protect her.

With instant foods, mothers have more time to watch the children dawdle over meals.

JOHN W. MAXSON JR.

He said, "What'll you have, mister?"

"Two small lemon sodas," I told him. And then maybe because I realized that he was the same kind of kid I had been at that age, I got mad again, and I said, "You're pretty young and smart, aren't you?"

He didn't answer.

"I can see you're a smart one," I said.

He mixed the sodas and put them on the counter in front of me and waited until I got a dime out for him.

"They cost seven cents now," he said. "You musta been away somewheres."

I gave him four more pennies from the ten dollars they had given me at the state prison when they showed me the gate.

"I've been away," I said.

"Zat right?" he said.

"That's right," I said. I knew that he had guessed who I was, and I knew that that was the way it would be all over town. In Birch Run they don't forget you when you've been down in Capital City for a couple of years sweating it out. They keep remembering all the little things you did when you were a kid. They shake their heads and they say, "I told you so. He was bad from the beginning. You can always tell." Very wise people in my home town. They can't remember how you liked to fish off the dock in the evenings or go to dances or just sit in the park and listen to the town band on Wednesday nights, wondering where this whirling ball of a world would carry you tomorrow.

Shelley came back. She looked wonderful. She looked more and more like the girl I'd taken to the senior prom the year we were graduated. Only her eyes were sad, and I couldn't remember a time they weren't, even when she was laughing at something I'd said.

We drank our sodas and went out, still not wanting to go home again. We walked down toward the lake, and I asked her what she had been doing since I left.

"Operating the telephone switchboard," she told me. "And I think I could get another switchboard job in the city if I went there."

"But you'd rather stay here," I said.

"No. I don't think I would. I'd keep expecting to meet Mrs. Bassett. Or something would remind me of Mrs. Sherman and I would remember that I didn't belong here."

When we got to the bridge over the river, we stopped for a few minutes and watched the water flowing quietly down to the lake. "Well," I said, "I suppose you'll be going out to the farm to pack your clothes."

"In a little while," she said.

Beyond the bridge you could look out over the lake and the broken-down docks where the kids used to fish and go swimming at night. The sun was warm and it was spring, but neither of us felt good about it. I kept remembering how spring had felt when I was a kid and how the cops would come down and make us quit swimming by the docks. Or how it used

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The President sounds:

"A call for greatness to a resolute people"

We must meet these high and difficult goals: to preserve and enlarge our freedoms at home; to counter the deadliest menace they have ever faced from abroad; and simultaneously to extend the area of freedom throughout the world.

Our nation together with the whole free world is mortally threatened by the Communist menace, which has already subjected one-third of the world's peoples to its control. Scientific progress and the emergence of new nations have given us new and unprecedented problems and opportunities at home and abroad.

Against this background, President Eisenhower established the non-partisan Commission on National Goals to define new goals for the new challenges we face.

The Commission's Report is now published in book form. Entitled "Goals For Americans," it explores in detail what we as individuals and as a nation must urgently undertake. These are its principal themes . . .

At home we must—

1. Improve our education facilities so that every child may be educated to his full capacity.

2. Sharply reduce the last stubborn barriers to full respect for every individual—above all, the barrier of racial discrimination.

3. Reduce unemployment and achieve an economic growth rate that will assure the U. S. the maximum competitive strength.

4. Enlarge our knowledge through pursuit of the arts and sciences.

5. Bring high quality medical care within every American's reach.

6. Strengthen the workings of our democratic process.

Abroad we must—

1. Thwart communist aggression and subversion and ultimately extend the opportunities for free choice and self-determination throughout the world.

2. Seek safeguarded arms stabilization immediately and complete disarmament ultimately.

3. Aim to confine outbreaks of violence anywhere in the world.

4. Strengthen the United Nations by our increased support.

And to extend freedom throughout the world we must—

1. Show the uncommitted nations that they can best attain their own goals by free world methods.

2. Increase free world trade.

3. Join our allies in increasing aid to the less developed peoples.

And above all, we must each strengthen our own sense of individual responsibility for America's traditions and ideals.

Your country's future is *your* future as well. The Sixties will be the decade of decision for our nation.

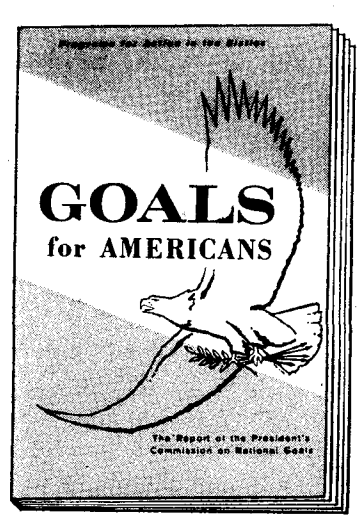
If we are to achieve our national goals, we must each understand, discuss and pursue them fully. Your first step could well be to read "Goals for Americans," available now at your bookstore and newsstand in both hardcover and paperback form.

The way to preserve freedom is to live it

ADVERTISING COUNCIL · PUBLIC SERVICE

WHAT YOU CAN DO TOWARD ACHIEVING OUR GOALS

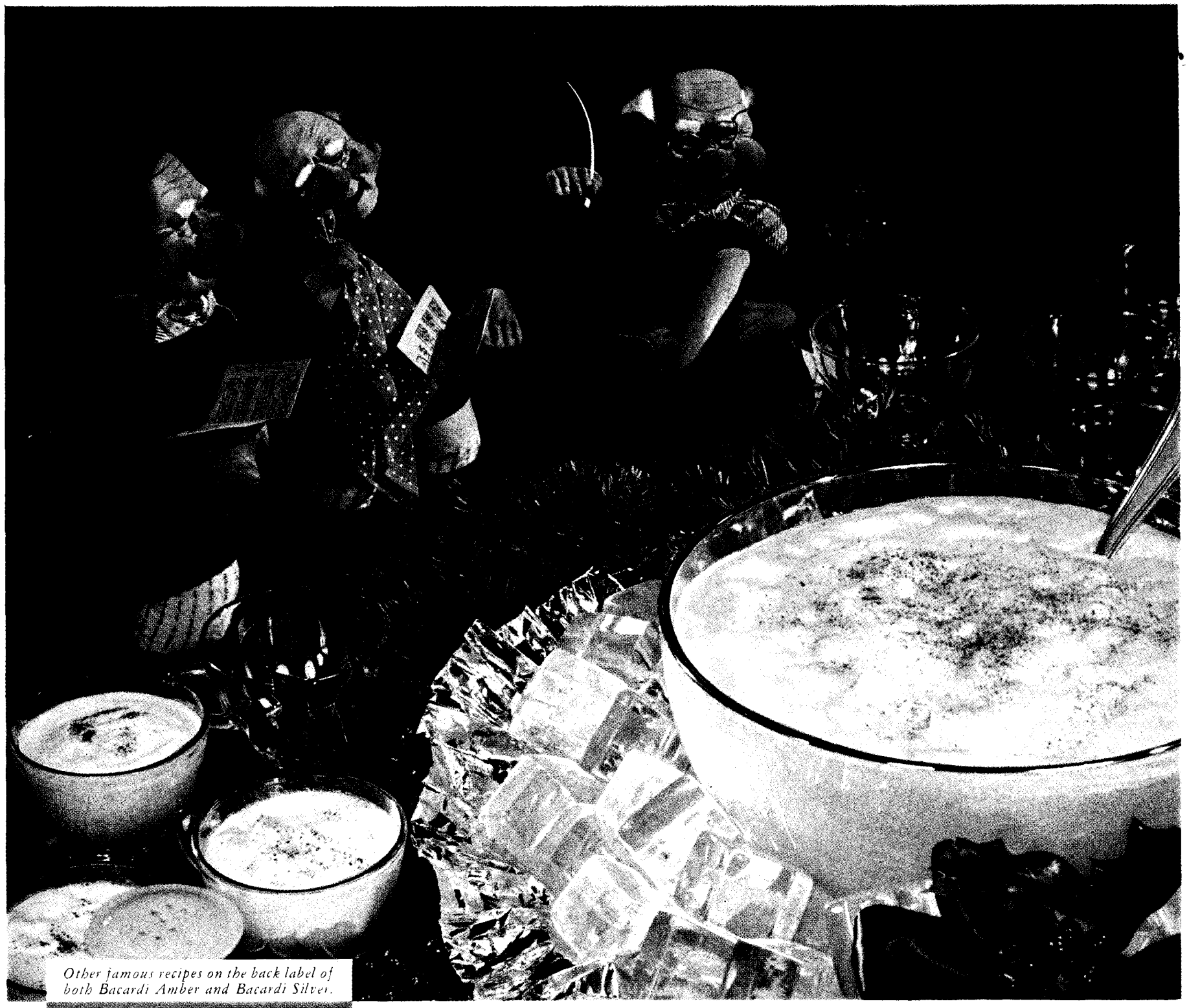
- Work to give everyone an equal chance regardless of his race, his color or his creed.
- Give time and your best thought to improving the schools in your community.
- Hold yourself and all others to the highest standards of honesty and excellence.
- Give part of your time directly to solving our country's problems. Your effort could be anything from organizing a boys' club to control delinquency, to a four-year tour of duty with your government.
- Consider your country's needs as well as your own when deciding on a course of action —your choice of an occupation, your business decisions and your vote, which affects everything from local school questions to the conduct of our foreign policy.
- Live to the full our American belief in the dignity and worth of the individual.



The space for this message is donated by this publication in cooperation with The Advertising Council.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Other famous recipes on the back label of both Bacardi Amber and Bacardi Silver.

Be a Christmas Eggnog Expert

FAMOUS BACARDI RECIPE MAKES IT EASY -AND MAKES IT DELICIOUS!

1. Pour a quart of dairy eggnog mix into a bowl—and add half a bottle (about 12 ounces) of Bacardi, either Silver or Amber label.

2. Now the secret that will get raves from guests is to mix in half a pint of lightly whipped cream, and then chill in your refrigerator.

3. Stir and serve with light sprinkling of nutmeg. Traditional, jolly and delicious! Makes 12 portions.

© BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., N.Y. RUM, 80 PROOF

BACARDI
ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be in the evening when you fished off the dock and caught bass and perch, the sounds of the water around the spiles and the lights coming on in town when it grew dark, and the night creeping down quiet and still.

"It's not that they hate me here," Shelley went on. "They don't hate me."

But I felt sorry for her suddenly. It seemed to me that she was even worse off than I was. I'd paid my debt, and if the world wouldn't admit it, I knew myself that it was paid. Two years and six months—the screws and the little guys and the big guys; and the soap vats had a special kind of steam that burned your nostrils. I hadn't forgotten it. "You should have seen the kid back there in the drugstore looking at you," I said. "You meant something to him, all right."

"I saw him looking," she said. "I could see him in the mirror above the back counter." She turned to me. "I heard what you said to him too. Thanks, Johnny."

"It was nothing."

"Most men would have said something cute."

"Remember," I told her, "I've been in for two and a half years. Anything I see nice in a girl, I want to keep for me."

We went on into the park that skirts the river and looks out over the lake. The churches were letting out now, and cars passed us carrying people on their way home to Sunday dinner. Behind us the town clock quavered twelve tones into the clear air, and we sat on one of the seats at one of the picnic tables. After a time I went back alone into town and got some eats for us and brought them back, and we had our Sunday dinner there under one of the big trees. Afterward we lay back and watched high white clouds passing.

"How come you don't go home and get your things?" she asked me.

"I'm in no hurry," I told her. "They'll be there, my mother and father." I was their only kid and they put me through school, and then I got myself sent up for four years. I could just imagine how happy they'd be to see me breeze in on them. It would be like seeing a cockroach crawl out of the woodwork after you'd just begun to believe that you were finally rid of them. "Come to think of it," I said, "I don't even know why I came back." Then I said, "Maybe I came back to see you, Shelley."

I remembered something. "Do you remember," I asked, "how we came down here to the park after the prom? Just us two. It was about this time of year, too, May."

"It was moonlight," she said.

"And you told me that I'd get in trouble if I didn't steady down and stop being wild."

She looked at me and said, "I was right, wasn't I?"

I couldn't meet her eyes when she said that. She didn't say it accusingly, but sad-like. I looked out over the lake and said, "I guess you were."

She didn't say anything for a moment. When I looked at her, she was studying the napkin she held in her hands. She said, "That was the only night we ever really went together."

I laughed and said, "And when we stopped under that tree over there, the strap of your dress fell off your shoulder and you blushed. Even in the dark I could see you blushing."

Suddenly she started crying with her head down on her arms. I hadn't touched a girl in over two and a half years, and when I put out my hand to show her she shouldn't cry, it was like a shock to me. I remembered so many things I'd long ago forgotten, how a girl can be soft and firm at the same time, how nothing in the world could matter as long as you had a steady girl—someone you liked and someone who liked you.

"How about it?" I said. "Ease it up, eh? Knock it off." I wanted to say something soft to her, something nice, but I'd forgotten all those kinds of words.

She straightened up immediately, as if she had done it a lot of times before. She wiped her eyes and blew her nose, and we got up and threw our napkins and paper plates in the refuse cans nearby and walked back through town again. I guess we walked all afternoon, neither of us having the courage to go home to get our things. By the time five o'clock rolled around we had come to know each other much better.

I told her about the guys I had known in prison, the guys who go out and come back and go out and come back. They don't live in either of those two worlds, but always have one foot in prison and one at home. Funny guys. And the more I thought about going home to get my clothes, the more I was afraid that that was going to be my life, too, coming home and then going back to Capital City and then coming home again. Over and over and over.

When we got back to the little park again, I told her, "I'm going home and get my things. How about you?"

"I don't think I'll go right now," she said.

"Then will you wait here for me?"

"Yes," she said, "I'll wait."

So I left her there sitting at the picnic table again. I looked back twice to make sure she hadn't left yet. Then I was around the corner and going up the main street. The town was more deserted than ever now. At five in the evening everybody's home. It wouldn't be until six-thirty that some of them would drift downtown to go to the movie.

When I got home, I didn't knock. I went right in. I just opened the screen and stepped through, and then I looked around me to see who was there. It was the same room as before, crowded with old furniture, but familiar. My father was sitting in his rocker to my right, and he was looking at me. I could hear my mother moving in the kitchen. A chair scraped on the floor when she moved it.

"Who is it?" my father asked.

For a minute I couldn't understand what was the matter with him. He was looking at me, but he was asking me who I was. Then I saw the white cane he had leaning against the chair, and I knew that at last he had lost his sight.

"It's Johnny, isn't it?" he asked.

"That's right," I said. "I got let out."

My mother had come from the kitchen by now. When she saw me standing there, she put her big rough hand out and leaned against the door casing. She opened her mouth to say something, but no words came out. Yet she didn't cry, either; she just clamped her jaws tight and tried to keep her lips from trembling. She didn't say anything.

"I won't bother you long," I said. "I just came for my things."

She came in and sat down by my father and touched his arm. She said to me, "You don't look much different, Johnny."

"Are my things in my room?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

I wanted to make this quick, so I went right on in. My room was the same as when I'd left it. I knew that I wouldn't be able to wear some of the clothes now. I had gained weight in Capital City. But my shoes would be all right, and my hunting boots. I got my old suitcase down from the closet shelf and opened it and began throwing in the things I knew could be used. There was a picture of June Beardsley in the top drawer of the bureau. She was the girl I had been going with at the time we burglarized the filling station. Now she was just a face in a picture. I'd written letters to her twice from Capital City, but she had never answered. I threw her picture back in the drawer with the other things I couldn't take or didn't want.

When I got to the box in which I'd always kept my fishing equipment under the bed, I opened it expecting to find all my old equipment there. But there was a new automatic reel on the pole. It was a beauty, and when I wound it and pressed the release, it lifted a nice quiet hum into the still air of the room. There was a tag hanging from the release, and when I turned it over I found that my mother had written, "For coming home to us," on the other side. The sun was streaming through the window over the reel, but even with all that light I suddenly could not see it clearly.

"Johnny?"

When I turned, it was my father standing in the door. He could only guess where I sat, so his eyes seemed to be focused on the top of the bureau rather than at me. I said, "How did you know I was coming home?"

"We kept writing to the chaplain, and he told us."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Sinner

By Curtis Heath

He has an obsession
For worldly possession
And all of the wealth he
can hoard,
And I think it's a sin,
The pride he takes in
All those things I can't
hope to afford.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"How come the new reel?" I asked.

"Your ma bought it. We got to remembering how you and me used to go fishing sometimes and how nice it was when she came down to the dock along in the evening and brought our supper to us. How nice the sun going down over the lake and how nice the fishy smell of the dock." After a moment he went on, "We want you to stay with us now."

"It wouldn't be fair," I said. I was thinking about their having an ex-con in the house, even if he was their own son.

"We know that, Johnny," he said. He had located me now by the sound of my voice. He seemed to be looking at my forehead. "It won't be easy for you in Birch Run. But we haven't got long to go yet, your mother and me. And we thought you might be willing to stay until we were gone. We keep remembering how we used to go fishing together."

I realized that he hadn't understood what I meant. He thought I was saying that it would be unfair to me. "I'm thinking of you," I said.

But he didn't hear me. "I'd like to go fishing a few more times," he said. "I could do it if I had someone to help me. I could sit on the dock with you, and your mother could bring us our supper, and we'd get us some bass like we used to."

There was no reason why I should look away from him. He couldn't see me. But I looked out the window at the vacant lot again. It was hard to believe I was really home, and that they wanted me to stay. All the lonely dark nights I had lain in my bunk at Capital City hating myself for getting involved in that burglary came flooding back now. All the days I had missed, the springs and summers and autumns, all the laughter untinged by bitterness which I could have heard outside those walls—I could never get them back again. They were lost forever.

When I turned around, he was gone. So I sat down on the bed and thought for a long time. I thought about what I could do if I went away. And I thought about Shelley down in the park by the river and how she was probably still waiting for me to come back, waiting around for someone to show that he wanted her around, just around. I could hear the rocker squeaking gently in the living room where my father was sitting.

Finally I rose and went back through the house to where my mother and father were waiting as before. My mother looked at me, and my father tried to make out that he could see me. They both sat without speaking for a long minute. Then my mother said, "You didn't bring your bags, Johnny."

"No," I said. I spied the Bible she'd been reading where it lay in her lap with her finger still in the place where she'd stopped. "You been reading in that for me?" I asked.

She turned pale suddenly, and she pulled her finger out from between the pages and fluttered her hands. She looked down and then up at me and then at my father.

"I'll be coming back," I said. "I have to go see someone."

"We'll be waiting," my father said. "Will you be sure to come back?"

"I'll be back soon," I said.

"You really will, won't you?" my mother said.

"I'll come back," I said.

Outside I crossed the yard and ran for about three blocks. Then I turned right on the path which the kids had once used to cross the railroad tracks so as to come out on Birch Street between the bank and the dime store. When I finally came in sight of the park, I thought that Shelley had given up hope of my coming back and had left. But when I came closer I could see her sitting with her back to one of the big trees and looking out over the lake toward the sun, which was going down fast now. She didn't say anything when I came back to her. I sat down beside her to get my breath back, and I made believe I was looking out over the lake, but I kept watching her out of the corner of my eye. The sun was red and made her cheeks bright and young and clean, like they had been long ago when we were both in high school.

"Are you ready to go?" she asked.

"Are you?" I asked.

When she didn't answer, I said, "I've decided to stay here. I want you to stay too. Maybe you could help me." I waited a moment. "Until you want to go," I added.

"If I stay," she said, "it'll be for always."

"That's the way I'd want it to be," I said.

A moment later I had her in my arms. Her lips were cool from the breeze off the lake. And when she closed her eyes, I could see tears where the lashes were.

Going home, I took her along the path that cuts through the weeds between the dime store and the bank, and I told her how we had used it long before. Grass was growing up in the path now because no one went that way any more. I took her hand to help her over some of the rough spots.

"It'll smooth out again after a while," I said.

"For both of us," she added.

In the failing light I could make out indistinctly the shape and feel of my home again. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who Fired the First Shot?

(Continued from Page 23)

was fired by Captain James's battery, and, incidentally, by me as his first lieutenant." Gibbes outranked Farley, who was a second lieutenant. In the protocol of starting a war, he held an advantage. He was explicit: "My orders were to fire a shell, to burst high up in the air, as a signal to commence the general bombardment." The shell did exactly that, exploding directly above Fort Sumter. Nearly a dozen Confederate batteries on islands around the fort then opened up full blast at ranges of 1210 to 2425 yards.

From a battery at the northern end of Morris Island, near the harbor entrance, there soon resounded another claim to having fired the first shot of the war. Fiery old Virginian Edmund Ruffin served there as a volunteer in the Palmetto Guards. Ruffin turned to war with a distinguished record as an agriculturist. By the experimental use of marl, he had saved thousands of acres of "sour" land. Now he was determined to save his land in another sense.

Ruffin stepped forward, yanked the lanyard of an enormous siege cannon weighing nearly five tons and shouted exuberantly that he had scored the first hit on Fort Sumter, three quarters of a mile away. For a man of sixty-seven, early on a dark and foggy morning, he demonstrated remarkable eyesight. More remarkable still, the feat was confirmed by a strange source—the senior captain of the Federal garrison in Sumter. This was Abner Doubleday, a mustachioed Yankee who fired the first return shot from the fort. Doubleday, who ended the war as a major general and was acclaimed, inaccurately, as the inventor of baseball, reminisced after the conflict:

"Edmund Ruffin of Virginia is usually credited with opening the attack by firing the first gun from the iron-clad battery on Morris Island. The ball from that gun struck the wall of the magazine where I was lying, penetrated the masonry and burst very near my head."

Doubleday surely had ample reason to remember a shell which struck that close to him. But how he could tell, through a solid brick wall on a foggy morning, who fired the shot from behind a distant battlement is one of those little mysteries which make Civil War stories so intriguing. The mystery is heightened by the fact that the Confederates discharged forty-seven cannon and mortars in rapid order after the opening shot. All together, they fired between 3000 and 4000 shells at the fort. Some 2500 registered hits. For Doubleday to single out and glorify the shot that almost killed him as "the first shot of the war" somehow smacks of egotism.

Moreover, Ruffin, by his own statement in writing, was not in the "iron-clad battery" at all, although Doubleday, contemporary Charleston newspapers and other supposedly authoritative sources said that he was. Ruffin's unit, the Palmetto Guards, manned both the "Iron Battery"—so called because the battlement in front of it was iron-plated—and the "Point Battery" at the Cummings Point extremity of Morris Island. The old man, in a letter written only a week later, referred to "the Point Battery in which I was engaged."

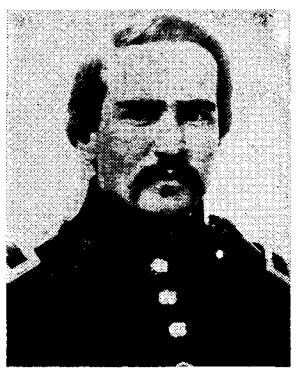
Ruffin, at any rate, went triumphantly home to Virginia and his 200 slaves soon after Sumter yielded. He felt exhilarated. His beloved South had rebuffed the North without the loss of a single life on either side. Despite the terrific bombardment, the massive brick fort amply protected its little garrison. Only four men were wounded. Ironically, one accidental fatality occurred when a fort cannon, firing a salute to the Stars and Stripes before the garrison marched out, went off prematurely. It killed a Federal gunner instantly and wounded five others.

Later Ruffin wrote a polite "thank you" note to his host of April the twelfth and thirteenth, the commanding officer of the Palmetto Guards, expressing appreciation for the use of his cannon. He also established himself as one of the first souvenir hunters of the Civil War. He asked his comrades to recover a Federal shell which he had seen bury itself in the sand near the Point Battery, and express it to him at Petersburg, Virginia, "as a memento of the occasion."

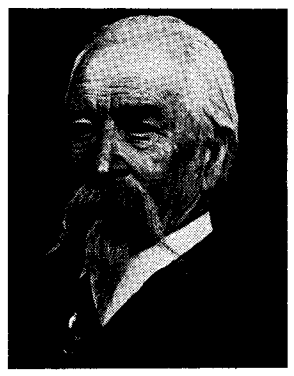
Before the war ended, Ruffin and his compatriots found more than enough Federal shells coming their way unsolicited. Doggedly shouldering his musket, the old planter made brief, cheer-raising appearances at the Battle of First Manassas or Bull Run, and on return trips to the defenses around Charleston. By 1863 he was dodging from his plantations to avoid Federal troops. As the South went down, the old man sank with it. Two months after Appomattox, he shot and killed himself rather than live "conquered" under "Yankee rule."

Like Ruffin, the lieutenants of the mortar batteries, Gibbes and Farley, survived four years of conflict. Gibbes remained in the artillery, becoming a major. He suffered a grave wound in the Battle of the Crater at Petersburg. In postwar life he became a banker, machinery dealer and senior warden of Trinity Episcopal Church at Columbia, S.C. Farley shifted to the cavalry and eventually became a lieutenant colonel. After the war, he conducted a military academy at Ossining, New York. A daughter of his married the late United States Sen. E. D. Smith of South Carolina, and a grandson, Farley Smith of Sumter, now heads the anti-integration South Carolina Citizens Councils.

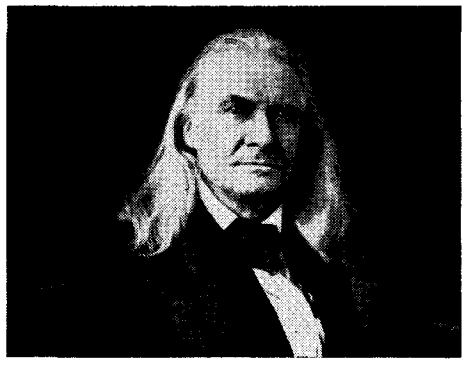
Did one of Them Fire the Civil War's First Shot and Summon 3,000,000 Americans to Battle?



Lt. W. H. Gibbes maintained that he personally fired the opening round.



Even as an old man, H.S. Farley never relinquished his claim to the "honor."



Right: Fiery Edmund Ruffin, then 67, asserted the first shot was his.

Left: Capt. Abner Doubleday, who aimed the first Union gun.

The author's grandfather, E. L. Halsey, hit Sumter "accidentally" five weeks early.

Imaginative Yankee papers said a baby, Douschka Pickens (right), fired the shot.

Among those publicized in 1861 as rivals of the three warlike Southerners for the distinction of starting the war was, fantastically, a small girl who happened to have the czarina of Russia as a godmother. The child, daughter of Francis W. Pickens of South Carolina and his beautiful Texan wife, was born in St. Petersburg in 1859 while her father was United States ambassador to Russia. Amid much pomp, she was christened Frances Eugenia Olga Neva Pickens. The czar thereupon nicknamed her Douschka, or "little darling," a name borne today by her granddaughter.

Pickens soon returned to South Carolina and became governor. To be at the center of crisis in 1861, he moved with his family from the state capital at Columbia to temporary quarters in the Charleston Hotel. The more lurid section of the Northern press described in detail how tiny Douschka fired the opening gun of the war while held in the arms of the Confederate commander, Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard. The fanciful story was presented as evidence of the wanton attitude of the South toward bloodshed. Not a single fact can be found to support it. When the war began, little Douschka apparently was asleep at the hotel miles away. She was, after all, only about two. Nor was Beauregard present in the batteries that opened on Sumter. The nearest thing to a Confederate kiddy act occurred at the Iron Battery, where thirteen-year-old Paul B. Lalane, who cleverly picked the occasion to visit an elder brother in the service, was permitted to fire several shells at Sumter.

As the Civil War centennial approaches, all "first shot" claims and accounts have come under a heavy crossfire of historical argument. In some places local chroniclers or Chamber of Commerce trumpeters even contend that the war didn't begin at Fort Sumter at all. These place the locale in Florida, Mississippi and Arkansas. Each involves a "first shot" fired before the bombardment of Sumter. Here is the sequence:

At Pensacola, Florida, January 8, 1861, United States troops in old Fort Barrancas, commanded by Lt. Adam J. Slemmer, drove off with a volley of musketry twenty shadowy figures. Presumably the twenty were state troops scouting to see if the fort was garrisoned. The shots were, without doubt, the first discharged in support of the Union.

The next day at Charleston, salvos from a harbor battery turned back the merchant steamship *Star of the West*, out of New York for Charleston with supplies for Fort Sumter. Cadets of the South Carolina Military Academy, now The Citadel, manned the guns. These were the first shots fired at the United States flag.

Within a week rebel shells brought another United States craft to a halt at Vicksburg, Mississippi. Capt. J. F. Kerr's battery from Jackson fired two shots in front of a paddle-wheeler bound from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. Militiamen then searched the ship for supplies for the United States forts around New Orleans, found none and let her go.

In a third incident involving supplies for forts, early in April, the Jefferson Guards of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, rallied at the river bank and diverted a supply transport bound up the Arkansas to Fort Smith. One musket bullet across the bows apparently did the trick. The "sovereign" State of Arkansas then confiscated the military material on board.

The Charleston harbor defenses meanwhile fired on the United States flag a second time. Their target was a little schooner loaded with New England ice for Savannah. The craft blundered up the channel in a fog, without any way of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explaining her appearance there. When the guns began to boom, she flew out again like a frightened sparrow.

None of these almost comic performances with artillery scratched a single person, much less setting off a gigantic conflict. So the claims of Gibbes, Farley and Ruffin—take your pick—would appear to stand. Or do they?

When it comes to historical assertions, the Civil War centennial is a "shooting war" in itself. Any statement raised above the parapets, whether by Civil War buffs or innocent bystanders, is subject to being drilled full of Minié holes from one direction or another. Here, coming from one of their contemporaries, is a bombshell for Gibbes and Farley.

It fell to Capt. (later Lt. Gen.) Stephen D. Lee, as an aide to the commanding general, P. G. T. Beauregard, to break off the negotiations with Fort Sumter and transmit personally to Captain James the order to open fire. In a statement years later, Lee relates how James in his courtly way invited Roger Pryor, a hotheaded Virginia lawyer and newspaperman who was a sort of younger version of Ruffin, to fire the opening shot. As Lee recalled it, James turned to Pryor and said, "You are the only man to whom I would give up the honor of firing the first gun of the war." Pryor could not bring himself to bear the awesome responsibility. Huskily he declined. At that, Lee says flatly, "Captain James would allow no one else but *himself* to fire the gun."

Lee, however, undermined his own testimony. En route back to Charleston and headquarters, he had his boatmen row him about 800 yards away, where he could witness the effect of the shelling. Obviously he was not at hand to see who first jerked the lanyard. Yet he maintained to the end that it was James.

Much of Ruffin's fame derives from an ambiguous newspaper report. This, a camouflage of facts with words, says that the venerable Virginian "fired the first shot at Fort Sumter from the Iron Battery on Morris Island." All it meant, taken in context, was that he began one battery's part in the bombardment.

To aggravate matters, I, in writing this, must remove another laurel from the grim old secessionist's war record. No matter how close his cannon ball shaved past Abner Doubleday's head, technically it was *not* the first shell to strike Sumter. The first shot ever landed on the fort hit it much earlier—March 8, 1861, to be exact.

It was during the "cold war" between the Federal Government and the seceding states. Southern artillerymen at Charleston continually tested their guns, usually taking care to aim well clear of the frowning fortress under the Stars and Stripes. To citizen soldiers in the Iron Battery, unaccustomed to heaving about heavy cannon, the toil of endless drills seemed pointless. One night, a twenty-three-year-old private remarked that he was "tired of this nonsense—there will be some fun in the morning."

Shortly after dawn, when the battery went through all the empty motions of firing, an eight-inch columbiad suddenly roared out while aimed at the fort. The solid shot screamed across the water at Sumter. It struck, according to one version, just to the left of the sally port or main gate. The garrison manned its guns—this is a matter of official record—and prepared to reply to further shelling. Instead, the Iron Battery commander rushed over in a small boat under a truce flag to apologize for "the accidental shot."

The shot was no accident. I can say that with certainty, for the man who loaded the gun during the night was my grandfather, E. L. Halsey of Charleston. Grandfather was not the patient type. The explosive gesture seemed entirely representative of his feelings. If action was what he wanted, he soon got it. Transferring from harbor defenses to horse artillery, he became first lieutenant and then captain of a battery which fought in 143 battles and skirmishes from start to finish. Of the unit's original 147 men, only twenty-three answered the final muster. At the surrender they cried as they kissed their cannon good-by. Grandfather broke his saber and kept his revolver.

After the war, with much of the South burned to the ground, grandfather went into the lumber business. He made a million dollars or so, married a golden-haired young lady eleven years his junior and fathered seven sons and five daughters. He lived out his days totally unreconstructed. My father, as a boy, erected a small United States flag on a pole in the garden one Christmas Day. My grandfather, wordless with anger, got out his revolver, chopped down the pole with three precisely placed bullets and said, "I do not want to see that flag on my premises ever again!" He didn't.

Never, however, did he make any public statement about his attempt to start the Civil War a month ahead of time with the shot that hit Sumter in March. Possibly, having become a veteran soldier, he realized what a breach of discipline his prank represented. When an account of it was published many years ago, my Uncle LeRoy, who lives at Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, recalls that grandfather "was not pleased at it."

As for deciding who actually fired the opening round, Samuel G. Stoney, Charleston's bearded historian, once settled the question facetiously: "Many people believe 'The War' was so big that it was entitled to more than one opening shot."

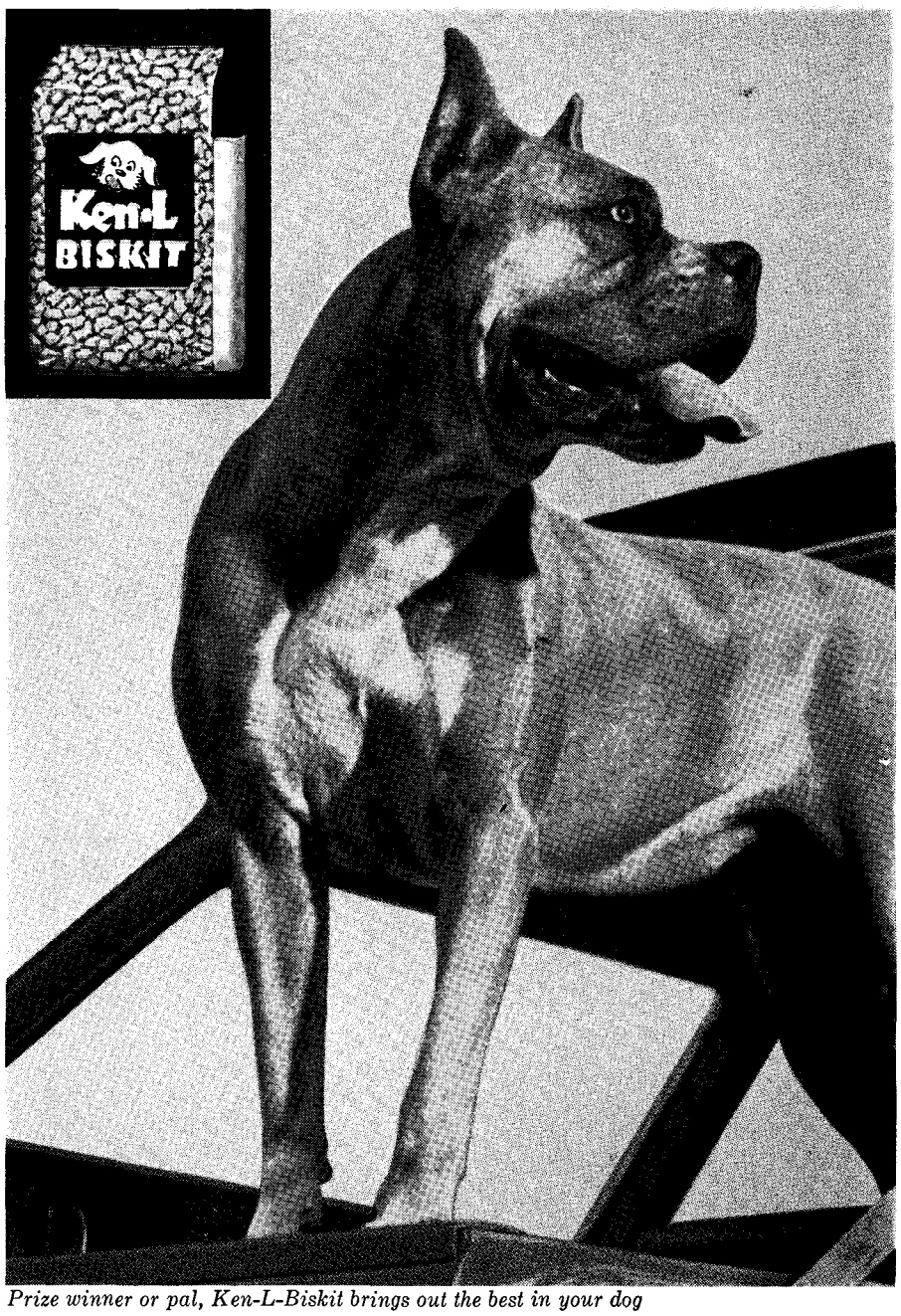
THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"One thing I've got to say for Johnson—he's a salesman."

Every dog is more dog when he's fed the

Diet of Champions



Prize winner or pal, Ken-L-Biskit brings out the best in your dog

Concentrated Ken-L-Biskit provides twice the power of lean beefsteak!*

Today's Ken-L-Biskit is king-sized nourishment in concentrated form. Every bit of every bite works to create the peak condition, the wonderful spirit of a champion.

*Ken-L-Biskit is a *concentrated* kibble. Ounce for ounce, it provides twice the calories (energy-power) of the most flavorful lean beefsteak you can serve your family. And bowl for bowl, it gives high quality protein, vitamins and minerals in carefully balanced amounts.

Since Ken-L-Biskit does so much more, you can feed less of it. Hence a most happy economy. The concentration of goodness also results in a smaller, more easily handled package. Slow oven baking enriches the great flavor of Ken-L-Biskit. And makes for best digestibility.

No wonder Ken-L-Biskit—Diet of Champions—is first in sales to professional breeders! Doesn't your dog deserve some soon? Available in 30-oz., 4-lb. and 20-lb. packages.

KEN-L-BISKIT

Official food at more American Kennel Club Shows than all other dog foods combined

Now available at your favorite food store.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Big Day... Say it in a big way ...by telegram!

Christmas, birthdays, anniversaries—remember every Big Day by telegram. So convenient. Just call Western Union and charge it.

P.S. *Small fry love getting Santagrams—and no wonder. They're signed by the great man himself! Call Western Union and charge it.*

Jetport Showdown in Jersey

(Continued from Page 29)

predicted to a reporter that the next generation may have to learn lip reading to be able to communicate.

Much has been done and is being done in an effort to alleviate the jet-noise problem. But, because of the basic nature of the jet engine, nobody can yet say when or if a solution will be found aside from routing air traffic over uninhabited areas or locating jetports far from residential sections. As a result, the problem of jet noise may be particularly difficult in the next decade or so because of the need for new or expanded terminals as the planes get faster and larger and, unhappily, noisier. Already the necessity for difficult and highly controversial decisions that drastically affect large segments of community life is creating unprecedented headaches for local officials, planning boards, engineers and many thousands of homeowners such as those in the vicinity of the Great Swamp.

When the homeowners of the Great Swamp area first asked one another what a jetport would mean to their community, the answer seemed like unmitigated disaster to many of them—men like Batt or Dr. James B. Fisk, head of a big research laboratory that had promised a quiet life in the country to its much-sought-after employees; G. Mills Bockhoven, a dirt farmer on land that had been owned by his great-great-grandfather; Lawrence J. MacGregor, a commuting trust-company executive; William T. Smith Jr., a real-estate developer whose firm had sales of $160,000 canceled immediately after disclosure of the jetport preliminary plans. Some residents would have their land condemned and purchased to make way for the terminal. Others, still less fortunate, would not have to give up their homes, but would be so close to the noise of air traffic that the desirability and value of their property would decline drastically.

But there was more to it than that—much more in the opinion of Batt and his neighbors. The Great Swamp vicinity had, with much effort, been preserved and developed as part of a "green belt" for country living on the fringe of a vast, crowded industrial and metropolitan area. It represented a priceless asset not just for the families living there but for the entire region because there was so little open space left. Now, symptomatic of what was happening in many parts of the United States, a powerful and impersonal agency of government threatened to invade the small hamlets, the scattered farms and the handsome residential developments in a manner that, as Batt put it, would "destroy our whole way of life."

Thus, an important principle was involved. This community could become a kind of test case, a critical battleground in the struggle to preserve the last open spaces in metropolitan areas all over the country. Inertia and indifference already had led to the blighting of traditional family living space around many American cities. It was about time that homeowners stood up and fought for their rights. Such were the thoughts exchanged in many agitated conversations that followed disclosure of the preliminary jetport plan.

Most, but not all, of the residents of the Great Swamp area, particularly in the townships of Chatham, Harding, Hanover and Bernards, were quick to express opposition to the jetport. But what could they—or any other community in the United States—do about such a threat? "You can't stop progress," many residents remarked dolefully. And others added, "You can't win a fight with the Port Authority—or at least nobody ever has."

The practice of setting up "authorities" to build and operate public projects, particularly airports, is becoming about as common as jet planes across the United States. Even so, the Port of New York Authority is unusual. It was set up jointly by New York and New Jersey in 1921 to rid the vast water-front facilities of the two Hudson River states of chaos and political corruption. But it was given wide powers, subject to veto by the governor of either state, to purchase, construct, lease and/or operate any terminal or transportation facility within a twenty-five-mile radius of the harbor.

Under this charter the citizenry of the two states must work against heavy odds when it comes to dealing with the Authority. The citizen can't vote the appointive body out, he can't outshout its high-powered publicity organization, and he can't stand up for his rights and property without facing its bureaucratic scorn as an enemy of progress.

Today, under Executive Director Austin J. Tobin and a board of twelve commissioners the Port Authority operates two tunnels and four bridges between the two states, three major air terminals, a heliport, bus and truck terminals and various other installations in addition to port facilities. In all, it has investments of about $1,000,000,000 financed by bond issues, is planning facilities that will cost another $750,000,000, employs some 4300 persons at salaries ranging up to Tobin's $60,000 a year, spends some $250,000 annually on public relations and about $1,000,000 more on community relations. The Port Authority is more than self-supporting. In 1960 it retired $30,000,000 more of its debt than statutorily required and added $7,000,000 to its reserve fund, which now totals around $72,000,000.

Despite, or perhaps because of, this record, the Port Authority has been in the middle of many controversies and has withstood numerous attacks by political or civic groups which contend that it should do more, do less or do it differently. It has, perhaps unavoidably, stepped on important toes in what its victims denounce as an arrogant manner. It has survived several lawsuits and threats of congressional or state legislative investigations, and it has more or less gone determinedly along its chosen course without, in the long run, suffering important setbacks.

The Newark *News*'s premature disclosure of the Morris County jetport plan, however, caught the Port Authority slightly off balance, and it hurried to get its preliminary report into print. The report said, in effect, that by 1965 the existing New York area airports would be inadequate to handle an expected annual passenger demand of 25,000,000 and that by 1975 the demand would exceed 45,000,000 a year. It concluded that the Morris County site was "the only one of fifteen locations investigated which met the basic criteria for a major airport." Tobin later said that it was "the only possible" site.

The report, as well as later remarks by Port Authority officials, sought to muster public support for its recommendations by emphasizing the economic advantages of a major jetport. It said the prosperity of the metropolitan area depended on "unexcelled" transportation and it held out an enticing promise of economic gain for Morris County. It was estimated that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a jetport would provide some 20,000 jobs and that, on the basis of past experience, this would mean gainful employment for another 60,000, adding perhaps $500,000,000 a year to the economy of the area. Such figures loomed large in the eyes of workers, small businessmen and some bigger businessmen in the Morristown vicinity.

But, if the Port Authority is unusual and influential, so are the Great Swamp communities, although in a different way. The so-called swamp covers only about 4000 acres, or less than half of the area required, and much of it is dry land dotted with small homes and hayfields. The lowest wet and wooded areas are the haunts of many kinds of birds and small game. The remainder of the site is rolling land on which stand the hamlets of Green Village, Meyersville and New Vernon with residential areas along roads called Featherbed Lane or White Bridge or Blue Mill. On the perimeter are hills and ridges, some 400 feet higher than the swamp, on which are estates and fine farms like those operated by Warren Kinney, whose prize herd of Brown Swiss milk cows grazes over 250 acres, and Godfrey S. Beresford, who breeds registered sheep. Here, too, are the handsome homes of Madison, Bernardsville, Chatham and Harwood, where a neat sign informs visitors they are entering "a distinctive residential vicinage."

At Christmastime we often recall the ties of yesteryear and sometimes get them.

CHESTER L. MARKS

From this area the jetport plan was greeted with a public cry of defiance such as may not have been heard in the hills of Morris County since George Washington's army camped there in the winter of 1777 and rallied the farmers against the redcoats.

"Putting a jetport in the Great Swamp," protested Charles F. Smith of the Historical Societies of Morris County, "is like replacing Concord Bridge with a six-lane turnpike!"

Mrs. Charles Kemper's bridge-club members each sent five telegrams to friends urging them to wire protests to the governor and to send five telegrams each to other friends asking them to join in a chain-telegram campaign against the jetport. Mrs. Hubert Kelly, wife of a milkman and mother of six children, promised to stand off the Port Authority singlehandedly, if necessary, at her home near New Vernon and added, "They can't do this to us!" Lining up with Mrs. Kelly, Congressman Peter H. B. Frelinghuysen Jr., whose home is near the jetport site, declared the Port Authority is "getting too big for its breeches."

An anonymous but obviously well-heeled resident paid for full-page advertisements against the jetport in the *Morris County Daily Record* and other newspapers. A New York advertising man whose daughter lives near the Great Swamp put up billboards along the main highways demanding "homesites, not jetsites" in Morris County. Although she owns no property in the area, Mrs. Charles Baiter, a dog fancier, a well-known judge at fashionable Morris County dog shows and a seventy-year-old grandmother, paid for advertising that attracted some 1500 persons to a protest meeting at the Madison High School. Mayor Thomas T. Taber of Madison, received a telegram suggesting that the Port Authority's Tobin be hanged in effigy.

Letters, telegrams, telephone calls and petitions showered down on local, state and national elected officials. Entire classes of school children wrote to the governor. "My house is 200 years old," scribbled ten-year-old Meredith Schroder of Lee's Hill Road, "and one runway is supposedly going through it. Please try to stop this foolishness." Another school child asked, "What will happen to Mr. Ferber's pond?" and still another pointed out that "we are all very fond of our trees." Sadly, the principal of the Lafayette Avenue School in Chatham informed a reporter that the fifth grade would have to abandon its new course in the Russian language because the jetport would probably end plans to build a new high school, and there was no point in teaching Russian to grade-school children unless they could continue their courses in high school.

So the tide of protest mounted. Mass meetings drew overflow crowds. Speakers representing the Port Authority were heckled and jeered. The tide ran full in January when the state senate by a vote of twenty to one passed a resolution expressing opposition to construction of the jetport in Morris or contiguous counties. The resolution had no legal force, but the uproar was sufficient to prompt Tobin to issue a statement saying the Port Authority was still conducting its study of the fifteen possible sites listed in its preliminary report and that a final report would be made late in 1960.

"I assure you," Tobin wrote to George Batt, "that if (another site) would do the job, everyone here in the Port Authority would throw their hats in the air and thank their stars for deliverance."

Yet, despite the apparent progress of the antijetport campaign and despite a revival of real-estate business in the area, Batt and his neighbors and their elected officials recognized that this was not victory at all. "We've got to remember," Batt said repeatedly, "that the Port Authority has a record of winning fights that they seemed at first to have lost. They win through apathy. They believe that the hotter the opposition at the start, the sooner it cools. Then they walk in over the dead bodies."

Batt had believed from the start that facts rather than mass-meeting emotionalism would be needed to win and, with other community leaders, had lost no time in preparing for battle. Twenty-five local elected officials were encouraged to form an action committee with Frelinghuysen as chairman. Thirty residents met at Batt's home and formed a Citizens Council, with Batt as chairman. "A cross section of elected officials took over as leaders," Batt said later, "and our Citizens Council became the shock troops."

At the end of December these groups merged into a formal organization called the Jersey Jetport Site Association with the slogan: "Homesites—yes! Jetsites—no!" Sponsors of the J.J.S.A. pledged themselves to raise $200,000 if necessary. They opened an office in Morristown, set up a speakers' bureau to send orators to meetings in every community, organized a door-to-door campaign for members and funds and hired William T. Smith Jr. as full-time executive assistant. A budget of $176,000 for 1960 was approved, a Newark public-relations firm was engaged for $3000 a month, some $75,000 in contributions of from ten dollars to $1000 was collected in a few months and, by midsummer, about $40,000 had been spent.

In setting out to demonstrate what an embattled community might do to protect its open space, the J.J.S.A. opened

THE FALCON COMBINES THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IN A COMPACT...
ECONOMY WITH ROOM, EASY HANDLING WITH LOTS OF POWER AND LOW PRICE WITH LUXURY!
FALCON IS THE PERFECT COMBINATION OF EVERYTHING GOOD!
NOT UNLIKE THE ALL-AMERICAN GIRL!
SCHULZ
Peanuts Characters © 1950 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

Touché, Lucy! The Falcon's winning combination certainly has all America excited. Imagine, up to 30 miles on one gallon of regular gas, 4,000 miles between oil changes . . . beautifully combined with genuine 6-passenger comfort. Imagine, a lively new optional 170 Special engine in a car that handles and parks easy as a breeze. Picture all the plush and luxury of a big car at a price that's up to $505* *less* than other comparably equipped compacts. That's Falcon for you . . . America's best-selling compact car.

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail delivered prices.

FORD Falcon '61

WORLD'S MOST SUCCESSFUL NEW CAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fire in all directions at once. It charged that the Great Swamp was not suitable for a jetport because of the nature of the substrata and because it was ringed by hazardous hills. A Boston firm was engaged for $25,000 to make a technical report on these conditions. Another firm was hired to study the sociological and economic effects of a jetport on an area within a twelve-and-a-half-mile radius where, it was estimated, residential values totaled about $3,000,000,000. The survey would show, predicted sponsors of the J.J.S.A., that the area was already growing rapidly, that the new jetport would force numerous nearby research laboratories to move out and that a forced-draft population increase in the next decade would create severe taxation and other problems far outweighing any economic gain—not to mention desecration of the "green belt"! Local planning boards in the Morristown area also pointed out that the Port Authority is a nontaxpaying body and that, as a consequence, access highways to the jetport would have to be built and maintained by state and local taxes and that any large increment of new settlers would pile up expensive school and municipal-service problems for the surrounding communities.

"The proposed jetport," Lewis Mumford, noted city planner, wrote in support of this argument, "is symptomatic of an indifference to the large issues of planning on the part of planning authorities all over the country. They are prepared to sacrifice the whole life of a going community to a temporary improvement of a single function. . . . (They) are callous and indifferent to the ruin they are afflicting. . . . If you make a stand on this issue, you will be serving our whole nation."

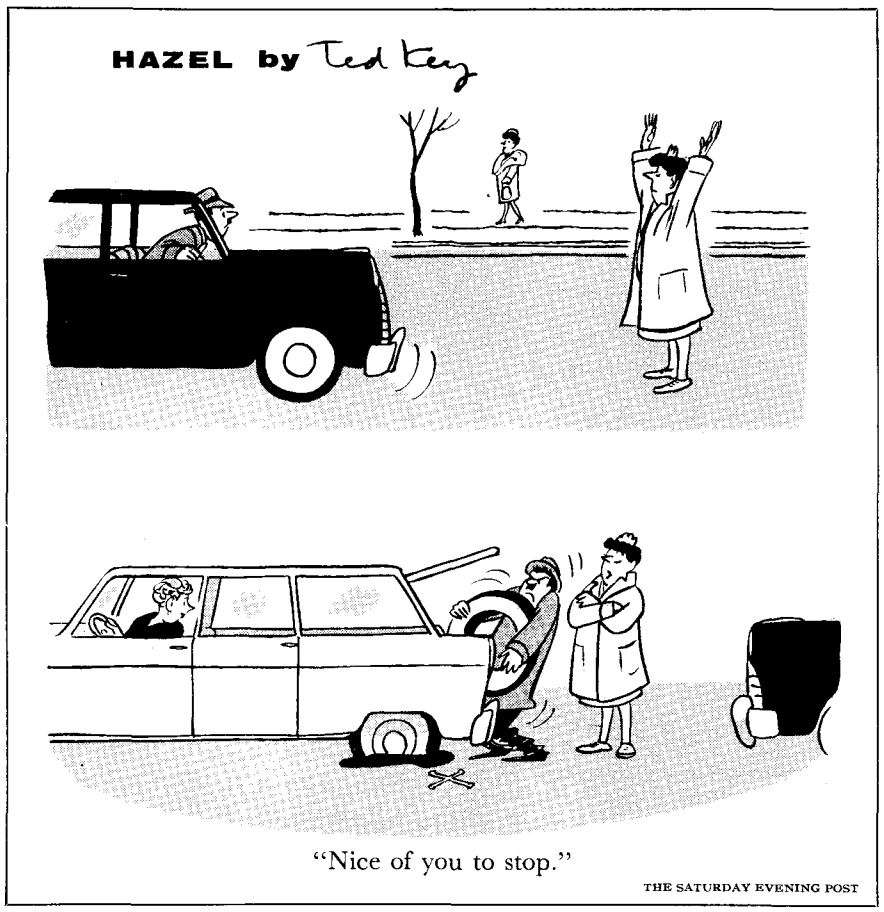
Deciding that the best defense is to attack, the J.J.S.A. prompted the New Jersey Congressional delegation to ask Rep. Emanuel Celler of New York, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, to investigate whether the Port Authority's operations exceeded the agency's authority. Celler, who had long been rather futilely at war with the Port Authority, named an investigating subcommittee and subpoenaed the agency's records. When Tobin refused to deliver interoffice memorandums along with other records, the subcommittee voted to cite him and others for contempt. Republican Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York and Democratic Gov. Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey backed Tobin. Celler then attacked the Port Authority as arrogant, brash, intransigent and possibly guilty of favoritism—a charge categorically denied by the agency—and the inquiry appeared to be turning into a long row that might or might not affect the jetport problem.

All of these and a number of other lines of action enlivened the J.J.S.A. campaign. But it was recognized that the ultimate outcome probably would depend on the state legislature because Morris County is technically outside the Port Authority's jurisdiction, and it would have to get legislative approval to operate there. And, if it came to a showdown on having a jetport in Morris County or nowhere in New Jersey, legislators representing the entire state might be moved by economic factors to ignore the protests of the comparatively small communities around the Great Swamp. So Batt and other officers of the J.J.S.A. looked around for allies who could influence legislators from other parts of the state and found several groups eager to join up for widely divergent reasons.

Adjacent Hunterdon County, lying to the southwest of Morris County and approximately fifty road miles from New York, was another of the fifteen possible jetport sites, and residents were alarmed that the Port Authority might move in on them if blocked in the Morristown area. "Who knows," asked George Bushfield, former New York advertising executive, "whether the Port Authority is creating a diversion in Morris County and plans to come here because we're more rural and have fewer voters to influence the legislature?"

When Port Authority engineers began test-drilling operations on a 10,000-acre site lying among Hunterdon's rolling hills, the residents realized that they, too, were on the firing line. Bushfield rallied an antijetport group that included, oddly enough, A. E. Bloomquist, an airport-design engineer who had been consultant a jetport in New Jersey. It produced opinions of experts to rebut the Port Authority's objections, and it became an energetic investigator and advocate of airport-to-city transportation by monorail, by helicopter and even by the still experimental British Rotodyne craft that rises vertically and then flies forward.

By the end of the summer the J.J.S.A. was an influential and growing organization and had demonstrated that—win, lose or draw—it was possible for a community to act in many ways to preserve its living space. Nor was it without hope. In early September the New Jersey Senate voted unanimously to conduct a comprehensive investigation of the Port of New York Authority and specifically directed an inquiry into the "necessity,



"Nice of you to stop."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

to the Port Authority, and a half dozen airline pilots who lived in Hunterdon to be as far as possible from any jetport. George Batt addressed a protest meeting of 1000 Hunterdon residents and offered them the facilities of the J.J.S.A. organization. The meeting voted, sixty to one, to oppose the jetport. Later a Hunterdon committee was set up to work with the J.J.S.A., particularly in the legislature, against a jetport in either county. Some militant Hunterdon citizens even proposed the forming of a sort of minuteman brigade to defend their property by a show of force if necessary.

A second alliance was with civic groups that might influence legislators in Southern New Jersey, which was agitating for a big air terminal in the sparsely inhabited scrub-pine barrens of Burlington County. The Port Authority had ruled out Burlington because it was sixty miles from New York and also would be in "critical conflict" with major north-south airways. But the terrain was ideal, and local boosters had elaborate blueprints for "the air city of tomorrow" to be built on 22,000 acres with moving sidewalks and a proposal for monorail train transportation that would solve the problem of quick transit to and from New York and Philadelphia.

The J.J.S.A. enthusiastically joined agitation for the Burlington site as a logical solution to the whole problem of feasibility, ownership, location and construction of a major jet terminal in New Jersey." In subsequent testimony before the New Jersey legislative committee investigating the Port Authority and the jetport question, Tobin stated that the Authority, in view of the legislative opposition, would not "propose" a jetport in Morris County, but that engineering studies in both Morris and Hunterdon counties were continuing and that a report would be presented to both state legislatures in March, 1961.

"They're stalling," Batt commented, "and hoping the heat will die down. But we don't intend to be lulled to sleep."

A reflection of this attitude appeared in an announcement, during the legislative hearings, that two conservation groups had offered the United States Fish and Wildlife Service 1000 acres of Morris County land as a national wildlife preserve. All the land, in various-sized parcels, is located within the area to be covered by the projected jetport. This ingenious ploy, which would in effect make the Federal Government an ally of the embattled homeowners, was greeted in silence by the Port Authority.

Yet it should be emphasized that the twin battles of the Great Swamp and the Hunterdon Hills are far from won and that, from the viewpoint of the country generally, the basic problem of preventing jetport blight in suburban areas is far from solved. In the first place, the intense heat generated in Morris County does not necessarily mean a majority opposes the jetport. In Morristown, for example, questioning of several dozen small storekeepers turned up only three actively opposed to a jetport. Many businessmen in the western part of the county favor the Great Swamp site, and Donald T. Wilford of Morris Plains said in a letter to the local newspaper that "the people had better wake up fast or they are going to lose a jetport that would not only provide countless jobs but will attract industries." A recent poll in Morristown showed 55 per cent against and 45 per cent for the jetport site.

As a result, it is difficult to speculate on the outcome when or if the issue is decided in 1961, but it does appear certain that the battle of the Great Swamp will serve to draw far greater national attention to the problem of keeping pace with the jet age without destroying the remaining "green belts" around our cities. There are authorities like city planner Mumford who insist that a huge jetport such as is proposed for Morris County would "cause a vast disturbance for only a very temporary result." They believe that new designs of aircraft soon will enable heavily loaded planes to take off or land in a very limited space, and to climb or descend so steeply that the whole problem of noise will be radically altered. Thus, they argue, today's huge airfields will be outdated and the invaluable open space on which any new fields may be built will have been needlessly sacrificed. Other experts, however, doubt that such aviation advances will offer a practical solution for years to come.

There are also authorities in the field who believe that the key to the problem must be found in a speed-up of transportation between airports and metropolitan centers. They point out that helicopter service has greatly increased in recent years and that it is logical to believe that some such type of short-haul service will be available to carry large numbers of passengers at comparatively low cost. Superhighways of the future will doubtless permit bus travel at a much faster pace or monorail trains could whisk passengers from airport to city at a speed of 100 miles an hour or better. Advocates of such swift services point out that even now the Los Angeles Regional Planning Commission is giving consideration to the Thermal Air Force Base, 140 miles from the city, as a possible future jetport site. And they believe that the controversy now raging around the Great Swamp site could be a turning point in urban planning if it forces local authorities to consider that future jetports logically can be located in sparsely inhabited areas 100 miles or more from our big cities.

Such arguments, of course, are necessarily based in part on conjecture, and the Port of New York Authority's capable engineering experts are not likely to agree that such advances can come in time to meet the air-traffic emergency they foresee by the end of the 1960's. Thus the decisions must soon be made in New Jersey as well as in other metropolitan areas of the United States where air-traffic congestion is a growing problem. They will be difficult decisions to make. But, regardless of the outcome in Morris County, the embattled residents of the Great Swamp vicinity will have rendered a national service if they arouse suburban America and our urban planners to the necessity of demanding a better answer than today's hard choice between bees buzzing over honeysuckle or jets shrieking over housetops.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Touch a snow-white handkerchief to dust catchers like this and see how clean Electric House Heating can be

Look how clean flameless electric house heating keeps the modern home

Already more than 850,000 families in every part of the nation are enjoying the clean comfort of truly modern heating at lower cost than most people believe possible

If dust is a problem in your home, you should know about electric house heating.

In a word, it's clean.

From home after home where electric house heating has been tried and found a blessing, you hear enthusiastic and repeated comments like these:

"Dusting isn't nearly the nuisance it used to be..."

"Even drapes stay clean and new-looking . . ."

"Walls and ceilings keep a fresh-painted look longer than you'd ever think possible . . ."

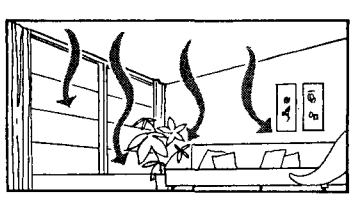
And there are other comments, too. Eagerly, people volunteer such information as, "There just aren't any cold drafts or hot blasts." "We've never felt so completely comfortable." "It's amazing—there's just no maintenance to pay for or worry about."

Clean, even electric house heating is well worth your looking into. Over and above providing you with comfort and convenience beyond your fondest dreams, it has the practical advantage of enhancing the value of your home. Modern today, it will be just as modern in your children's time.

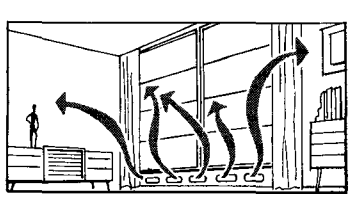
Give careful thought to electric house heating. If you're planning to build, buy or modernize, talk over electric house heating with your local electric utility company.

For brief, factual information on basic methods of modern electric house heating, look carefully at the diagrams below.

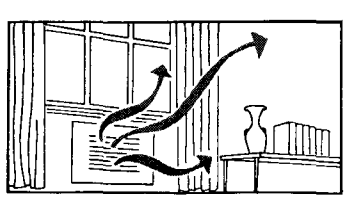
Flameless Electric House Heating is so clean . . .
YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY
Sponsored by Edison Electric Institute



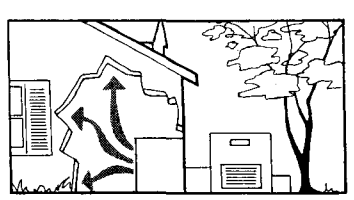
Ceiling cable heat is invisible. Wires less than ⅛" thick are fastened to ceilings before plastering. Each room can have a thermostat.



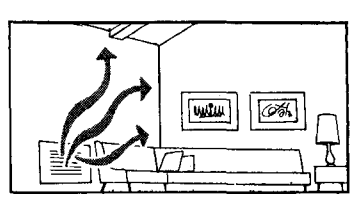
Baseboard units heat by both radiation and convection. All surfaces are warmed evenly, and control is by individual room thermostat.



Wall panel heaters have heating coils behind a decorative grill. Small fans may be used with this thermostatically controlled unit.



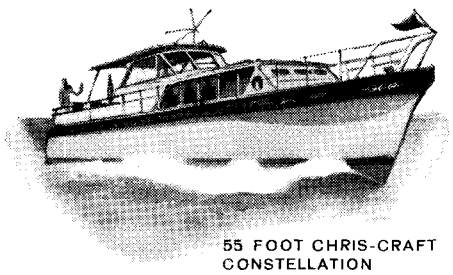
Heat pump heats home in winter, cools it in summer. It's automatically reversible and maintains any desired year-round temperature.



Electric furnaces provide compact central heating systems which can be combined with central air conditioning for year-round use.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHATEVER YOU GIVE...



55 FOOT CHRIS-CRAFT CONSTELLATION

GIVE THE BEST!

Sportsman

THE FINEST IN MEN'S TOILETRIES

SPORTSMAN DUET SET— Shave Lotion, Cologne. Matched scent. 3 sizes: $1, $2.25, $3.75

SPORTSMAN TRAVELER— leather-like kit with Shave Lotion, Cologne, Deodorant. $4.95

© 1960 Sportsman All prices plus tax

Keeping Posted

Behind the By-Lines

The Dwight Taylors of California.

MY MOTHER LAURETTE, the evocative article on page 26, indicates that author **Dwight Taylor** has earned his living as a Hollywood writer. In fact, his screen credits include such memorable films as *The Awful Truth* and *Top Hat*. He also has many stage credits, the best known probably being his book for the musical comedy, *The Gay Divorcee*. His current undertakings are a play, *Billie*, and a book, *Blood-and-Thunder*. MY MOTHER LAURETTE is Taylor's first *Post* contribution and a good illustration of what *New York Times* book critic Lewis Nichols had in mind when he said of Taylor, "He has something approximating total recall of mood." The article will be part of a book, *After You've Gone*, to be published in 1961. That book will make Dwight Taylor even with his sister, Marguerite Courtney, who also wrote a book about their mother (*Laurette*, Rinehart).

Taylor makes his home in Santa Barbara, California, with his wife, Natalie, a son, Peter, and a daughter, Laurel.

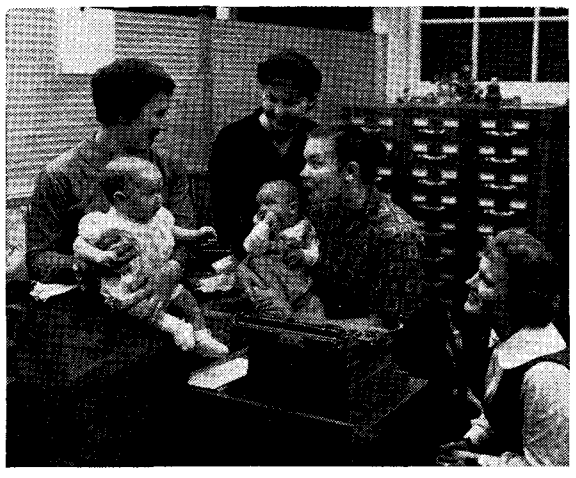
Two weeks ago we featured an article on Scottsdale, Arizona—THE TOWN MILLIONAIRES BUILT—and this week we present a Scottsdale resident who still is working on his first million. His name is **Richard B. Erno;** his first *Post* story is BACK FROM THE BIG HOUSE (page 28); and the "big house" he had in mind is Jackson Prison, in his home state of Michigan. He is an assistant professor of English at Arizona State University, and the father of five children and two novels. Don't be misled by author Erno's mug shot (below). He hastens to assure us that he has "never even seen" Jackson Prison.

Richard Erno of Arizona.

The Dave Andersons of New Jersey.

In our snapshot (above) taken in the Tenafly, New Jersey, home of sportswriter **Dave Anderson,** we find the Andersons—Mary Jo, Mark, Maureen, Dave and Stephen—in Dave's "office," a five-by-five space behind the basement bar. Author (of HOCKEY'S MASKED MARVEL, page 25) Anderson grew up in Brooklyn, was graduated from Holy Cross. He covered sports for the Brooklyn *Eagle* until 1955, when he migrated west, to the New York *Journal-American*. This is his second *Post* appearance. His first was a hockey article, too—about Montreal's Richard brothers. "My hockey-playing background," says Anderson, "consists of a few frozen winters of roller hockey." This noble sport, as all bona fide New Yorkers know, consists of a mob of kids on roller skates, with sewer covers serving as goals and a roll of tire tape for a puck.

Baby Talk



Ex-secretaries Vogdes and Spencer; secretaries Rebhorn and Evans.

Photographer Parks.

No disrespect meant to the Springfield-Monarch Insurance Companies, understand, but we feel our Curtis Publishing Company is unexcelled in the office-baby department. Above, please see *The Post*'s answer to Springfield-Monarch's SCENE STEALER (page 20).

Patty Henneberger began working in our manuscript room in June of 1953, and Anne Robertson started three months later. Both girls became secretaries. Anne married Nicholas Spencer, a Penn graduate, and on April twenty-second of this year gave birth to Christopher Stuart Spencer. Patty married Jud Vogdes, a Penn graduate, and on May nineteenth of this year gave birth to Elizabeth Ann Vogdes. Patty lives at 4414 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Anne lives at 4416 Walnut Street. Recently the girls brought their young ones to the office together, to confine our ooh-ing and aah-ing to a single afternoon.

Winfield Parks, who photographed SCENE STEALER, does not consider himself a photographer of babies and is not even a father. This twenty-eight-year-old *Post* newcomer has a few compensating distinctions, however. He became a fulltime photographer for the Providence, Rhode Island, *Journal* at age seventeen and has been there ever since—with time out for two years' duty as a Navy photographer in faraway Boston. His Navy boss was Ensign Mitzi Harrington, and he married the boss. The Parkses and their 110-pound German shepherd, Prints, live in an old house in West Barrington, a "water-front suburb" of Providence. Parks has won national awards for best news picture of the year, best sports picture of the year (twice) and best newspaper picture story of the year. As a result, he probably is the only photographer in the Narragansett Bay area who owns four encyclopedia sets.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give **OLD CROW** — *the bourbon more people buy for themselves than any other*

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, 86 PROOF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

Coca-Cola

COPYRIGHT © 1960 THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED